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Conducted by the Senior Class

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EDITORS:

GRACE KELLOGG,

MARGARET HALLOCK STEEN,

MIRIAM ALMA MYERS,

EUNICE FULLER,

FLORENCE DIXON,

FLORENCE BATTERSON,

MARY BYERS SMITH,

MARY PRESCOTT PARSONS.

TREASURER,

BUSINESS MANAGER,

MILDRED WILSON.

HARRIET TOWNSEND CARSWELL.

ALUMNÆ TREASURER,

KATHERINE DUBLE HINMAN.

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OCTOBER, 1907.

No. 1

SHIBBOLETH AND SIBBOLETH

AN OVERLOOKED ATTRACTION
OF THE JAMESTOWN TER-CENTENNIAL

There may be persons who question why anybody should go to Jamestown. It is confessedly not a world's fair, not in any precise sense a fair at all, and there have been bigger shows. The globe-trotter, the commercial traveler, and the seeker after the thing that everybody is doing, therefore pause and consider before they buy their tickets for Norfolk or the Exposition.

This hesitation is not altogether a bad thing. It has given the exposition time to "arrive." It has left some room for the imagination of the visitor to work, however, unembarrassed by superlatives and fables of transcendent attainment. It may be supposed that this lull in the over-expectation of our nervous public has been of service; but its term is now complete. It remains to acquaint the public with the real nature of the Jamestown Ter-Centennial in a particular which makes it unique among expositions.

The convention is no novelty in connection with expositions. The Congress of Religions has not ceased its influence yet, the educational conferences and publications associated with the Columbian Exposition in Chicago are not likely to be surpassed by anything in Jamestown as far as matter, or material, or authorship are concerned. But still there is one factor of national life and culture which has been left for this exposition to exploit.

The social life around and behind the Jamestown Ter-Centennial is a growth; not a collection, nor an invention, nor a pageant, nor a fiction. If the management were to do its best to alter this, it would fail. Fortunately it has entered nobody's head to try. And the rich, slow flavor of the civilization of the South is one of the best and most interesting things to be seen at the exposition.

It is visible in the aisles of the states' exhibits, in the streets of the exposition, in the docks of Norfolk. Above all, it is to be studied in the audiences and on the platforms of the Congresses and Conventions held during the term of the exposition. Of course it is no new thing to hear themes of great pith and moment discussed in addresses quite too long for the patience, possibly for the endurance, of audiences. As in similar cases, the speeches will all be printed, and for the price of little more than the postage, will be at the service of the home-stayers. Personal experience at the great fairs in Philadelphia, Chicago, Buffalo, St. Louis, Portland, seemed to show that the legitimate aim of such an enterprise was to stun, either by quantity or quality. The appeal of Jamestown is quite different and much more needed at this juncture of our national experience. It is plainly an affair of sympathy, not of surprise. Day by day the unfamiliar wears off and shows the old fundamental virtues and admirations where for a lamentable half century or more they have been supposed precisely not to be. The qualities of the South, when seen at home, are very different from their pictures in the yellow journals. The southern statesman is not "obsessed" by the race problem, but gives exhaustive and eloquent treatment to questions of popular education and to problems of labor and capital. Social and physical types seem to have crossed Mason and Dixon's line; for the lank, thin, sparse-bearded farmer by your side on the bench is from Florida and not from Maine; while on the platform, the powerful figure

and massive head of the Sumner-like presiding officer of the day belong to a governor of a Carolina and not to one of Massachusetts.

If one is fortunate enough to have admission to the homes of the Virginians, the impression of common interests and a continuous national history is still more impressive. New York is New York, Boston is the hub, in Chicago culture hums, but in Virginia is state feeling, local pride, and a show of national conscience exactly like that in New Hampshire or Illinois, and, however overlaid or disguised, the heart of the nation. Substitute Tarleton for Gage in Revolutionary times, Charlottesville for Concord in matters of culture and the essentials of politics and culture will be left unchanged. The visitor has a pleasant problem in comparative furniture before him in the Connecticut, Virginia and Maryland State Buildings. Without the labels, which is which? And among the hospitable custodians, without a card of introduction or a badge of office, how is the voice of Vermont to be distinguished?

We have been much deceived by the dialect stories and the displays of local color in literature, evidently. The Ephramites of our day can quite easily frame to pronounce Shibboleth, if the Gileadites will do them the courtesy of paying attention. But as a means to compassing the death of a party in the Commonwealth, almost any difference of vocables will serve. And here is the gist of the whole matter. What is needed now is not a sense of difference but of unity, even of community. It cannot be fostered by rapid transit, by magnificent hotel-life, by museum study, picture gazing, or music hearing. These might go on as well in a balloon, or in the fourth dimension. The advantage of Jamestown as the scene of an exposition is that there is a civilization about it that it does not and cannot dwarf, and this civilization is ours as we too often despair of it. The notable and picturesque figures in it are numerous. Honorable women, brave men, bearers of historic names have associated themselves with this enterprise as with none of its predecessors. A Japanese Countess has sent presents and decorations to the wife of the President of the exposition, once a classmate of hers in Vassar College, in recognition of the value of personal friendship in international dealings. College-bred women have found their most appreciative critics among the "children of the war," who had to forego their claim on the advantages of an higher

education, while their "section" recovered from the disasters of war. Some of these women are pathetic figures. They are unreconciled to the course of events and describe themselves as women without a country, but the words come more and more halting from their tongues. At all events the country has them and it will be able to take pride in them as long as it is a country, and will prove its nationality by the pride it shows. The women of the South are well represented in their organizations and in their institutions at the Exposition. Many of their problems cannot be understood or appreciated except at close range. And then they appear, as they are, aspects of the problems of women the nation through. But this also must be seen to be understood or realized. The elements of disunion and disintegration nowhere so disastrously threaten the national life as in the indifference or the perversity of women's opinions and prejudices. To this end, it is far more important that Jamestown should push home its lesson of underlying amity and coherence than that the display of Neapolitan Corals and Mexican Onyx should be unprecedented.

MARY A. JORDAN.

IVY ORATION: HOSPITALITY

"The consolation and happy moment of life, atoning for all short-comings, is a flame of affection or delight in the heart, burning up suddenly for its object,"—the words are Emerson's. And what shall keep alive the flame in this inner shrine of sweet solace and hope, except it be relighted from the central fire, the fervent heart of humanity, where one individual enkindles another to thought and joy! Among human beings there is a passion for expression, and the college cherishes every mode which it assumes—science, deeds and art. A life long since spent finds immortality among men, lives on in memory or in the symbol into which it once breathed its soul, and with quick flame touches hearts to ardent response.

Our college desires to partake, not only of the life of the past but of the vital current of to-day, to share in the spirit of the age. And so it seeks to broaden its friendships and become an integral, living part of the world of thought and aspiration.

We may recall how, nearly four years ago, a poet found his way to us from the land of Eire and the Dark Rose,—the Celtic lore that he sang made strange, incomprehensible music between us.

The fact that the college has not kept a guest-book presents difficulties to the historian. It is no easy matter to recall all the noted men and women who have visited us. One who has been ambitious to collect such data as may bear witness to the hospitality of her Alma Mater finds herself dependent on verbal traditions more or less colored by those chance personal interests which attach themselves to events. She has attempted to reconcile inconsistencies and make allowances for diversity of temperament.

The college was only four years old when she sent out her first formal invitation. It was generous of President Eliot to accept and to address the first graduating class. We have entertained also President Walker of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, President Hadley of Yale, President Hyde of Bowdoin; deans, professors, undergraduates, exchange courtesies. We have received delegations from foreign universities; English women's colleges have studied our methods. Comments on our character find their way back to our ears,—one visitor considers us "charming but childish"; another is amazed at our wisdom. But Smith has been favored chiefly by literary people. Whomever one asks to name these, heads the list with Matthew Arnold. Henry James takes second place on the list, but who can ever forget the inflections of that sonorous voice, that mad flight over commas and periods through sentences dizzily constructed in concentric circles, the soaring and the swooping! We cannot be too proud of the honor conferred upon us by Mr. James who, disregarding of our appreciation or the lack of it, "could do no less than his best." The "dean of American novelists," Mr. Howells, impressed us with the remarkable correspondence between the man and his books. Bliss Perry, as commencement orator, especially excited our gratitude and pleasure. Occasionally F. Hopkinson Smith comes and reads his dialect stories to us,—taking pity on our efforts to interpret them. Richard Burton gave a series of lectures on literary technique. Charles Dudley Warner favored us with what he modestly called an "informal talk." Dr. Henry van Dyke, Dr. Felix Adler and Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie have honored us in a double connection—as orators and,

a still deeper interest, as "fathers" and even as "uncles." Removed yet another generation is the Sage of Concord whom we claim through his granddaughter, whom, also, his son, Dr. Edward Emerson, brought near to us when he told us once, informally, about his father. Their neighbor from Orchard House, the patron saint of New England girls, Louisa Alcott, paid us a visit in the days of her Saint Nicholas fame. Mark Twain has visited us more than once. The author of our national hymn, Samuel Smith, was entertained at the college of his name. We were especially delighted, some years ago, to make the acquaintance of the Vassar girls' friend, Mr. Burroughs, who took us birding up Paradise at four o'clock in the morning. Agnes Repplier on "The Eternal Feminine," must have left an indelible impression with many. Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, and his cousin, Bliss Carmen, introduced us to the Canadian poets. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe addressed us in chapel. The Alpha Society enjoys the distinction of having entertained James Matthew Barrie and will show you his autograph picture hanging in their room.

Scarcely less numerous and fully as distinguished are the philosophers who have accepted our hospitality. Professor Lloyd Morgan of Bristol, England, and Professor James Leth of Edinburgh are conspicuous among these, also Professor William Knight, the Scotch philosopher and editor, who came in a literary rôle,—he lectured on Wordsworth. Harvard has sent us Professor Royce, whose personality, it has been said, "dissipated our own"; William James, who, unlike his brother, was "so simple as to be disappointing"; and George Santayana, who talked on the "Beauty of Visions and Dreams." Professor Münsterberg graced the Commencement exercises of 1898. He proved a most delightful and appreciative guest. He was exceptionally gracious and endeared himself forever to the memory of Smith College. Other distinguished guests have been Professor Ladd of Yale, Professor Peabody of Harvard, Professor Hibben of Princeton, Professor Creighton, Professor Angell, and Dr. William F. Harris, the revered "minister of education."

Scientific visitors have been few in number, but we can refer with pride to Professor Campbell of Lick observatory, Professor Ball, the English astronomer, and the eminent English chemist, who bore the picturesque appellation of Sir Lyon Playfair. The

distances from which these came speak eloquently for their hostess.

But we may indeed congratulate ourselves that our interests have been extended to all quarters of the globe, and that representatives of many climes and races have even sought us out! The Phi Kappa Psi society once entertained Sigrids Magnusson, the Iclander. A year ago last fall Professor Sen of the University of Calcutta was here. Pais, the Italian archaeologist, formerly at the head of the Museum of Naples, Arthur Smith, the Chinese missionary, Ole Bang, the Norwegian interpreter of Ibsen, have all interested us variously. Famous travellers have brought their adventures to us—Sir Richard Temple, the Orientalist, George Kennan who came in the garb of a Siberian exile, and Amelia B. Edwards, the Egyptologist, upon whom the college conferred the degree of LL. D.

But with our foreign concerns, we have not slighted the men who are prominent in the affairs of our own country. Ex-governor Robinson, Senator Hoar, Secretary Long have been among our most honored visitors. We enjoy the distinction of having given the degree of LL. D. to President McKinley who, six years ago, though a silent guest, inspired our chapel service with his presence.

Ministers of various denominations have preached for us. Perhaps the most significant names are Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Rev. Hugh Black, Bishop Brooks and Bishop Huntington.

Musicians receive from us an eager welcome. Ysaye and Paderewski came here during their American tours. Within the last year, Leoncavallo and La Scala orchestra of Milan, Lhevinne, the Russian composer, and Mme. Peppercorn Aumonier have delighted us. For several winters we have relied upon the Kneisel Quartette and the Boston Symphony Orchestra for our chief musical events.

Dramatic art and the problems of the modern stage interest us. We account it a great privilege to have discussed these matters informally with Joseph Jefferson and Mrs. Fiske.

The commercial world seems far removed from the life of our college, still, a fair proportion of the fathers of Smith students are captains of industry. Dorothy Carnegie is not yet old enough to go to college, but we trust that when the time comes she may elect Smith. Mr. Carnegie himself has already been

enthusiastically received among us to the tune of the "Blue-bells of Scotland," and regretfully dismissed with the strains of "Auld Lang Syne." He assured us that our president was quite right in holding before us the ideal of the "intelligent gentlewoman,"—that we could do nothing better than grow, day by day, more like Mrs. Carnegie. That lady addressed us charmingly and invited us one and all to Skibo Castle. Although she is accustomed, no doubt, to entertaining on a large scale, we could not but think this very generous of her.

Last fall, a little Japanese girl came from her father's school in Tokio, seeking an American college in which to perfect her English education—and we were honored with her choice. It has been a delight to initiate her into our world; we are so eager that she shall feel herself one of us, and yet, we realize that she is more truly our guest of honor who may tarry among us for only four brief years and then must return to her country women with whatever message we shall entrust to her. She is a bond between us and an essentially foreign people who hold a significant position among the powers to-day.

Just south of the Mikado's empire, in friendly proximity, lie our own possessions in the Far East. Our social ideal must ever fall short of fulfilment until the Philipino maid is moved to exchange her banana plantation for Smith College. Many of us believe that if we might receive her individually into our enlightened atmosphere we could accomplish more for progress than by the present plan of sending our graduates forth to regenerate heathen in the bulk.

And so it must appear that at all times hospitality is our womanly privilege and joy; but it is at this season of the year that the college comes into her own and fulfils her peculiar vocation. She is the gracious hostess who has swept and garnished her dwelling, provided an abundant feast, and now, in her most inviting attire, welcomes her guests at the high tide of preparedness, expectancy and eagerness. Her house stands open, flooded from end to end with free light. In the centre glows the perennial hearth-fire where tarry guest-friends of every age and race. Here we find the spirits of the past reincarnate in their lovers, and the prophet whose vision transcends the commotion and perplexity of the present. We have sulked with Achilles, meditated with St. Augustine, and are hoping and working with Jane Addams.

But as we look about us we see that we are surrounded by a throng of others, the most familiar guest-friends that we could know,—and truly, among us to-day “Hospitality sitteth with gladness!” Their presence makes of this our “consolation and happy moment of life” when the flame of love and delight mounts purest and highest within us, even while we are conscious that they hold us, one and all, in close survey, this ever-gathering Cloud of Witnesses.

MARION SAVAGE.

IVY SONG

Fair is the earth to-day
Blossoming over the lea
And June is calling, “Away!”
Ah! Come and stay with me!
“Away, Away!”
To the world so bright and free.

We hear her magical call,
And we follow the world around,
Though our hearts are whispering all,
Heed not the witching sound,
“Ah stay! ah stay!”
“She’ll mock us helpless and bound.”

Leave we our love behind
As the low winds softly croon
In the leaves of our ivy twined;
We would linger—but, hark the tune!
“Away, away!”
We follow the call of June.

ELEANOR JOHNSON LITTLE.

THE OLD STAR

The old, familiar dazzle and glitter intoxicated her. She leaned breathlessly forward in her box and gazed down over the sea of faces below her, with the exultant thrill of excitement and anticipation which she had never expected to feel again.

"Suzanne"—she turned to the maid who was sitting, silent and stolid, by her side—"Suzanne," she laughed a little breathlessly, "this is *living*!" The maid nodded comprehendingly. The old-time glamor and atmosphere of the place was thrilling her, too, but she made no comment—Suzanne was well trained.

From upper gallery to pit the theatre was crowded with the restless, expectant throng of New Yorkers who always fill the house on the opening night of the theatre season. The woman in the box scanned the house with eager eyes. "It's a good house—a good, full house," she murmured thoughtfully, "but there's standing-room left. I didn't even have standing-room."

Some one in the pit below, looking up just then turned and nudged his companion as he pointed to her box. "There's the actress who used to play Juliet," he explained carelessly. Other faces turned curiously toward her. The Old Star felt her heart leap with a throb of triumph and joy—they had not forgotten her!

The remembrance of her own first night came back to her as clearly as if it had been only yesterday. How excited everyone had been! How unnatural the whole place had looked! She remembered that she had been "made up" and dressed for the first act like one in a dream and she trembled again with the sudden first faintness of fear that had seized upon her when she walked into the green room and saw the excited faces of the rest of the cast. One young man in the garb of a Franciscan friar was pacing up and down murmuring his lines over and over, under his breath; another, pale under his make-up, sat nervously drumming his fingers on the deal table in the corner. She remembered how unreal it had all seemed to her—the manager's short, sharp directions, the scrape and rattle of the scenery, the faint, dreamy sound of the orchestra playing the overture beyond the billowing curtain. The agitation of the rest of the players had seemed rather amusing to her, she remembered, and even after the curtain had gone up on the first scene, the shrill cry of the call-boy summoning the different actors to take their cues had not destroyed that vague sense of unreality. Then had come her own call. She remembered the wave of sickening fright that had surged over her as she stood in the wing waiting for her cue and looked out over the footlights at the misty, confused faces that danced and swayed dizzily before her, in the cruel glare of the electric lights. Then suddenly

had come the realization that they were all waiting to see her—that she alone could sway their hearts with the pathos and the passion of the play. Her terror faded away and with a strange, new-born confidence in herself, she had answered her cue and swept out into the glare of the footlights, undismayed. And she had been successful—oh yes! The roar and surge that had proclaimed her triumph lingered even yet in her ears.

Suddenly the Old Star came back from her own first night, with a little start. The orchestra had begun to tune for the overture and the hum of conversation quieted expectantly. The Old Star suddenly felt terribly lonely. What a little while ago it seemed since her last appearance in this theatre, and yet it was five years—five long, weary years! She had been only fifty then and her manager had urged her to stay on, but the dread seized her of losing gradually her wonderful popularity, of hearing the applause that greeted her grow less and less as time went on. She had refused his offers and retired from the stage, vowing to herself that she would never again enter the theatre—that was five years ago! And here sat the Old Star, waiting to watch the new star play her Juliet.

“Suzanne,” whispered the Old Star smiling a little with wet eyes, “Suzanne, we are on the wrong side of the curtain to-night.” Suzanne nodded sadly. She was homesick too. Five years ago Suzanne, too, had retired.

The great curtain went slowly up and the play opened with the quarrel of the Capulet and Montague servants on the streets of Verona. The mistress and maid in the box leaned eagerly forward, following every gesture of the players with critical eyes. When the curtain rose on the third scene, the Old Star put her hand to her heart with a hurried little gesture. The new Juliet that stood before her was so much like her old self that had stood there years ago! The Old Star had a queer little feeling that she was standing aloof, watching her own self, as Juliet, going through the familiar scenes on the stage before her.

Scenes came and went rapidly. Suzanne gazed at the players' costumes and make-up with the eye of an expert in such things, but her mistress watched closely every motion, every gesture of the new star, following her lines unconsciously under her breath. Gradually, as the intensity of the play reached its height, she forgot to look for defects in the new star's technique.

The spell of her personality seized and held her. She forgot the sea of intent faces below her, forgot that she was in a box instead of on the stage, forgot everything but the old excitement and joy of creation. She herself was down there on the stage living again the love and tragedy of the girl-heroine, Juliet. The old joyous feeling that she was carrying her audience with her seized her now. Breathlessly she watched as in a mirror the old-time disappointment, doubt and struggles of the Juliet that she had been, until her last despairing cry in the churchyard over the body of Romeo rang out through the silence of the theatre and the great curtain descended. The thunder of applause that burst out and filled the theatre with a mighty surge of sound recalled her to herself with a start. Ah, it was not *she* whom they were applauding. They had forgotten her!

The wonderful art of the New Star had made its impression upon the audience. Again and again she was recalled and showered with flowers. As the Old Star looked at the radiant young figure, she thought again of her own first night,—there had been curtain calls and flowers then, too. How sweet her triumph had been! She remembered how, in the secret of her dressing room, she had crushed her roses to her lips and cried a few happy, girlish tears over the joy of it all. How very young she had been then! How very happy! But her flowers were all withered and faded now. The Old Star smiled a little, wearily, as she remembered the dried roses that she had kept in her desk all these years.

The applause redoubled. Suddenly the Old Star snatched the red roses from her breast.

"Yours, too, Suzanne! Yours too!" she cried, and the splendid glowing cluster fell at the new star's feet. They were like roses lying at the feet of her old self—the face of the Old Star was sweet and bright with the fancy of it. There was no longer any bitterness.

"Hear them cheer us—see the flowers!" she softly laughed. "We have had a good first night, Suzanne."

DOROTHY DONNELL.

A DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION FOR THE STUDENTS' BUILDING PLAYS

I am sure that most of the college agrees with me that there is something fundamentally wrong with the plays presented at the Students' Building. For those who run them, something wrong with the material at our command, with the system of management, with the final effect. To those who have to sit through the plays, the unsatisfactory character is no less apparent in the bad acting and inartistic results.

In the January Monthly of last year Miss Mayer voiced the very general opinion that "something should be done about the Students' Building plays." Her plea was particularly for the overworked girls. Having run the gamut of its labor and seen its waste, I should like to say a word about the needlessness of much of the work, the waste of material, the waste of time and above all, the waste of energy.

To the question "What is to be done?" I would reply by the scheme of a dramatic association. Such an association has proved its efficiency in the Philolethan Society at Vassar, the "Barn Swallows" at Wellesley, and "The Idlers" at Radcliffe. That these associations present exceptionally good plays is sufficient proof of the value of the system. The questions at once are raised, But what sort of an association? How run? What would be the criterion of eligibility? To the last query I say, certainly not acting, alone. One of our greatest misconceptions is the persistent idea that all it takes to make a good play is good actors. Till we return to the Elizabethan simplicity, costumes and scenery are almost equally important with them, while the general conduct of the whole play never fails to count in the final result.

So an association of this kind would be opened to all the members of the college who are interested in dramatics, whether they could act or not. All girls who are artistic and have an eye for color and arrangement, who know something about staging, costuming and make-up, and, above all, those who

have "ideas," would be counted among its members. As an organization, they would choose officers, and, knowing the girls and their capabilities, they would place the general management in reliable hands, giving the association a responsible head to direct sub-committees and to keep all parts working together in harmony. For each play to be presented, a manager and committee would be chosen by the association, and thus ample opportunity would be given to any obscure or unrecognized ability. To put the trials above the suspicion of unfairness, they would be under the supervision of the elocution department, with as much opportunity to try as is given now in the house-play trials. There would be the added advantage of all the material which off-campus houses can supply, besides the availability of many girls who, at present, never get a chance to act until senior year. Of course the rule would follow that a girl could have a principal part only once a semester, so that the work would be proportionately divided. This would necessitate more careful choice of plays and material, and fewer plays in the year.

The association would be a help rather than a hindrance when it came to senior dramatics, because it would lighten the work of the preliminary committee by its knowledge of the strength of the individual girls. All the material would be practically "tried," and the "impossibles" eliminated.

At present those who have done extra work in the house-plays are given extra tickets, presumably in proportion to their labor. That principle could still be carried out, and since everyone who joins the association expects to do something for the association, she would surely sometime reap the rewards of her membership. Then I do not see why the seats of the rest of the house, which are still a large proportion of the whole, should not go to some campus house, to one each play and to each in its turn as at present. The arrangement might prove cumbersome, but it would still keep with the campus houses their most attractive form of hospitality.

It seems to me that many of the mistakes made in the plays come from sheer ignorance in the management. It frequently happens that a girl who has never before seen the back side of a drop-curtain starts out to "do" the scenery. With no previous knowledge of her materials and no precedents to help her, unless she has extraordinary ingenuity and unusual intelli-

gence, she generally succeeds in "doing" not only all the scenery in the Students' Building, but her entire committee and the treasury besides, and most of it quite needlessly. It is not her fault, however, for she has never done anything like it before, and there is no one with previous experience to direct her. I have seen girls fret and fume away countless hours tacking wall paper on to flies, when canvas decently painted *once* would serve for numberless occasions. This could be looked out for, were there a general management to take it in hand. Now each house vies with the other to produce the most extraordinary scenery. The effect would be better if we had some less pretentious but more realistic painted canvases. Under the management of a dramatic association a property box could be started which would accumulate untold treasure from year to year, reducing expense and saving endless trotting around after somebody's black hat or pink dress.

It is because with each play "green" people attempt the management that there is such a waste of time, labor and expense—such a dispersion of energy. I do not mean to put the supervision of all things upon the shoulders of two or three girls, but if there were a few who knew how things should be done, who worked always with a conscientious view of the play as a whole, inevitably the results would be more successful. The last play* which was given in the Students' Building showed, in a gratifying manner, what a little skilled oversight will do to improve the effect of the play as a whole.

There is always the objection that a few girls are overburdened with responsibility and work. There must always be one girl to run a play, now we have six or seven such girls a year who are rewarded with meagre success. Why not have the pick of the most capable girls in college and those who can best bear the burden? It is better to have three or four good plays, repaid with success, than any number of unsatisfactory ones. It is better to have less work and that well done, as it will be when accomplished by intelligent coöperation.

Let me again cite the case of the poor girl and her scenery, and the little costume-trotter, and let us ask them if they do not think there should be a different system. Or ask the girl who "simply can't do that part," but takes it because there is no other; or the tall heroine who must play down to a short

* "The Road to Yesterday."

hero who "can *not* make love;" or the manager who knows she knows nothing about action or grouping, but relies on "the costumes" and "just being natural;" last of all, ask the audience which very good-humoredly tries to forget what it knows about the management, which shuts its eyes to the scenery, and doesn't notice the action. They are very good-natured, these audiences of ours, but it is always trying to be bored, especially when one is paying a quarter for the privilege. They have a right to demand something more artistic, more satisfactory, and we ought to be able to fulfil their demand.

"Something should be done." Then why not try this plan of association which comes to us recommended by its success at so many schools and colleges? Let us see what a Dramatics Association can do for the Students' Building plays!

AMY GALLAGHER.

NOONTIDE

The noon has come with glorious glare
 With splendor and pomp and pride,
 And dawn's fair promises fulfilled
 Spread round on every side!
 In midst of realized splendor, still
 We sigh, and yearn to know
 The first faint flush of dawn again,
 The thrill of the morning glow!

Ah! Fame has come, as we prayed he might,
 With his golden mist of praise,
 And Love has sued in many a guise
 With his sweet endearing ways.
 Achieved are hopes and faint desires,
 Breathed out in the long ago—
 But oh! for the flush of dawn again,
 The thrill of the morning glow!

EUNICE FULLER.

THE WAY TO FAERIELAND

Wouldst thou know the way to Faerieland?

Hist ! and I'll tell thee true !

'Tis by sailing over the rainbow arch,
In a boat of heaven's own blue ;

'Tis by climbing up a moon-beam,
The longest that thou can'st find ;

'Tis by riding over the tree-tops,
On the back of the untamed wind ;

'Tis by tripping across the meadows,
On cobwebs bright with dew ;
Oh, these are the ways to Faerieland,
And I have told thee true !

KATHERINE DUNCAN MORSE.

THE ORGAN AND MODERN MUSIC

At the present time the pipe organ has come to be looked upon by the general public as an instrument to be used almost solely for church music,—hymns, chants and an occasional anthem. Why should the organ fall into such comparative disuse? Why should not the organ take its place with other instruments in the orchestra? Why, indeed, should not the organ be used to give depth and weight to our modern music?

In order to consider these questions it is necessary to go somewhat into the nature of the organ, its structure, its possibilities, and to consider also, the obvious drawbacks to its more extensive use.

The organ is primarily a wind instrument, probably first suggested by the sound of the wind blowing across the tops of broken reeds. With this beginning it is hard to imagine that the organ could ever be expected to take the place of a whole orchestra.

Albert Lavignac, Professor of Harmony in the Paris Conservatory, has said, "Shall we consider the organ as an *instru-*

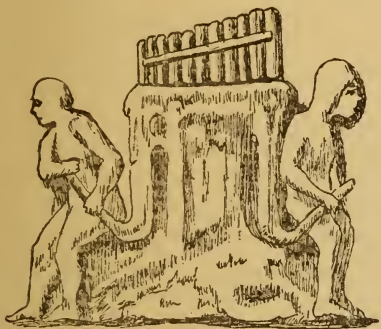
ment or as an *orchestra*—an aggregation of instruments manipulated by one man? I am much inclined to the second definition. It is at least, *par excellence*—a great polyphonic instrument; it represents infinite power; nothing is impossible to it." The organ certainly is a great polyphonic instrument, but could it be called an orchestra, in the modern sense of the word? To be sure, many of the instruments of the orchestra are represented by certain of the organ stops, but they are, at best, only representations. How could the music of the violin be reproduced by a set of pipes worked by a number of keys? The stops which at all approach the *timbre* of the stringed instruments are, for the most part, sharp and "twangy" and seem almost unworthy of the great organ, which is capable of producing such mellow roundness of tone. How can the organ represent the rippling melodies of the clarinet or oboe,—their flexibility of tone, their quick change of mood from sprightly merriment to tender pathos? It is impossible to imitate these successfully by means of a mechanical contrivance, for no matter how skilful the performer may be, he cannot reproduce with the uniform tone of the organ (practically uniform because with a single set of stops only one effect can be produced) the graded *crescendo*, the delicate *diminuendo* of the oboe or clarinet, the violin or other instruments of the orchestra.

The organ cannot take the place of an orchestra, and why should it be lowered into a mere imitative instrument, when in this imitation it is everywhere inferior to instruments of the real orchestra? The organ has its own proper sphere which cannot be reached by any orchestra, for what orchestra could reproduce the solemn grandeur of the organ?

Although the modern organ is far from perfect, it is hard to recognize as the parent of our mighty organ the primitive *syrinx* or "pan's pipes." It is interesting to trace the art of organ building from its very humble beginning and see how some of the difficulties of construction were overcome.

The Pan's pipes (so called because men believed that the great god Pan had invented them) were merely a number of reed pipes of graded length and thickness bound together in a row with their open mouths in a straight line. The player blew directly across each one to make the sound. This method was difficult and ineffective for any but the most simple airs, for it was hard to skip quickly from one pipe to another, nor could

more than one be played at a time. The continuous blowing was so fatiguing to the musician, that makers began to place the pipes in a stationary frame and to supply wind from external sources, so that the player could give his whole time to playing the various pipes. A wooden box was devised, containing a row of holes, into which the ends of the pipes were inserted, and the wind was sometimes supplied by two attendants who blew alternately into pliable tubes, one blowing while the other took breath. The accompanying sketch shows an antique organ of this type, sculptured under a monument now in the museum at Arles, bearing the date XXMVIII.



The pipes were held in position by a cross band, as the earlier *syrinx* or Pan's pipes had been. (The carving represents the back of the organ.)

At first all the pipes sounded at once, and the player silenced by his hand and fingers those that he did not wish to use. This very clumsy method was soon done away with and strips of wood were placed under the

feet of the pipes, which could be drawn out to allow the wind to enter the pipe or pushed in to cover the opening. Another change was made in the introduction of two small bellows which were worked alternately and made a much more uniform current of wind than could be gotten from the blowing of the two attendants.

Indeed, a method of producing an absolutely uniform pressure of wind was secured in the hydraulic organ: This variety, invented by Ctesibius, an Egyptian of the third century before Christ, was "hydraulic" in no sense except that it used an ingenious apparatus which regulated the wind current by water pressure.¹ This organ appears in the Hebrew Talmud under the name of *hirdaulis* or *ardablis*. The *Magrepha* which stood in the Temple at Jerusalem had ten notes, with ten pipes to each note. This organ, however, was not an hydraulic one. After various experiments, the hydraulic organ was found to be

¹ For an interesting description of one of these "hydraulic" organs, see Hopkins & Rimbault, "The Organ, Its History and Construction," p. 5. See also in Grove's Dict., "Organ," p. 575.

impracticable for ordinary use, and makers went back to the former method of bellows and wind-chest.

Although nothing very precise can be learned from the ancient writers as to the time and place of these beginnings of organ building, nevertheless it is plain that the primitive forms of many of the chief ideas of that art to-day were in use before the beginning of the Christian era. The exact period at which the organ was first used for religious purposes in Europe is not known, but, according to Julianus, a Spanish bishop who lived 450 A. D., the organ was in common use in the churches of Spain at that time. At the commencement of the eighth century the use of the organ was appreciated and the art of making it was known in England, and early in the tenth century a most remarkable organ was erected in Winchester Cathedral. A description of this has come down to us in a Latin poem by a monk, Wulstan.¹

"Such organs as you have built are seen nowhere, fabricated on a double ground. Twice six bellows above are ranged in a row, and fourteen lie below. These, by alternate blasts supply an immense quantity of wind, and are worked by seventy, strong men, laboring with their arms, covered with perspiration, each inciting his companions to drive the wind up with all his strength, that the full-bosomed box may speak with its four hundred pipes which the hand of the organist governs. Some when closed he opens, others when open he closes, as the individual nature of the varied sound requires. Two brethren (religious) of concordant spirit sit at the instrument, and each manages his own alphabet. . . . Like thunder the iron tongues batter the ear, so that it may receive no sound but that alone. To such an amount does it reverberate, echoing in every direction, that everyone stops with his hand his gaping ears, being in no wise able to draw near and bear the sound which so many combinations produce. The music is heard throughout the town and the flying fame thereof is gone out over the whole country."

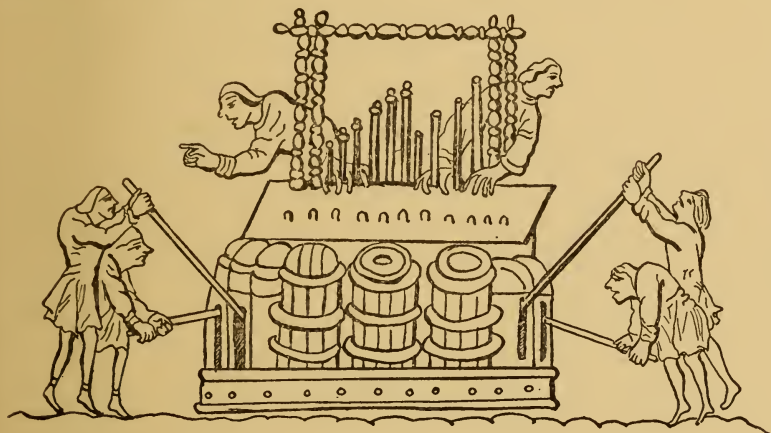
This naïve account shows that although many of the principal features of the organ were in use at that time, they were still clumsy and harsh and needed a great deal of toning down. In

¹ Wulstan died A. D. 963. For original Latin poem see Hopkins & Rimbault, p. 16.

² This may have been copied incorrectly from the original manuscript, possibly seven instead of seventy. Or it may mean that the seventy took turns at pumping, being divided into several squads.

the Winchester organ there were, evidently, three manuals, one for the organist and one for each of the "brethren of concordant spirit," and at each the player allowed one note to sound at a time by pulling out the block under one of the pipes. Perhaps all three played the melody, or possibly each took a part in some of the discordant harmonies of that time.

An interesting representation of the pneumatic organ of this time is preserved in the M. S. "Psalter of Eadwine" in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. It is copied below. The players seem to be forcibly complaining that the men at the pumps do not work hard enough. (Players of small organs seem to have that trouble even up to the present.)



Towards the end of the eleventh century huge keys, or rather levers, began to be used as a means of opening and closing the pipes, instead of the old blocks that had to be pulled out and pushed in. Early keys are described as being from three to five inches wide, or even more, and an inch and a half thick, so that they were hammered with the fists rather than played with the fingers.

In the fourteenth century the three keyboards began to be arranged one over another, so that the organist could reach them all with very little change of position.

In the fifteenth century, the invention of pedals at first enabled the organist to play the lowest notes of the manuals with his feet, for these keys were connected with the pedals by means of cords, but later an entirely different set of pipes was arranged for the pedals.

Since that time many important details of organ building have been improved and perfected—the swell, the combination pedals, the motor, the complicated systems of connection between key and pipe, valves to equalize air pressure, weights and regulators for the bellows, couplers and other important additions. But by the beginning of the sixteenth century the organ was well established as an instrument with the fundamental parts necessary to its structure.

In its present form the organ is the most complex of all instruments.¹ Instead of having a single keyboard or *manual*, a large organ has four or even more, and each has its own set of pipes as if it were a separate organ. The *Great Organ* is used for clear, loud effects. The *Swell Organ* has its pipes enclosed in a huge box with shutters much on the order of Venetian blinds, which may be opened and closed by means of the swell pedal to let out a greater or less volume of sound. The *Choir Organ* is used for soft and quiet passages and for accompanying the singing of the choir. Sometimes there is still another manual, called the *Echo Organ*, the pipes of which are placed as far away as possible, to give a soft and distant effect. To these the *pedal bass* is added. This keyboard is short in range, being only a few octaves in the lower bass, and its large, wooden keys are placed so that the organist may easily reach them with his feet as he sits upon the organ bench, and may play them while he is playing one of the upper manuals with his hands. The connection between the keys and pipes is made by different methods. The three ways most commonly used are the *Electric* action, *Pneumatic* action, and *Tracker* action. In the Electric action, as the name signifies, connections are made by an electric current along a wire from key to pipe. This method has the advantage that the keyboard of the organ does not have to be stationary or necessarily near the organ proper. One serious drawback to this kind of action is the fact that the electrical connections are hard to arrange and easily get out of order. In the Pneumatic action, connection between key and pipe is made by means of tubes of about pipe-stem size which allow the valves to collapse, thus in turn opening or closing the foot of the pipe. In the Tracker system the connections are made entirely by trackers, thin, strong strips

¹ Except, perhaps, the *tel harmonium* recently invented. But this great instrument may be left out of the question, as it is not yet in general use.

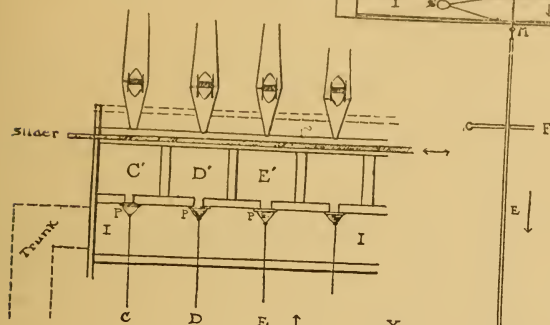
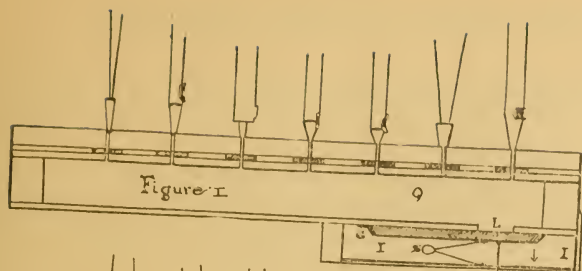


Figure II

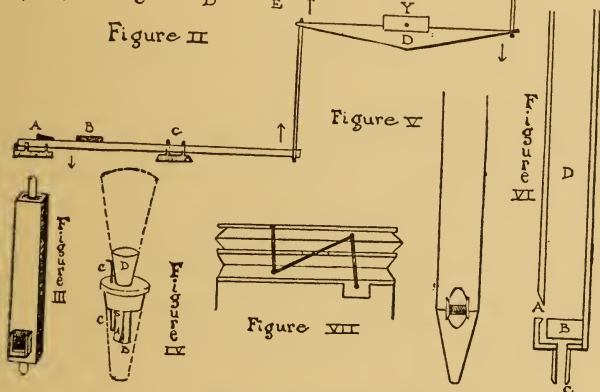


Figure III

Figure VI

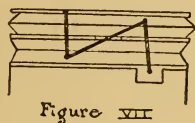


Figure VII

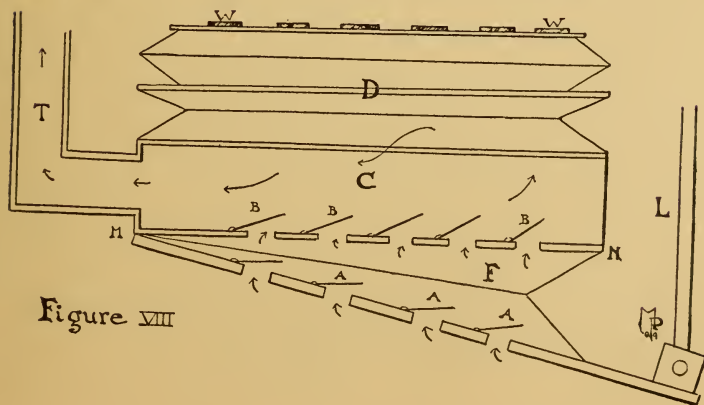


Figure VIII

of wood which work by direct contact. The diagram below, Fig. I, will serve to explain the actual way in which these connections are made.

a is the part of the key visible from the outside of the organ.

b—section of *thumping-board* which runs the whole length of the key-board and keeps the keys from jumping up too far when released after pressure.

c—section of pin-board which keeps the keys from slipping from side to side. Its pins slip easily into holes in the key.

d—*backfall*, fastened at *y*.

e—tracker, with end of *tapped*¹ wire and small leather button (*m*), to keep tracker from slipping into air chamber (*ii*); and also by screwing button on tapped wire, the length of the tracker and *pull-down* is regulated. Where trackers are very long, *registers* are used; these are bored with holes for each tracker to slip through, to keep them from slipping out of place and bumping each other. (See *f*.)

g—*pallet*, topped with white kid to make it fit snugly; hinged at *g* and held up by spring (*s*).

Action.—Key pressed down at *a* raises upright *sticker* which raises one end of backfall. Backfall moves on pivot at *y*, other end goes down, pulling with it tracker (*e*), which moves freely through hole in *f* and pulls down the pull-down wire, thus pulling the pallet away from the opening (*l*) and letting the air from *ii* rush into *q*, whence it goes into whatever pipes are opened by the sliders of the various stops. When a key is released, the actions are reversed and the spring (*s*) is allowed to clap the pallet over the hole again.

Many experiments have been made to find the most efficient way of forcing air into the wind-box and thence to the pipes, from the time of the two blowers constituting a human bellows, through the years of service of the "seventy strong men laboring with their arms," up to the present, when water power or electricity is used to run the motor that works the bellows. In modern organs only horizontal bellows are used, for it has been found that they give a more even wind pressure than diagonal ones, modeled after the style of the little bellows often seen around fireplaces. The accompanying diagram (Fig. VIII) shows a side view of one arrangement of horizontal bellows.

¹ Tapped wire—wire having a *thread* like a screw.

L represents the lever arm of the motor, (man-power, electric or water motor). When *L* moves down, the bottom of the feeder, hinged at *M*, moves with it, the inward pressure of the outside air opens the little doors (*aa*) over the many holes in the bottom of the feeder. (These little doors are quite light, but firm, being made of stiff leather, and they open easily on their hinges, but when *L* moves up again the air in *f*—the feeder—presses out, pushes on the doors (*aa*) and closes them tightly for they open only inward.) The air pressure within (*f*) increases as *L* moves up, bringing bottom of feeder nearer to *mn*, and lifts the little doors (*bb*), covering the holes on the bottom of the reservoir (*c*). Some of the air rushes out of *t*, the trunk, the rest goes up into *d*, the bellows, raising the top, but when more air goes into the trunk and there is less pressure, the weights (*wv*) on the top of the bellows weigh it down, and as the doors (*bb*) have already been closed by outward pressure unbalanced by inward pressure, for *f* is empty of air and *L* is moving down again, the air, having no other outlet, is forced out at *T*. The bellows is equipped with a *regulator* of iron (see Fig. VII) fastened to the edges of its top, middle, and bottom boards to keep the bellows from going up and down too quickly and falling with a bang or clatter. Figure II shows a cross section of the pallet action in the tracker system, of three keys, showing *c*, *d*, *e* (channels or grooves) and slider. The channels run from front to back of a set of pipes, and when the key of the manual pulls down, say, the (*c*) pallet, the air rushes from the air box (*ii*) into the (*c*) channel. If no stops are pulled, no sound occurs; for under each row of pipes, running laterally through the whole manual, is a slider, a thin strip of wood with holes corresponding to the holes in the bottoms of the pipes. Unless its holes coincide with those of the pipes, the air in the channels is cut off from the pipes. So when the (*c*) pull-down is pulled, and the air goes into the (*c*) channel, only those pipes (all *c* along the one channel, but different kinds of pipes) will sound that are opened by the slides of the stops which have been pulled out.

“Open,” “stopped,” and “reed” are the main classes of pipes. The open pipes are made both of wood and of *metal*.¹ The general construction of open pipes may be seen in Fig. VI.

¹ “Metal” in organ building means about one part tin to three parts lead; and “spotted metal” about half tin and half lead.

The air entering at the narrow aperture called the foot (*a*) being checked by the block or *languid* (*b*), rushes out, part of it passing out through the mouth of the pipe and part ascending and passing out at the top. The pipe thus set into vibration gives forth a note in accordance with its length reckoned from the mouth to the opening at the top. (See also Fig. V; open flue pipe of *metal*.)

In stopped pipes, the air passing up the pipe is prevented from getting out at the top by a plug or stopper. It therefore has to descend again in order to escape at the mouth, and travelling thus twice as far as the length of the pipe causes the pitch to be an octave lower than the apparent speaking length of the pipe. [For example of stopped pipe, see Figure III.]

In *Reed Pipes*, a brass tongue attached to a small cylindrical brass tube, called the *reed*, is set in vibration by the pressure of air passing into the lower end of the "boot" which encloses it. The *tuning wire* (*c*) presses against the tongue, and the tube at the top is fitted with a metal shade to modify the roughness or inequality of any particular tone. Fig. IV—reed with boot (enclosing lower part) and pipe (fitting into hole at top) removed: *a*, tongue; *b*, reed; *c*, tuning wire; *d*, socket into which pipe is fitted.

As has been said above, each stop when pulled out, draws a slide so that its holes are in place under the feet of the pipes. To make the changing of stops easier and quicker, *combination pedals* have been introduced—small iron pedals placed a few inches higher than the short keys of the pedal bass. These control the draw stops, pushing out certain groups and taking in others, if out.

The organ is a triumph of mechanical art. Other wind instruments have but a single pipe, while a large organ has thousands. Other wind instruments need human beings to force air into them—the organ has its own lungs, its own passages to carry air to the pipes, its own fingers to open or close the pipes. With its varied effects the organ has great possibilities, but from this very intricacy, from its primary dependence upon mechanical devices, it must also suffer marked limitation.

At an early time organ pipes reached almost their present degree of perfection, but the question of connecting key and pipe has presented difficulties which not even modern builders have entirely overcome. The key action of most organs is com-

paratively stiff. The pipes do not speak at once when the keys are struck, and brilliant technique is next to impossible. The organ is one of the most difficult of all instruments to play well, and indeed one might say that an organist can never become absolute master of his art. No matter how long he may have studied the organ, he can always find some new effect that he has never before been able to produce. The organist has to be more than a mere learner of rules of technique; he must understand to a certain degree the mechanism of his instrument, for he may be called upon to go into the organ in the midst of a church service to see why a certain key will not speak or why another one persists in singing all the time and cannot be stopped. The organist must be able to use his brain, eyes, hands and feet at the same time, and be ready at any moment to change any or all of the stops, to go quickly from one keyboard to another, to look ahead in the music and see what combinations of stops will be needed in the next passage—in fact, to be constantly alert, and prepared for any emergency.

What wonder is it, then, that organ playing is not an art to be easily learned? To play at all one has to play reasonably well, for a mistake that could to some extent be hidden when playing on a piano or in an orchestra, is irreparable on the organ, and is shouted out by hundreds of pipes. The organ bench is no place for an idler. But if the organ be properly played, if the organist know his organ as a great violinist knows his violin, no other instrument is so majestic, so solemn, and, one might almost say, so almighty. The other instruments sound insignificant beside the noble dignity of its tone.

In this day of light popular music, why should not the organ be used as a makeweight to counterbalance our tendency to "ragtime?" If we try to play ragtime on the organ the effect seems as incongruous as if a bishop should try to do the cakewalk. The organ's slow action cannot reproduce the quick, irregular accent that makes music "catchy." Organ music must have a foundation of melody and harmony, for the tricks of accent and technique which make the lighter music popular do not count at all in the grave, dignified music of the organ. Is not this grand work of harmony and melody woefully lacking in many of the compositions of to-day? It seems reasonable to suppose that the intelligent study of the organ as an adjunct of

modern musical education would create a demand for a more truly musical style of composition. Our music, instead of becoming lighter, more superficial, depending more upon an original effect than upon the underlying principles of harmony, would grow deeper and more vital, more satisfying, more what it was in the time of the old masters, who cared less for being popular than for expressing in the truest way they knew the music that was within their souls.

MARGARET PAINTER.

SKETCHES

THE RIDE ACROSS THE HILLS

A mad ride, a glad ride
Across the purple hills,
Where stand the trees like sentinels
And leap the laughing rills.

The light sun, the bright sun
All in an azure sky,
Where cloud on cloud of fleecy down
Is softly sailing by.

The sweet wind, the fleet wind
That blows our cares away,
For only thoughts of happiness
Exist on such a day.

Away then, to-day then,
Across the purple hills,
Where all the birds are singing,
Where laugh the little rills.

ANNE COE MITCHELL.

LOVE BOUND—AND FREE

A year ago my love confined and bound
Saw only joy in you ; since when I've found
The universe may bring me joy as true
Since all of it to me, expresses you !

ANNE COE MITCHELL.

Nance Clendennin sat on the lowest stone step of the side entrance to Clendennin Manor, teasing the setter puppies who scuffled around in the dirt of the driveway and snarled

Neil I incessantly, except when one or the other gave a yelp of delight. She had returned from a short ride taken directly after tea and still wore a crumpled linen habit. The Irish twilight was darkening the landscape softly, and the outlines of the ruined masonry of Kilcany Abbey looked dark and misshapen in the increasing dusk. The winding course of the Dee could be traced dimly by the dark clumps of trees along its banks as it rolled lazily down toward the bay of Cores.

Soon the puppies scampered away after a ground-mole, and Nance did not bother to run after them or even whistle them back imperiously as she usually did. She just leaned lazily against an ivy-twined pillar of stone and looked out dreamily toward the crumbling old abbey.

The young moon rose in the summer sky, a pale slip of a thing. "I wish it were round and red," thought Nance, and then remembered how she used to think the full moon at eight o'clock was a Japanese lantern hung in the sky—at home—in America—well, *nó*, not exactly home; but mother was in America and Nance herself had been born there. But now Nance lived in Ireland at Inniscarron. Flora was with Aunt Cassandra in England, and Daddie and Tom were on the continent—at Monte Carlo, most likely. Nance shrugged her shoulders and smiled whimsically at the thought, as though she ought to deplore the situation but didn't. She was a tall girl and very slim, with smooth, soft, dull brown hair and eyes of an odd shade of blue. Queer bluish shadows accentuated the little hollows between the eyeballs and the thin dark lines of the brows, set aslant high in the forehead. Her features were thin, drawn out, and colorless. Girls said she "looked dissipated but was horrible graceful." She never looked so well as when she was lolling or lounging around in postures which would have made any other girl look uncouth, unless it was when she sat her saddle squarely on the back of a high-spirited, frightened horse. How superbly, every muscle tense, she managed her own thoroughbred, Neil III! For her Irish blood had taught her how to cling to the back of a colt long before any riding-master had taken her in hand.

"Humph, it's chilly. I ought to go in-doors, I suppose."

Nance rose slowly, stretching her slim body luxuriously. "No I won't either," with sudden energy. "I'll just walk down to the abbey and wake up a few bats and owls. It looks so spooky in the moonlight." For the moon was now higher and showed with a dim, shimmering light through the thin mist in the air. Soon the girl was strolling around delightedly among the crumbled debris of the fallen archways in the old courtyard.

"O, I'm scared to death," she told herself, in huge enjoyment. It was a weird enough place, for in the old burying ground, close by, the pure bones of the former monks of Kilcarny Abbey, buried too near the surface, lay exposed among the broken stones and rank growing plants. But Nance did not care one whit. She had long ago carted certain choice specimens up to her room at the Manor House for mural decoration. Moreover, the superstitious maids had refused to sweep her room until she had removed the gruesome relics.

Suddenly the girl felt a chill breath on her left cheek, and turning quickly, saw a tall, dark horse looming up beside her. He nuzzled her cheek again and she reached out and caught him by the bridle.

"Why, Neil, how did you get here?" she asked of the large black creature. "You bad one," patting his nose affectionately.

"Did you break out of your stall? How careless those men are!" in annoyance. "Why, what a queer old saddle!" The girl examined it in puzzled wonder. "It looks like the ones great-grandfather had. There's one in the stable yet. James said it belonged to grandfather. Well I never!" she continued to her horse, "you have a man's saddle on, too. Who's dared to ride you without my permission, Neilly?" she asked with a flush of prideful indignation. "My word, I'm going to try this saddle, though."

She changed the stirrups, which seemed unusually stiff, placed her foot in the left one, swung the other across Neil's back, meanwhile calling him "darling," the Irish term of endearment, and "honey," its American equivalent.

"Let's go out to the steeple-chase course, Neilly!" she suggested gleefully, and headed him in that direction, holding the reins with a practiced hand and sitting the saddle perfectly, although she was unused to it.

On this very steeple-chase course the "First Neil," the best steeple-chaser in all Ireland, had won many a race. There, at

the last jump of his last race, he had fallen—both knees broken—and died, still Ireland's champion. They had buried him a little way off with saddle and bridle on. Ah! that was a horse! All the family were proud of him yet, and Nance was shot with thrills every time she thought of him.

"I wonder if Neil III will ever be such a horse?" she mused. "You're going well to-night though, Neilly," she added encouragingly. "None of your skittish tricks so far (knock on wood, only there isn't any). You're really very dignified, you know." But as she spoke, the erratic Neil started at a dead run for the first jump. "Well, Neil, I didn't tell you to, but if you want to jump—" Neil took it easily, and in her excitement, Nance, who was passionately fond of jumping and wanted Neil to be a good jumper, let him take one after the other until they came to the water jump. Then she reined in, and pulled on the curb. "O no—not this—whoa, pet—whoa—you're only a three-year-old, Neilly—whoa—you've never done this, dearie—whoa—behave—" Nance pulled hard and hung backward in the saddle, sawing the horse's mouth cruelly. But Neil darted forward faster than before, with Nance, furious and frightened at his unwonted behaviour. "The very devil is in him to-night!" Nance gasped out as she battled with the huge creature.

The horse cleared the water jump. "Heavens! He's going at the last jump," she whispered to herself in a strange agony of fear. She seemed to know that he would not make it. She watched the bars come nearer and nearer, white in the moonlight, and the black hedges on either side, with a kind of fascinated horror. An uncanny fear of the animal took possession of her. It was such a horrible, peculiar kind of fear. She had never felt afraid of a horse before. But the last jump! They were close to it. Neil rose in the air with Nance sitting him gamely enough, her eyes staring straight ahead in a kind of trance. Suddenly she caught sight of Neil's fore-legs. *He did not move them at all and they were broken at the knees!* The girl screamed and pressed one little limp hand over her closed eyes. She fell backward without a word, and was flung to the ground just as Neil crashed down in a heap on the other side of the bars.

Late in the evening, an excited body of servants provided with dogs and lanterns, and constituting a search party, found

the girl, and brought her home, still unconscious. Later she revived, and the doctor, who had been called in, decided that "No bones had been broken, but that Miss Clendennin was sadly shaken up." It was a puzzling case, but Nance had always been such a tom-boy that the doctor and servants decided she must have attempted to vault the bars, and caught her habit and fallen. Some such explanation was necessary, and Nance let it pass. But that night when Rosie brought the candles into the old-fashioned bed-room where Nance lay, she demanded, "Where's Neil? Is Neil in his stable? Find out, Rosie, and send Isabella to me." The old house-keeper entered shortly afterward.

"Neil III is in his box-stall, tied with his halter, Miss Nance. He's been there ever since you returned from your ride, and quite safe he is, Miss Nance. And now go to sleep, darlin', and get up in the mornin'," the old woman finished and looked affectionately at the slender girl lying in the white bed. Nance had listened with half-parted, colorless lips. But she was a Clendennin. She felt awed but she was game.

"Good-night, Isabella," she said in a quiet voice. Then as the old servant started to go, "Wait, Isabella—I wanted to tell you something." There was a rather strange smile on Nance's pale face, but her voice thrilled one with its pride. "To-night I've been riding Neil the First!" she said.

CAROLINE BURNE.

A PROBLEM

My mother says I mustn't drive
Our horse at all just now
But wait till I'm experienced
And know exactly how.

But I can't be experienced
The way she wants me to
Until I drive; it's hopeless and
Whatever shall I do?

MARY PRESCOTT PARSONS.

BETWEEN SUMMER AND WINTER

The air is so crisp, and cold, and keen,
 And the days are few that are between
 The dying of Summer and Winter's birth—
 So come for a dance in the wind.
 What a rich wood fragrance comes up from the earth !
 And we dance along
 With a snatch of song.
 And we laugh with a sudden mirth
 At that little star all alone in the sky,
 And the moon, and the cloud that's trailing by,
 Dancing with us in the wind.
 We skip along in a mad, wild race,
 And laugh at the whip of a branch in our face
 As spirits dare
 To fly through air,
 So we dance along in the wind.
 Can we be the same who snatched at a star
 And wondered to find it so very far ?
 Why seek an end to the chase ?
 We who went creeping—how are we glad !
 And we whirl along, and we're mad, mad, mad
 With the joy of the earth and the wind.
 Was ever there one could curb the sea ?
 We've dug Grief's grave, and we're free, free, free !
 Thick are the dead leaves under our feet,
 But we trample them down, and the scent comes sweet—
 And we shout with glee—
 We who dance, who dance in the wind.

FLORENCE BATTERSON.

I suppose all the little boys and girls think that the world
 was always full of fairies just as it is now, and that there never
 was a time, even when grandfather
How Fairies Came into was a little boy and grandmother
the World was a little girl that there weren't
 lots of fairies to give wishes to
 good children. But you're very much mistaken, for a long time
 ago there wasn't even one fairy in the world. There never had
 been any either. If you had talked to a little girl about a fairy
 she would have been as surprised as anything ; for since there
 never had been any, how could she know what you were talk-
 ing about ?

Once on a time, long, long ago, there was a king and queen who had just had a baby daughter born to them. When they got ready to christen her they gave a large party and invited all their friends to come. They all came and brought beautiful presents for the baby. They gave her all sorts of things, a gold knife and fork and spoon, and a gold napkin ring, and a mother-of-pearl rattle, set with large diamonds, to cut her teeth on, and a rocking-horse made of sandal wood, for even if she was a girl she was a king's daughter and must learn to ride. They brought so many things that the cook started the kitchen fire with the paper they were wrapped in for weeks afterward and the queen saved the ribbons and had enough to tie up all her Christmas presents. But there was one poor old lady who hadn't brought any present to give the baby. She was very poor and very old and she wouldn't have been invited at all if the queen had had anything to say about it. You see the old lady had been the king's nurse when he was a little boy and he was really very fond of her. After all the company had come and taken off their coats and hats and had laid their presents on a big table in front of the throne they were all taken upstairs to see the little princess. The old nurse came along too, but none of the other guests spoke to her or would have anything to do with her for they thought she looked too shabby.

The company all stood around the white crib and watched Her Royal Highness kick her little pink toes out from under her lace dress and suck her little pink thumb. But the old nurse felt very unhappy for she hadn't brought any present to leave on the big table in front of the throne so she hardly felt as if she had any right even to look at the baby. But she couldn't resist taking one peep, and when she had once seen the baby she couldn't take her eyes away, for the little princess was the most beautiful child she had ever seen. She was all pink and white and dimpled, and her hair was in soft little ringlets, and her eyes were as blue as blue could be, and altogether she was the most adorable and cuddly baby the old nurse had ever seen. Her arms just ached to hold her, and the longer she watched her, the more she loved her.

So at last the old nurse went up to the king and courtesied very low before him and asked him if she might take care of the little princess as she had taken care of him. The king was very glad to see her and said he would ask the queen, for

although he would be delighted to have her take care of his daughter, yet he didn't quite like to engage her until he had consulted his wife. The queen was quite angry at the thought of such a shabby old woman's taking care of her darling, but at last she consented and the nurse went away to pack her clothes in a bag and bring them up to the palace.

Now the nurse lived in a little cottage by the sea shore, a little bit of a cottage with a tiny green lawn in front of it and flower beds around it bordered with white conch shells. Inside the cottage there were only two rooms, so you can see that the cottage was very small indeed and not at all like your house. With the old nurse lived a little boy who was her grandson. He was a very nice boy and knew how to help his grandmother gather clams and oysters to sell at the king's palace and he used to carve pretty figures out of sweet scented woods and weave baskets of fragrant grass. So you see he was really a very remarkable boy and it was no wonder that his grandmother wasn't afraid to leave him alone in the little cottage while she went up to the palace to nurse the little princess. The old nurse packed all her clothes in a basket made of sweet scented grass and kissed her grandson goodby and told him to be a good boy and not to forget to let the cat out at night or to shut the windows if a thunder storm came up and, perhaps, she would be back soon to see him.

So the old nurse went to the palace and the little boy stayed in the cottage. At first he was rather lonely, but he soon found the lovely brown loaf of gingerbread that the old nurse had left for him and then he felt better. Besides he really had lots of company for there was the cat and old "Crooked-horn" the cow, and the chickens. They couldn't talk to him it's true, but they could think things and he could almost always tell what they were thinking. When old "Crooked-horn" mooed very loudly toward evening she was saying, "Little-boy-come-and-milk-me-and-give-me-some-of-that-nice-sweet-clover." And when Pussie rubbed against his legs and purred, she was saying in cat language, "Well,-you-are-a-pretty-nice-little-fellow-after-all!" As for the chickens, you just ought to have heard Mrs. Two-gray-wing's clucks of self-satisfaction after she had laid an egg, or Mrs. Fluffy-white-breast tell her youngsters how to catch grasshoppers. So, after the boy had got used to seeing the spinning wheel idle and grandmother's chair standing empty, he really got along very well.

Besides, sometimes grandmother would come home on a little holiday, and then she would be very busy sewing buttons on his trousers and patching up his clothes and making everything tidy, but after all her work was done, they would sit down in front of the fire and grandmother would tell the little boy stories about the princess. I suppose it was because he had never had any sister of his own that he grew to be so fond of her. He knew all about when her first tooth came and how little and white and pearly it was, and when she first said "mama," and "papa," and how she first walked, and how beautiful she was, and how she never cried unless there was a pin sticking into her. The little boy grew to be so fond of the princess that he thought about her all day and longed very much to see her.

One day a beautiful gilded coach drawn by four prancing horses drew up at the cottage door, and the four prancing horses stopped with a fine flourish and a footman in pink and gold livery threw open the door of the coach and grandmother stepped out! And in her arms was the little princess. The boy knew her right off because she was so adorable that it couldn't be anyone else. His heart almost stopped beating, he was so happy.

Then the footman jumped upon the coach and the prancing horses started, and grandmother and the little princess and the boy went into the cottage. And grandmother told the little boy how the princess had been sick and didn't seem to get well very fast, so the queen had told her to take the princess into the country and let her play around among the flowers and wade in the ocean. The little boy was overjoyed to hear this, and he began to play with the princess right off. He carried her down to the shore and helped her to build a sand palace, and he made a wall around the palace of clam shells, and inside the wall he put a lot of little sand crabs, and they made believe that the sand crabs were the people that lived in the palace. Only the crabs had a very unpleasant habit of digging down in the sand and disappearing from view. When they did this the little boy told the princess that they were misers hunting for gold.

By and by the gilded coach and the four prancing horses and the footman in pink and gold livery came again to take grandmother and the little princess back to the palace, but after this, the coach and the horses and the footman and grandmother and

the princess came every day, and the little boy and the little princess used to build sand palaces with clam-shell walls every afternoon. The princess grew strong and well and the little boy grew to love her even more than he used to. He thought about her all the morning, and played with her all the afternoon, and dreamed about her all night.

It seemed no time at all before she began to grow up—first she was five years old, then she was six, and then she was almost eight years old. And when she was almost eight years old, the little boy began to be very unhappy, for soon she would have a birthday and all her little playmates would give her presents, while he had nothing to give her. The more he thought about it the more unhappy he felt.

And one day he walked down by the seashore crying because he had nothing to give the princess, and all of a sudden he caught a gleam from the sand at his feet, and he stooped over and picked up a lovely pearl. It was very large and smooth and round and the boy's face lighted up, for he could take the pearl home and polish it and give it to the princess. So he hurried home with it, and every day he polished the pearl till it became more and more smooth and round and beautiful, and soft milky lights began to shine out of it. One day when he had finished polishing it, he carved a little wooden box to hold it, and on the box he carved the princess' name. Then he lined the box with soft moss from the woods, and on the moss he placed rose petals, and on the rose petals he laid a butterfly's wing that he had found, and on the butterfly's wing he laid the pearl. Then he sat holding the box in his hand and thinking of the princess. And the longer he looked at the pearl the more beautiful it grew. By and by the fragrance of the rose petals made him drowsy and he leaned his head on his hands and slept; and as he slept he dreamed of the princess, and two great tears rolled down his cheeks and fell upon the pearl. And he slept and slept until the sun sank behind the pines and the mist stole up from the sea. And the white mist drifted over the sunflowers at the garden wall, and over the grass in front of the cottage, and in at the window. And it reached the little box in which the pearl lay, and, when it touched the pearl, the most wonderful thing happened, for the pearl and the mist and the shimmering colors in the box and the fragrance of the rose petals all grew together and became a little rosy cloud, and

inside the cloud you could see all sorts of little creatures with sparkling wings, and they all lay as if they were asleep in the downy cloud. And by and by the moon rose out of the sea and made a silver path to the shore, and she drove away the white mist that lay over the cottage and sent one broad soft beam straight in at the window till it rested on the box. And when the moonlight touched the little sleeping creatures they all woke up and stretched their wings, and with a very soft noise like the breath of the wind in the big trees they all flew out of the window. And they flew along the shining path that the moon had made and out over the earth, and some flew to the cities and some flew to the villages and some to the green woods; but everywhere they went they brought happiness and love, for they were the fairies.

When the little boy woke up in the morning his first thought was of the princess, and he turned to look at the pearl. When he saw it he stood like one turned to stone, for the moss and the rose petals were shriveled and colorless and the butterfly's wing had turned to yellow dust, and the pearl, the beautiful pearl, was gone, and in its place stood a wonderful little creature clothed in woven moonbeams that shone like silver. On her shoulders were the most wonderful iridescent wings, that sparkled like the sunlight on dancing water, and in her hand she carried a shining wand. The air about her was full of the scent of roses, and she spoke in a voice that was like the song of birds at sunrise, only sweeter.

When the little boy saw her the most wonderful feeling came over him, he felt so comfortable and happy and just as though he could never be anything else even if he tried. And the most surprising part of it all was that he knew right off that she was a fairy. And his three wishes were, first, that the princess might be happy all her life, and, second, that grandmother might be happy all her life, and, third, that he might have a present to give the princess for her birthday. And each time he wished, the fairy waved her wand, and the third time he wished, the fairy grew thinner and thinner until you could see right through her, and finally she wasn't there at all. And the little boy rubbed his eyes and looked and looked, but he couldn't see her. And he almost began to think that he had been asleep and dreaming till he saw a big box in a corner of the room, and on the box was carved the princess' name. So he knew that he had seen the fairy, after all.

And in the box was everything in the world that was nice to have—a doll with beautiful clothes that you could button and unbutton, and a little cook stove with dishes, and games and picture books and a book of fairy stories! And the little princess was so happy that she danced for joy, and the little boy was happy, so they were both very happy indeed. And here my story ends, for though the little boy grew up to be a very noble man and finally married the princess, I must tell that in another story, for this one is only about how fairies came into the world.

MILDRED WILLCOX WILSON.

THE SACRIFICE

(Translation of Ode 23, Book III, Horace's Odes)

Dear, rustic Phidyle, when first in heaven
 All faint and silv'ry quivers the new moon,
 If thou hast raised thy hands, and with a boon
 Of incense, or a sheaf of wheat, hast striven
 To please the guardian Lar, thy fatling duly given,

The vine, thick-clustered, will not feel the breath
 Of pestilent sirocco, nor the fields
 Of corn the with'ring blight, nor yet when yields
 The year her fruits, and rank mist sickeneth,
 Will thy dear nurslings close their eyes in death.

The hapless victim, destined to be slain,
 On snow-capped Mount Algidus' wooded side
 Browses, beneath the holm-oak's spreading pride,
 Or crops rich grass beside the Alban fane,
 Doomed with his own red blood the priestly axe to stain.

Think not of him, thou needst not to entreat
 With many lambs, of thy devotion proof,
 The little gods that shield thy lowly roof,
 Pluck rosemary and twine about their feet,
 And of the tender myrtle weave a garland sweet.

With no more soothing charm couldst thou allure
 By costly sacrifice one look of grace,
 When the Penates hide the angry face,
 Than now with holy meal thou mayst procure,
 And grains of crackling salt, if but thy hands be pure.

MARGARET FELLOWS.



ARS LONGA

Tender, faithful and true as was Mary Williams to the friends her heart elected, I am sure that she would rather be remembered in our college world from which she has been separated only a year, not for her character, her attainments, or her virtues, but for the art she loved and served. Few persons would have suspected the nature of her devotion, only those who could know her well could understand its force. Students in the art gallery might come and go, respect the demands of the schedule or ignore them, with much the same result as far as Miss Williams' outward expression went. Let a student really express something in line or color and the case was far different. Teacher and student became friends, fellow workers, craftsmen, seekers in the same mysterious adventure. Her death Thursday, September 19, will bring a keen sense of loss to many students of Smith College. The news will strike chill to the hearts of a circle of appreciative friends. And there will be to all who knew her a sense of much left unsaid and undone. Her nature was at once insistent and curious. She held tenaciously to things she had known and loved, out of their familiar features she educed the poetry of affectionate association and shared it with all whom its charm arrested. Some of her pictured pastures, hillsides and fence and field corners are dramas of neighborhood, worked out for the eyes' Katharsis. For her work had always a touch of the austere, sometimes of the formidable. Yet the effect was pathetic rather than terrible. The apple blossoms of the irregular bounds of old Hadley Street do not entirely conceal the dilapidation they adorn, and the human suggestion creeps in without the help of the conventional blue and red human figure inserted for local color. The charm of the homely, the revelation of the familiar was her natural and chosen theme. Yet she could go far afield. The stiff lines of Lombardy poplars in a French plain, the purple cabbages set out along a Dutch canal, the shimmering wavelets

pushing their rhythm up and down the reeking walls of Venetian palaces and bridges, bits of walled masonry and glimpses of curiously tinted sky along desert horizons held her attention and challenged her to read their riddles and get their secret if she could. The human face and figure were always alluring her to the task of making them into pictures. For it was the reconstructed face, figure or attitude that she saw. Portraiture, therefore, in her hands became a means to the production of art, rather than of likenesses. The lust of the eyes and the pride of life had little to commend them to her as material. The oppositions and compensations of her pictorial arrangements result in dignity and a reticence almost secretive. But her work was growing in variety of theme, breadth of interpretation and control of medium. Her death leaves her message unfinished, her last word unsaid. Yet it is a consolation to those who mourn her departure from their company that she left them with her hopes still alert, her ideals unlowered. To them the work of her hands will tell of the wider horizons towards which her experience has moved.

MARY A. JORDAN.

VITA BREVIS

The formal records of a single year in courses of study, official circular and instructions to students entering college, her Salon picture hung among the possessions of the Hillyer Art Gallery, these are ghosts, thin and unsubstantial mockeries of the rich nature and complex personality known to Clara Lathrop's friends. Smith College profited by her energy, her initiative, her administration and organizing talent only one brief year. In that year, she made a definite and important place for herself. It was hard to believe that she was a new-comer among the faculty. Changes were so rational and so tactfully and efficiently accomplished that the time when they were not was as if it had never been and revolution always appeared in its most charming aspect as growth. A place long waiting for her was at last filled; the perfection of the adjustment brought with it the not uncommon suggestion of pathos, of lingering fear or regret—which? what?

The students of Smith College, to many of whom art had been a name for a remote desire or a trifling ornament, learned

its part in life from her strenuous enthusiasm and example. They will miss her sympathy, but her influence is still with them; for they will never forget what she taught them. To them art is henceforth a life and a factor in their living, because of her.

All the years of her life Northampton had known and valued Miss Lathrop. Her character had taken its strong bent and elaborated its power, endurance and intrepidity among the devoted friends of her family and the changing influences of the city's life. As citizens we shall all long wonder at the empty place in our calendars, at the vacant spots in our winter afternoons. We shall miss the comradeship she so generously shared with us, the stimulus she collected and distributed from her seemingly inexhaustible supplies. How often did we count the cost to her, who never spared herself? And of all her crowded, helpful, stimulating years, this perhaps was the one that cost her least. It had the fatal gift of the short-lived. It had also the triumphant note of attainment. She has been parted from our labors and the sight of our eyes, but the touch of her free spirit and the courage of her brave heart still help us on.

MARY A. JORDAN.

FANNY C. HESSE

As the early history of Vassar College was influenced by the ideals and methods of Arnold of Rugby, so the student of beginnings in Smith College traces the influence of Oxford in the time of John Henry Newman. The moment has probably not yet come for an exhaustive study of the tentatives and successes of our college policy, but now and then events are flashed into unexpected significance and unsuspected coherence. The college life here is usually described as based upon the cottage system, and with our fatal facility to take words for more than they are worth, we accept the phrase instead of challenging the assertion. Precisely then, cottages are what we do not have at Smith College. The dwellings are called houses. In the early years of the college history, it was hoped that they might be much more than dwellings and far different from hotels. Hotels they have never become, such a development is doubtless as alien to our aims and purposes to-day as ever, but it is interesting to inquire for a moment what these houses were as originally

planned. First of all, they were to be houses of college life, centers of intellectual influence and in terms of organization, the college unit. The house was to take the place, to a considerable extent, of the class organization or the club. It was to supply stimulus to ambition, grounds for affection, claims on enthusiasm and interest. It was to emulate all that was of good report, but to strive and compete with none. It was to seek out better fashions rather than to try to beat—to keep in the swim. To these ends the occupants of the house were not of one class, of congenial groups or of equally cultivated students; but of the miscellaneous human stuff, brought together by order of application, was to be made a coherent, efficient social organism with joys and sorrows, tasks, and pleasures intelligently and sympathetically shared. The head of the house was therefore much more than a housekeeper, much closer to the living of the students than a resident teacher, and she was not easy to find. When found, hers was no easy life or task. Her ideals were not easily stated or shared. Her trials of misunderstanding and of opposition were many. A petty consistency was destructive of the wider aims she set before herself and her little public, the wise flexibility she tried to practice was often translated into favoritism or whim by shallow judgments. The mechanism of the house life was taxing. Domestic service in New England is not an exact science. Its problems are addressed to the social conscience and imagination quite as much as to the pocketbook. The social experience of the college students is a variable, to which the house discipline and outline were expected to give permanent value. The ethical and religious opinions of the individual student were almost certain to undergo change, sometimes violent fluctuations to which the guiding spirit of the house must supply the needed calm or moderation. The over-sized interpretation of the value of serious purpose in life must be limbered into acceptance of the sympathetic share in another's pleasure, irrespective of its worth; and wise example in such experiments must be set by the house mother. All this Miss Hesse, dear Miss Hesse, as her faithful friends among her girls used to call her, faithfully aimed to do. A woman of great delicacy of constitution and refinement of temperament, such a life must often have seemed to her like the toilsome effort of a bad dream. As a young girl and even as a mature woman she had found the most satisfactory field for

her self-expression and the natural outlet for her energy in the society which without assumption spells itself with a capital S. Often the routine of the daily round of care for bed and board and roof tasked her bodily powers, but she rarely flagged in spirit, and never despaired of the final outcome of good from more to more. To the end of her term of service in the Hatfield House she maintained a strong and stimulating influence upon the students committed to her charge. She thought of them much. She interested herself in their trials, limitations, and growth. She petted them, she scolded them, she often shamed them by the example she set, or the models in history that she cited for their improvement. Her powers of entertainment were remarkable. Many a girl learned her first lesson in consciously exerted feminine charm from her, and many another was taken sharply to task by carelessness in its display. She kept a school of manners into which her parlor door opened to admit culprits, who almost always came out penitent friends, acknowledging their debt to a witty if severe censor. When Miss Hesse left the Hatfield House it was hard to fill her place, and it was bitterly hard for her to give up a work which had year after year added richness to her life and purpose to her thoughts. Her failing powers were for a time a source of great dread and unhappiness to her. Year by year she narrowed the outlook of her life in Northampton and withdrew further in act and spirit from the old life and the beloved work. A merciful veil was gradually drawn by disease and weakness over the haunting memories and desires of her heart, and in kind forgetfulness of some months' duration her life closed June 15, 1907, in Brattleboro, Vermont.

MARY A. JORDAN.

"And on her hair a glory, like a saint."

It was not very long that Florence Fulton was with us—from sophomore year to the Christmas of junior year. Yet her place is very sure. Even had she been less winning, the college must speedily have claimed one who threw herself into its life so unreservedly.

I know of nothing more characteristic of Florence than her thus adapting herself. She was of great simplicity—of naïveté that knew neither suspicion nor doubt. And with this was a

rare enthusiasm. So she at once became one of us, without hesitation trying everything — basket-ball, books, girls — and loving everything.

With the same directness she met every problem. For Florence there was ever but one path—which she took without delay. She aimed high and after that nothing could distract—not social pleasure, which yet had its full appeal, nor self-consciousness, from which she was as free as a child, nor weariness.

And though she wore herself out, poor, frail little Florence, she never failed to laugh. Nothing was ever too serious or too hard to be funny. She was in pain during many months, but I cannot believe that she was unhappy. And since for her permanent possession out of all that the college had shown her she chose that which, while the finest, was the most difficult, I love to remember that she did it with gladness of heart.

Florence has left us. But if we have not before us her delicate physical beauty, we have always the memory of her, “all akin to spirits of the air and visions wide,” that helped many of us to see clearer, choose better.

MARY ARABELLA COALE.



EDITORIAL

In the Atlantic Monthly for September there appears an article whose title commands our instant attention: Why American Marriages Fail. We are at first inclined to challenge it. "Does a large enough proportion of our marriages 'fail' to warrant such a title?" Within the first page Miss Rogers convinces us that she has due warrant for it in facts and statistics fairly interpreted. Her explanation is stated under three bold heads: "1.) Woman's failure to realize that marriage is her work in the world. 2.) Her growing individualism. 3.) Her lost art of giving replaced by a highly developed receptive faculty."

I have no intention of attempting to discuss Miss Rogers' article in these three or four paragraphs. Its boldness, its grip, and the importance of the question which it raises, set it above superficial criticism. Whether or not we can accept the argument as a whole, it is worthy of serious consideration. It is not to our interest to fasten our eyes on those of Miss Roger's assertions which may seem to us dogmatic or inconsistent, to the exclusion from our sight of the possible truth which underlies the whole. It is true that we may think that there is something to be said on another side. We may hardly grant that the whole of marriage is "woman's business." Realizing that women are bound by physiological law to be the home-makers, we may yet have quite clearly before our mind that men are equally bound to be bread-winners; "home-making" in the broadest sense plus "bread-providing" in the broadest sense equalling our term "marriage." To impose upon women, then, the whole responsibility of maintaining their marriages is almost to make them wives on sufferance.

This, however, is a side-issue. Our concern, at present, is not to determine whether the American husband feels and is fulfilling his responsibility as bread-winner, but whether there is truth in Miss Rogers' assertion that the American woman does not feel her responsibility as home-maker, and does not fulfil it. The American man's world-recognized success as a bread-winner

is only to be equalled by his wife's international reputation for failure as a home-maker. Perhaps this reputation is undeserved. Abroad, the foreigner forms his opinion from those American women whom he sees spending year after year on the Continent (because "housekeeping in America is so inconvenient"), eating the bread of idleness which their husbands are earning for them, day by day, in America. Visiting our own country, he finds his opinion strengthened by a sight of the city, the quiet buildings filled with men, grave-faced, alert, and rather shabby, earning the money which, in the noisy streets below, their wives are thronging to spend in the shops, the *matinées*, "the hair-dressers", the manicurists', the *cafés* at lunch-time," while ten chances to one the cook and "second-girl" are gossiping on the back stoop, forming, for lack of oversight, habits of shiftless neglect which will shortly result in their discharge and the ultimate migration of the family to a "flat." Or, for the vices of the well-to-do breed downward, he notices further those "poorly clad, pale and irritable from fatigue," who go "from counter to counter, fingering, pricing, commenting, passing on, hour after hour. Sometimes an ice-cream soda in the basement is their only lunch, followed by a complete rearrangement of hair in the 'Ladies' Parlor'; then a slow stroll through the 'Art Department', and they remark casually to any one who will listen, 'Well, I guess it's about time to go home!'" When he has, finally, been finished, so to speak, with a glimpse of those unkempt districts of the town where all day long the fat untidy women sit about on the unswept door-steps, what wonder if he form a misjudgment? What wonder if, calling to mind the "industrious, home-staying" women of his own country, he be convinced that American women on the whole combine "excessive energy with sheer idleness of purpose, and the national vice of extravagance" to the wreckage of their home-making!

It may be that such failure is not our fault as individuals. There may be causes deeper than our individual wills beneath it. Every period of change must be followed by a period of adaptation. There has certainly been a recent and great change in our social and economic status as American women. We have only to travel abroad a bit to realize how great and how beneficent that change has been. We realize that we have received emancipation, a right to individuality. We are, perhaps, some-

what bewildered as yet. If Miss Rogers says truly that "our women as a whole are spoiled, extremely idle, and curiously undeserving of the maudlin worship that they demand from our hard-working men," I doubt if it is so much a national defect in our moral character as it is a transient accompaniment of our still incomplete process of adaptation.

Dr. Tyler of Amherst College in an address to a conference of young men at Silver Bay, this summer, said, "The primal object of education has been to meet some great emergency or danger." Education, tried and proved efficient, has come to be our almost invariable way of meeting national emergencies. Miss Rogers complains of the "excessive education" of the modern young woman. Should we not rather complain of under-education? Perhaps, however, a college education does not meet the need of the home-maker-to-be at every point (though I think the college-bred woman is not the chief figure in the divorce court). Perhaps we are wasting, in learning the principles of economics and physics, time which would better be spent in learning how to order beef and vegetables, and to wash and scour and dust. I think it is not time wasted, however. More and more we have, as a nation, begun to believe that a broad cultural education is the only solid basis for specialization.

Having received this broad cultural education, however, we must not forget that we have yet to specialize, and, after that, to practice. The education which is to make for success at home-making, like that which makes for success at bread-winning, must fall into three general divisions: 1.) the cultural; 2.) the specializing; 3.) the practical. Miss Rogers has bared the root of the whole matter when she asks how much intelligent knowledge we bring to bear upon our life-problem. We cannot work it out by the "secret tragedy" of self-effacement. Knowledge that fits for the home-making, not forgetting that home-making of the heart: this is a requisite of happy marriage, and to this, in fuller and fuller measure, we are approaching. A requisite; but it is not the primary requisite. *ἐν τῇ ἀρετῇ τὴν γνώσιν*. Our motto places the two in true relation: *To virtue, knowledge*. Happiness demands its price in sacrifice.

EDITOR'S TABLE

There is a department of literary work, widely cultivated by our ancestors, which seems to be somewhat neglected by us, their descendants, if we may judge from the pages of the MONTHLY and the readings of the "13" class. And what is true of our own college is, with a few notable exceptions, true of others. We read the poets of other languages and we endeavor to produce in our own, but we rarely bring our motive impulse as well as our understanding to bear upon them in a conscientious effort to interpret their spirit.

Why should the interpretation of the masters of verse be less fascinating than that of the masters of music? All musicians do not compose, but they do not lose their originality in their effort to express the meaning of others. Rather do they enrich it, for to feel with the great souls cannot but open new fields to one's own.

And there is no more cramping of inspiration in the translation of poetry than of music. To find the music in the verse and to express it—that is surely not a forced thing. It is the repression of this instinct that is unnatural. For instance, it is almost impossible to translate Horace without letting the Latin phrases fall into English rhythm or even rhyme, and many a freshman hastily shifts her own instinctively poetic translation to the more exact prose one which she hopes will meet the approval of those of the Latin department. Well, "duty should come before pleasure," as proclaims the copy-book, but there is always a place for the things we do "just because we love to do them."

Moreover, the field of translation is a veritable refuge for those who wish to write, or have to write, and feel they are without material. Twin spirit in this work is to the good advantage of yourself, and may possibly add a desirable scholarly air to your college magazine.

FROM THE RANKS OF TUSCANY

If the readers of the MONTHLY have not forgotten how Horatius kept the bridge, they will feel at once part of the significance of this title. When they know that it introduces an effort to express something of the writer's attitude towards a book of serious import in philosophy written by one of the graduates of Smith College, they should be willing to merge the notion of extorted admiration from an hereditary foe which it carries with it into the proper note of self-respecting difference of opinion, which makes appreciation possible and admiration valuable. *The Persistent Problems of Philosophy*, by Mary Whiton Calkins, commands interest and respect from its title page to the end of its conscientious index. Five hundred and seventy-five pages of the Macmillan Company's print rarely go to a project more impressive, or more resolutely carried out. "An introduction to metaphysics through the study of modern systems," as the sub-title runs, is the implied or stated purpose of much writing and teaching in philosophy, but it is seldom or never carried on after this fashion. Division, compromise, incompleteness are almost the rule. The plan becomes an outline, the introduction substitutes something else for one or other or both of the parties originally contemplated; it sometimes even attracts interest to itself and sets up to be somewhat, a process at least of value for the mere performance.

At an early stage of this notice, the writer of it should confess to being a plain person, one from the crowd, at best a "litr'y feller," and no member of the philosophic guild. Expert judgment, just weights and measures must therefore be looked for elsewhere. This writer's claim to any hearing on this theme therefore lies in the fact of being a peer only in the good old English common-law sense of the word; in being intellectually a good man and true and competent to her one-twelfth of jury responsibility. But for practical purposes it is such that this book and others avowedly like it in purpose address. The expert, the truly wise in these things doubtless know it all, perhaps know better, every philosopher has his day, his system and his point of view. It is after all to the plain person that the elect must look for their audience and for one form of their response, and in this last respect to the plain person alone. This notice deliberately refuses the task of estimating the expert competence of Miss Calkins' work. It declines the effort to

justify or redistribute her estimates and emphasis. It undertakes to show something quite different but perhaps not less important, since the other will probably be thoroughly done by the competent. The first feature of this book is its extraordinary vigor. Industry and care and scholarship are evident in footnotes, references, appendix and index. There is little if any studied aim at individuality of style, but the method is that of a successful fiction, the pull of the sequences is precisely the same. Speaking for a single self the writer believes that few readers who begin this book with any power left to them of falling under the spell of a pure chronicle will lay it down until they have finished. It is doubtful if they care to clear up obscure points, or controvert surprising assertions, or oppose the gathering force of certain well-defined teaching, however uncongenial, until the end is reached, the quest complete. Such absorption in a task for the joy of the doing is rare, the show of it in a book rarer still. So much pure fatigue is registered in the book of serious purpose ordinarily that the reader of this one experiences a kind of literary Merry Mount in which he sends his sympathies and sensibilities for overworked authors on a vacation. The pace is a rapid one, but it is a fine tonic glow that the exercise induces. The result is not only the natural one of exhilaration but a push in the direction of self-expression, activity, in particular, this book is thought provoking, but the reader insists upon getting to the point where his guide leaves him before beginning independent experiment. Is not this precisely what introductions are for?

It may be questioned whether the effect upon the plain person is likely to be productive of meditation, Oriental calm or even a complete satisfaction with the conclusion reached. But is any of these or all of them the object of an introduction to metaphysics? Perhaps the characteristically metaphysical one must be born not made and needs no introduction to himself or others. One may under the guidance of Miss Calkins feel more interest in the quarry that one tracks down than in the fell or temper of the particular fox. From time to time one may even fail to do complete justice to an unusually fine fox, and the rush of the chase may blind one to the commercial value of a scanty brush at its finish. But one may be sure that the master of the hunt has had no such blind enthusiasm. Miss Calkins has eyes for everything, sympathy for everything except what seems to her

useless detours and purposeless excursions into neighboring country. Yet she manifests great humanity in her pity for hard tumbles and even sees a value in a tendency to take fences and ditches just because they are hard. She never forgets the responsibility she has assumed of taking her followers somewhere and of providing them a way out of difficulties. To the tyro in philosophy this is very comforting, to the incipient thinker it is a challenge.

The variety and scope of the interests laid under contribution by the treatment, analysis and illustration of systems and problems are, if possible, more impressive at the end than during the progress of the work. The extent of territory is immense and one wonders whether the intrepidity and fortitude of the writer are more remarkable than her faith and interest in her readers.

Nobody could accomplish such a task with perfect balance, and it is that in human nature to refrain from some satisfaction at an occasional error of emphasis in a sentence, lack of perfect precision in the order of clauses or the infrequent survival of a popular phrase, or an inaccurate characterization in the rapid current of philosophical energy. It is, for instance, edifying to notice that even to a metaphysical view the angles of a triangle chosen for their interest as illustration are always the interior ones, though not so designated.

The students of Smith College have an interesting experience before them in making the acquaintance of this expression of mind in action, and nearly always at concert pitch, as a far greater than the writer of this simple appreciation once said of her.

MARY AUGUSTA JORDAN.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

MY INSPIRATION

It comes to me on every hand,
A message from a holier land
That makes mere living sweet.
Within my soul it gently calls ;
In softest song its music falls ;
Its accents wing my feet.

Sometimes it seems a lofty thing,—
Exalted thought alone can bring
It surging to my heart :
Sometimes it comes in humblest guise,—
It moves my lips to childish cries
And bids the tear-drops start.

'Neath its soft care mine infant eyes
First opened in a vague surprise
On life's unblemished page.
High priest of all that is sublime,
It taught my faltering feet to climb
And blessed my pilgrimage.

And now that I at last must try
My full-grown wings and learn to fly,
Always for its sweet sake
The loftiest heights I fain would scale.
I cannot fall, I cannot fail,—
A father's heart would break !

I live my life but to fulfill
The trust of him who calls me still
To make his dreaming real.
For I, born of his breath and thought,
Can think, can know, can wish for naught
But living his ideal.

MARION SAVAGE '07.

Imagine an abrupt range of picturesque hills lying at about $29\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ latitude between China's longest river and her second largest lake; and at three or four thousand feet of altitude, groups of tin-

A Smith Reunion at Kuling roofed, stone bungalows dotting the treeless slopes for two or three miles down a gully and up from it; with a pretty little stone church at the center; then add to the picture several Chinese features which no unadulterated American imagination can supply, and you will have Kuling, that great breathing place for Central China missionaries in July and August. Next imagine a runaway daughter of Japan spending a few weeks in Kuling on a visit to a sister in a sister empire, and if in addition you throw in a European and American population of a thousand or so, you will have a sufficient basis for some kind of a reunion. This proved to be a Smith-Wellesley one.

There were five Wellesley girls and four Smith ones,—and incidentally a number of husbands,—at the porch supper that furnished the (material) basis of the reunion. Toasts were given, in which the husbands left nothing to be desired in their imaginative (and often imaginary) depictions of the Alma Maters of their wives; after which college topics were drawn by lot, a method affording opportunity for impromptu wit. Of these I will quote but one, for the warning of undergraduates and the gratification (?) of alumnae. To the question:

“What saving feature can you find

In the girls who bluff and the girls who grind?”

a Wellesley graduate of much experience replied: “The girls who bluff will live to be cured of it, while the girls who grind will die before they can transmit it to the next generation.”

The Smith representatives at this reunion were: Florence Anderson Gilbert '98, Katherine Hume Wanamaker *ex-'01*, Sarah DeForest Pettus '01 and the writer. Of other alumnae identified with China, Mabel Milham Royce 1900 and Clara Heywood Scott 1900 are in North China; Sarah Woodward 1901 is spending the summer vacation in Japan; and Alice Duryee 1902 is on furlough in America.

CHARLOTTE BURGIS DEFOREST '01.

Summary of Business Transacted at the Annual Meeting of the Alumnae Association of Smith College, June 15, 1907.

At the recommendation of the executive committee, *Voted*:

1. That a finance committee of three, of whom the treasurer of the association shall be chairman, be appointed annually by the executive committee; that the duties of this committee shall be:

a. To have at all times a knowledge of the treasury.

b. To consider and advise the executive committee on any considerable expenditures outside of the current expenses of the association.

c. To report to the Alumnae Association at its annual meeting, stating what part of the balance shown in the treasurer's report should be reserved for current expenses and permanent fund and what amount, in their opinion, the association is justified in appropriating at said meeting.

2. That the executive committee be empowered to consider the constitution and report at the next annual meeting.

3. That the Register be printed as one of the four annual publications of the College Bulletin.

4. That in the *alumnæ* procession precedence shall be given to classes holding reunions, in order of seniority.

Voted: That the acting officers of the association be given precedence over the classes holding reunions.

On the recommendation of the *Alumnæ* Council, *Voted:*

1. That an office as headquarters of the *Alumnæ* Association in Northampton, with a paid clerk, be established.

2. That an executive officer of the *Alumnæ* Association be engaged to serve in Northampton, at a salary of \$1,000.

3. That the president and secretary of the association and the senior *alumnæ* trustee constitute a committee who shall be empowered to select the executive officer and to whom she shall be responsible.

4. That the same committee be empowered to make all necessary arrangements for opening the permanent office.

5. That a committee of three be appointed by the executive committee to take charge of the matter of revising the by-laws of the Association, so as to bring about a more defined relation between the branches and the general association.

Voted: That the *Alumnæ* Association assume the expenses of applying for reduced railroad rates at commencement and that a committee be appointed by the executive committee to arrange for it next year.

Voted: That a committee of three be appointed by the chair empowered to act in the matter of organizing an *alumnæ* procession to take place during commencement week.

Voted: That the day of the annual meeting of the association next year be Tuesday.

The following officers were elected by ballot: President, Miss Martha Wilson; Vice-president, Miss Florence Lord King; Treasurer, Miss Ethel H. Freeman.

[Signed] ELLEN T. EMERSON, 2ND, Secretary.

Association of Collegiate *Alumnæ*

Especial attention is called to the quarter-centennial meeting which will be held in Boston November 5-9. It is hoped that Smith will make a good representation when the roll-call of colleges is taken. A partial program is here given.

NOTES ON THE PROGRAM

Tuesday evening, November 5, at the Boston Public Library, opening meeting with addresses of welcome by Miss Florence M. Cushing, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements; Horace G. Wadlin, Librarian of the Boston Public Library; James P. Munroe, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; LeBaron R. Briggs, President of Radcliffe College; William E. Huntington, President of Boston University; Miss Caroline Hazard, Presi-

dent of Wellesley College. The response is by Eva Perry Moore, President of the Association. The main address of the evening is by Miss Elizabeth M. Howe, an ex-president of the A. C. A., who speaks on the History of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ.

Wednesday morning is given to sight-seeing and the afternoon to a business session at the chapel of the Old South Church. The public meeting in the evening is to be at the Boston Public Library. Subject, Educational Tendencies,—in Professional Schools, by Mrs. Ellen H. Richards of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; in Colleges for Men, by Charles R. Van Hise, President of University of Wisconsin; in Colleges for Women, by M. Carey Thomas, President of Bryn Mawr College.

Thursday morning—Business meeting.

Thursday afternoon—Visit to Cambridge, Harvard College Library, Harvard College Observatory, and Radcliffe, with supper at Agassiz House.

Thursday evening—Public meeting at Agassiz House, with addresses by Miss Irwin of Radcliffe, William James and George H. Palmer of Harvard, and Miss Abby Leach of Vassar College.

Friday morning—Business meeting.

Friday afternoon—Visit to Wellesley College. Reception by President Hazard.

Friday evening—President Eliot will be one of the speakers; the others are not yet decided upon. This will be followed by a reception.

Saturday morning—Business meeting, followed by a luncheon given by the Boston Branch.

In accordance with a vote of the Alumnæ Association, an office has been opened in Northampton. Through the courtesy of the Gymnasium and Field Association, the office is located in the

Office of the Alumnæ Association building on the Allen Recreation Field,
of Smith College 184 Elm Street. Florence Homer Snow
1904 has been appointed General Sec-

retary to take charge of the office and transact all business formerly in the hands of the assistant secretary and assistant treasurer, and assign the alumnæ tickets for dramatics at commencement, these tickets to be assigned in the order of application. The alumnæ records will be kept on file at this office, and the Alumnæ Register will be published at Northampton as a number of the College Bulletin. At the request of President Seelye it is proposed to have the teachers' agency, at present conducted by the college, transferred to the Alumnæ office as soon as the general secretary is prepared to undertake the work. In order to make this office of the greatest possible service to the members of the Alumnæ Association, the committee will consider any suggestions, as to ways and means to attain this end, which may be submitted to them.

MARTHA WILSON, Chairman,	}	Committee.
ALICE PELOUBET NORTON,		
ELLEN T. EMERSON, 2ND,		

All contributions for the Business Manager should be addressed to Harriet T. Carswell, Morris House.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows :

'96. Eliza Lord Jaquette,	Aug. 19
'01. Constance Charnley,	Sept. 7-10
'01. Bertha June Richardson,	" 7-10
'02. Ella B. Van Ting,	" 9
'87. Marianna Woodhull,	" 14
'03. Edith Natrui Hill,	" 18
'05. Lucy Macdonald,	" 18
'06. Alice L. Hildebrand,	" 19
'06. Anna L. Hastings,	" 19
'07. Isabel Gray Lindsay,	" 19
'07. Rebecca V. McDougall,	" 19
'05. Emma P. Hirth,	" 20
'06. Mignonne Ford,	" 20
'06. Caroline B. Hinman,	" 20
'06. Gertrude Kuhfuss,	" 20
'07. Gladys Smith Duffee,	" 20
'07. Mildred Moore Haire,	" 20
'06. Marion S. Reynolds,	" 21
'06. Grace Warfield,	" 21
'06. Virginia R. Cox,	" 22

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Florence Dixon, 20 Belmont Avenue, Northampton.

'01. A. Mary Ashworth was married on September 19 in Chicago to Frank Fish of Tucson, Arizona. They will make their home at Tucson.

'02. Mary Louise Wallace was married June 19, 1907, to Mr. Arthur Pierce Robinson, Princeton, 1903.

'05. Muriel W. Childs was married on June 1 to Mr. Walter A. Dyer. Her address is 61 Marble Hill Avenue, Kingsbridge, New York City.

Josephine Flint Stevens has announced her engagement to Mr. John Ayre of the class of 1900, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

'07. Rosamond Archibald is to be teacher of English and History in Ferry Hall, Lake Forest, Illinois.

Ethel M. Baine will be at home in Cleveland until after the holidays. She will probably travel in the West, stopping in California and Arizona.

Marguerite Barrows is teaching English and Chemistry in the Keyport, New Jersey, High School for the coming year.

Leonora Bates will spend most of the winter at her home in Somersworth, New Hampshire, continuing her study in music.

107. Gertrude H. Blanchard is teaching in a district school at Hancock, New Hampshire. Her address is Elmwood, New Hampshire.
- Pearl L. Bradbury will be at her home in Saco, Maine, this winter.
- Edith Brander is to teach in the High School at Woodbridge, New Jersey.
- Isabelle Broderick announces her engagement to Mr. D. Merton Rust of Northampton.
- Lura A. Bugbee is acting as substitute in the graded school at Hartford, Vermont. She expects to be at home until Christmas time.
- Helen R. Bull is acting as principal and instructor of the three upper grades of the Union District School at South Windsor, Connecticut.
- Alice Burnett will be at home at Spartanburg, South Carolina, for some months, after which she will visit relatives and friends in several of the Southern States.
- Margaret Buss will be at home this winter at 21 Royal Street, Medford, Massachusetts.
- Grace Buxton is teacher of English and French in Winona College, Winona, Minnesota.
- Mary E. Campbell is teaching German and Greek in the High School at Bridgton, Maine.
- Ada E. Carpenter will be at home this winter. Her address is 38 Prospect Avenue, Binghamton, New York.
- Eleanor Carpenter will spend the winter and spring in Tucson, Arizona.
- Hazel Catherwood is teaching sixth grade at Bessemer, Michigan.
- Eleanor B. Clark is teaching school in Munson, Massachusetts. Address letters in care of Mr. Omer Pease, R. F. D. No. 2.
- Helen Field Cobb will be at home at Evanston, Illinois.
- Margaret Coe will teach Latin and Mathematics at a winter camp near Lake Winnepesaukee for the winter.
- Katherine E. Collins is teaching English in the High School at Watertown, New York. Her address is 45a Massey Street.
- Marjorie Comstock will be at home in Providence, Rhode Island, this winter.
- Ruth Cowing has made no definite plans for the coming year. Address, Wyoming, Ohio, Station R.
- Helen Ames Crosby will spend the year at home, 424 North M Street, Tacoma, Washington.
- C. Ruth Curtis is teaching Mathematics and Latin in the High School at her home in Coldwater, Michigan.
- Helen V. Curtis left for Europe on the Crown Princess Cecilie on August 20. She will be in Paris until December 1, when she will return home to 986 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
- Elinor Daniels will be teacher of Mathematics at Miss Low's School, Stamford, Connecticut.

- '07. Helen K. Dow has taken a position as assistant and teacher of Latin and History in the High School at Oak Bluffs, Massachusetts.
- Gladys Smith Duffee has not made any definite plans. She will probably be at home, 278 Washington avenue, Chelsea, Massachusetts, during the winter.
- Helen Dupuy will study landscape gardening.
- Marian E. Edmunds will be at home and study music in Brookline.
- F. Ethel Felton expects to spend the winter at her home in Greenfield, Massachusetts.
- Ernestine Freedman will be the Y. W. C. A. Extension Secretary of Jersey City the ensuing college year. Her address will be 91 Mercer Street, Jersey City, New Jersey.
- Laura Casey Geddes is at home at 2105 Putnam Street, Toledo, Ohio.
- Alletta M. Gillette expects to be at home this winter. Her address is 1104 Douglass Street, Sioux City, Iowa.
- Alice E. Goodman expects to be at home this winter. Address, 31 Park Street, Glens Falls, New York.
- Edith Alice Greene is teaching History, Greek and English in the Medway High School, Medway, Mass.
- Molly Hardy is teaching History and English in Ivy Hall, Bridgeton, New Jersey.
- Ruth S. Hayden is to teach French in the High School, Montgomery, Alabama, during the coming year.
- V. Pauline Hayden will be at home at Bedford Springs, Massachusetts, during the coming year.
- Julia M. Holden will teach at the High School at Bloomington, Illinois, where her home is.
- Mabel Holmes will be at home this winter at 337 East 16th Street, Brooklyn, New York.
- Myra H. Hopson will spend the winter in New York.
- Esther Howe is to study during the coming year in the Curry School of Expression, Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Nathalie Howe will be at her home, 149 West 93rd Street, New York City, during the coming year.
- Olive R. Hurlbut is teaching English, Mathematics and Biology in the Barrington High School, Barrington, Illinois.
- Eloise P. James is teacher of English and History in the Stratford High School at Stratford, Connecticut. Her home address is 1 Prindle Avenue, Ansonia, Connecticut.
- Mabel R. Keener is spending the winter with her brother, Rev. Andrew I. Keener, in Sandusky, Ohio, as "mistress of the manse."
- Helen A. Ketcher is teaching Mathematics and French in the Oxford School, Malden, Massachusetts. Her address is not yet fixed.

'07. Alice A. Knapp has been in Europe since June, and expects to remain there for a part or all of the coming winter.

Anna K. Kriegsmann is teacher of Biology and Physical Geography at Scotia, New York.

Edna Lindsay will be at her home, 63 Richmond Avenue, Buffalo, New York, this winter.

Eda Linthicum, after November 1, will be at 1315 Forest Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Eleanor Little has made as yet no definite plans for the winter. She may go to Europe or Hawaii.

Lilian D. Major will be at home at 939 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, New York.

Marion Roberta Manross is teaching in Ellington, Connecticut.

Florence A. McCaskie will teach German and French at the Virginia Christian College, Lynchburg, Virginia.

Margaret McCredie has returned from a trip abroad to her home at 723 Douglass Avenue, Elgin, Illinois, where she will remain for the winter.

Alice McElroy is taking a course in the Kindergarten Training Class at Albany, New York. Edith McElroy will be at home this winter.

Elizabeth McPherson will spend the winter at home in Lawrenceville, New Jersey.

Florence M. Merritt will spend the greater part of the coming year at her home in St. Albans, Vermont.

May S. Miller will be at 197 Summer Street, Stamford, Connecticut, for the coming year.

Carobel Murphy will be at home this winter. Her address is Box 445 Tucson, Arizona.

Bertha R. Nichols was married, July 2, to Chester Holbrook Brown, Harvard '05. Address, Pomfret Center, Connecticut.

Mary Noyes expects to be at home this winter at 90 Remsen Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Jessie S. Oliver will spend the winter at her home, 610 Riverside, Niagara Falls, New York.

Margarette A. Pitman is working among the mountain whites in Kentucky. She is the head of the primary department in the public school of which Miss Pettit and Miss Stone are directors at Hindman, Knott County, Kentucky. Address, W. C. T. U. Settlement House in that place.

Mary Brooks Pratt will be in Elkhart, Indiana, the greater part of the winter.

Alvara Procter will be principal of the High School at Erie, Illinois, this year, teaching Mathematics and Science.

Dora Allen Reid will teach at the Misses Metcalf's School, Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson.

- '07. Isabella K. Rhodes will be at the Albany Training School next winter. Her address will be 112 Chestnut Street, Albany, New York.
- Myrtle H. Richmond is studying for her A. M. degree at Denver University, and is also teaching Geometry at the same place.
- Margaret Roberts is teaching the 3rd grade at Ironwood, Michigan.
- Marie D. Roberts will be at home, 206 Dethridge Street, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.
- Muriel Robinson will be assistant in the Training School for Boys of New York City. She has been doing some work in a City Playground during the past summer. Her address is 202 West 81st Street, New York City.
- Katrina M. Rodenbach will be at home this winter at 56 Terrace Avenue, Naugatuck, Connecticut.
- Morley Sanborn will spend the coming year with her family at Biloxi, Mississippi.
- Clara Senior will be at home this winter in Cincinnati.
- Leola Sexton will spend the winter at home, 561 La Salle Avenue, Chicago.
- Dorothy Schaufler will remain at home and study at the Bible Teachers' Training School.
- Mae Schlesinger announces her engagement to Mr. Henry Butzel of Detroit.
- Hilda Schricker will be at home with her parents in La Conner, Washington.
- Mabel E. Sewell will be in Milwaukee during the ensuing year. Her address is 400 Stowell Avenue.
- Harriet L. Smith is doing journalistic work for the Boston Herald. Permanent address, 677 Washington Street, Brookline, Massachusetts.
- Marian B. Smith will be at Normal, Illinois, her home, this winter.
- Valbourg Smith will remain at home, Dell Rapids, South Dakota, studying music.
- Virginia Smith has returned from Europe and will be at Rochester, New York.
- Clara Dwight Sprague was married, September 12, at Auburn, New York, to Mr. Harte Cook of that city.
- Helen Stratton is teaching English and Latin in the Greenwood Union School, Greenwood, New York.
- Elsie Sternberger will study music with Mr. Wilder of the New England Conservatory of Music. Address, 94 Ganesborough Street, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Louisa M. Stockwell will spend the coming year at home, 244 Kensington Street, New Britain, Connecticut.
- Nettie Boyd Strobhar will spend the winter in Berlin, studying German.
- Helen H. Tate will spend the winter at home in Gloversville, New York.
- Frances Taylor is teaching Primary School at Ocean Grove, New Jersey.

- '07. Mildred R. Taylor will be at home, 1306 Broome Street, Wilmington, Delaware.
- Olive Tolman is teaching at Monson, Massachusetts. Her subjects are Greek and English.
- Edna B. Townsend will be at her home in Augusta, Maine, for the coming winter.
- Grace Townshend expects to spend this winter at her home, 27 Groveland Terrace, Minneapolis.
- Helen A. Treadwell will marry Howard S. Wilkinson and will live at 42 Chestnut Street, Wakefield, Massachusetts.
- Stella W. Tuthill is teaching in the University School for Girls, Chicago, Illinois, this winter.
- Leola Wheeler will be in Boston for the winter studying at the Emerson College of Oratory.
- Bessie M. White will remain at home, 140 Prospect Street, Ridgewood, New Jersey, during the coming year.
- Dorothy Winslow will study Art in Chicago. Address 239 Hampden Court, Chicago.
- Helen Wolle will be at her home in Cambrid, Wyoming, part of the year, after which she will go to Florida and Cuba.
- Elizabeth L. Young will be at her home, 796 Bergen Ave., Jersey City, New Jersey, this winter.

BIRTHS

- '97. Mrs. Rufus H. Jones (Mabel L. Hersom), a son, Rufus Horton, Jr., born July 23.
- Mrs. Edgar H. Scott (Ellen Dodge), a daughter, Margaret, born May 5.
- Mrs. Walter C. Seelye (Anne I. Barrows), a son, Edwin Barrows, born February 22.
- Mrs. Nelson W. Willard (Frances P. Ripley), a son, Allan Harding, born January 6.
- '98. Mrs. H. J. Blakeslee (Emma Pratt), a son, Heaton Pratt, born September 6.
- '00. Mrs. Alden Hyde Clark, a son, John Alden, born August 27.
- Mrs. Edwin B. Mead (Gertrude Mead Henry), a daughter, Ruth, born in Berkeley, California.

ABOUT COLLEGE

AFTER ALL

Well, we've all come back to college,
After all.
Yes, we've all come back to college,
Great and small.
We vow we'll never do it,
That we never can live through it,
But we all come back to college
In the Fall.

ELLIS ABBOTT '09.

BEFORE AND AFTER THE FROLIC

Marcia, hook me, there's a dear,
Does my dress look short and queer?
Is my hair-ribbon on straight?
My, but it is getting late!
Going Marcia? Oh no—I
Don't mind waiting here. Goodbye.
What a silly goose I've been
To think that College—Come in.
You're the girl that wrote the note?
We must hurry? Where's my coat—
What? Oh yes I feel quite gay
Only—mother—left—to-day.
Yes, I just love basket-ball.
I play guard. Oh here's the Hall.
What a great, big, pushing mass,
Are they all the freshman class?
How d' you do? How *do* you do?
Yes? Why, I'm a Freshman too.
Pleased to meet you. What, you know
Molly Andrews? Is that so?
No, I have no chapel date
Monday morning. Thanks, that's great.
Glad to know you. Won't you put
Your name here—Oh my poor foot!
No, it doesn't hurt at all.

Thank you, I should love to call.
 Now they're singing,—oh, no, no,
 Surely it's not time to go!
 Oh, Miss,—well, then, Margaret—
 It's been fine, I shan't forget.
 Yes, I'd love to come some day
 To tea, at 30 Green you say?
 Good-night—Marcia, Marcia wait.
What? You envy me my fate
 For the girl with whom I went
 Is the Junior president
 And on the team?—oh, goodness me!
 Yet she said to come to tea
 And to call her Margaret—
 See the people I have met!
 There's the bell. Oh, Marcia dear
 Aren't you awfully glad you're here?
 EDITH JARVIS '09.

A GOOD MEMORY

I noticed that she had no book;
 I asked her where her notes she took.
 "I never take down notes," she said,
 "I keep the lectures in my head."
 Yet when I miss my own note-book
 I always find it, if I look
 Upon the desk of her who said,
 "I keep the lectures in my head."
 MIRIAM A. MYERS '08.

The main lines along which the College Council has been working this past year are toward the accomplishment of a closer relation between the faculty and the council in the conference committee, and between the students and their representatives for the regulation of student activity. Hence the first conference meeting resulted in the arrangement that that committee meet once in every two months at a time nominated by the president of the college together with the president of the council, in order that topics of immediate collegiate interest might be freely discussed. This was a substitute for the old method of one or two conference meetings in the year, purely formal and occupied largely with the order of the exercises held on February 22. It has proven very satisfactory, and, it is hoped, will lay the foundation for the further development of the council system, the council being defined as a "medium of communication between the faculty and the students."

In the conference meetings held in accordance with this ruling, the major and minor office system, regulating and limiting the number of offices which a student may hold, was approved, with the understanding that the application of that system be extended to include the numerous minor committees which consume so large an amount of time. Also two committees on dramatics were organized, to take effect in 1907-8, whereby it is hoped that the expenses for the plays given in the Students' Building will be decreased, the needless waste held in check, and the standard of the plays raised. One committee is to have supervision over the selection of plays given, judging them from a purely literary and artistic standpoint; this committee to consist of the assistant in the elocution department, the member of the faculty residing in the house presenting the play, and three student members elected for the year by the council. The second committee has supervision over the costumes, which are to be kept in a common property box. The custodian of the property box appointed by the council is to be in charge of this, and is to have as her assistants students selected from the house presenting the play. In the consideration of the increase of duties thus imposed, the sum paid the custodian has been raised to twenty dollars for the year.

The petition from the senior class that there be a senior vacation before commencement was presented in conference and was granted by the faculty. This means that the senior examinations as much as possible fall in the early part of the examination period, leaving the seniors free from academic appointments from the Monday before Baccalaureate Sunday. This holiday brought great relief from the rush of the closing days of college, and it is hoped that the experiment has been a success in the eyes of the faculty.

In the conference committee also the Library Fund committee was appointed, forming a central body for the collection of funds to meet the Carnegie requirement.

By vote of the 1906-7 council, and at the suggestion of the cabinet of the Christian Association, the Freshman Frolic was held under the auspices of the council, which was thus presented to the incoming class as a representative of the entire student body.

With knowledge gained from past experience, it was felt necessary to bring the council more forcibly before the students, as their representatives, rather than as a mere police force. The council stands for the entire student body, and hence is above class distinctions; its members work for the advancement of law, order and dignity in the college. In order that this may be the case, the council members must have the full and implicit confidence of their electors, must be students who are held in high esteem and respect by their classmates, and representatives of the entire class. Only through the careful selection of class representatives can the efficacy of the council method of government reach its highest development. To the knowledge of all, class elections to the council have been foregone conclusions, a student having once been elected being reelected each succeeding year of her college course. This method has as yet brought no harm to the council, in so far as the representatives chosen are concerned, but to the position which the college holds in public opinion, such a matter-of-fact, cut and dried method has been detrimental. Hence in the spring, when the time for class elections to the council

came, the council attempted to arouse a greater interest in the choice of candidates by giving opportunity for a sort of scattering vote, taken by classes, the names receiving the greatest number of votes being submitted for vote in the class meeting. This gave time for discussion and careful weighing of the merits of candidates, and avoided the publicity of discussion in the meeting. This method brought about a pleasing show of interest, and it is felt that a step has been taken in the right direction.

Under the direction of the head of the physical training department and the council, a fire drill has been instituted under the management of a head fire captain, to whom the fire captains in the various houses report on conditions in their respective dwellings. Precautionary measures were drawn up, and rules for the exclusion of light and inflammable materials from the rooms are enforced.

In the Student's Building, extensive repairs have been undertaken by the college, a fact which the council deeply appreciates. The basement has been finished, giving adequate cloak and dressing rooms, and additional stairways have been built, facilitating exit.

This year saw the first meeting of the representatives from the Alumnae Council in Northampton. This occurred early in January. The council was fortunate enough to meet with this body for the discussion of matters of mutual interest. It was also arranged that the Alumnae Council should meet the heads of the various organizations in college. Their visit was most inspiring, giving to the undergraduates a broader and a deeper realization of the personal responsibility to the Alma Mater, and a fuller appreciation of the gifts she bestows. It is hoped that this medium of contact between the alumnae and the undergraduates will grow in usefulness.

The treasurer's report for the year 1906-7 is hereby submitted.

MURIEL ROBINSON, President.

On Saturday evening, September 21, the Freshman Frolic was held in the Students' building. As usual, the front rows in the balcony were filled with the freshmen's proud mothers, and here and there a

Freshman Frolic father looking somewhat dazed by the heat and noise.

In spite of the rain the hall was as uncomfortably crowded as it always has been on similar occasions in the past.

The customary introductions of the awed freshmen to the upper classmen and "celebs," with the card signing incidental to this ceremony, occupied the first hour. The classes then gathered in their respective "corners" of the hall, and as many as could sat down. After the junior president had greeted "1911" with a cordial speech of welcome, the Glee Club, led by Susan Mason '09 in the absence of the regular leader, furnished an interesting program of appropriate songs. The seniors then welcomed "1911," assuring the freshmen of their friendship; "1909" greeted their sister class to the martial air of "Marching Through Georgia." The rollicking notes of "Arrah Wanna" followed, as the sophomores proceeded to show 1911 how to "dry their homesick tears" and laugh, by a chorus of "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha," which proved so irresistible that not only the freshmen, but the upper classes and even the weary spectators in the balcony joined in, and the Frolic ended in a general burst of merriment.

GERTRUDE WILSON '10.

CLASS ELECTIONS

SENIOR CLASS

President, Florence Prince
 Vice-President, May Kissock
 Secretary, Florence Boyle
 Treasurer, Helen Davidson

JUNIOR CLASS

President, Rosamond Underwood
 Vice-President, Louise Putnam
 Secretary, Charlotte Smith
 Treasurer, Jane Wheeler

SOPHOMORE CLASS

President, Mary Kilborne
 Vice-President, Carol Park
 Secretary, Mary Alexander
 Treasurer, Louise Gates

FRESHMAN CLASS

President, Katherine Ames
 Vice-President, Grace Childs
 Secretary, Marian Hequembourg
 Treasurer, Flora Ray

CALENDAR

- | | | |
|----------|-----|---|
| October | 9. | Sophomore Reception |
| " | 10. | Mountain Day. |
| " | 17. | Lecture by M. l'Abbé Klein. Subject: L'Idéal
en littérature. |
| " | 19. | Morris House Dance. |
| " | 23. | Concert by Kneisel Quartette. |
| " | 26. | Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies. |
| November | 9. | Tyler House Dance. |
| " | 14. | Piano Recital by Mme. Careno. |

The
Smith College
Monthly

November - 1907

Conducted by the Senior Class

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THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY is published at Northampton, Massachusetts, on the 15th of each month, during the year from October to June, inclusive. Terms, \$1.50 a year, in advance. Single numbers, 20 cents. Contributions may be left in the *Monthly* box, outside room 11, Seelye Hall. Subscriptions may be sent to Katherine Doble Hinman, Morris House, Northampton.

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T H E
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

EDITORS:

GRACE KELLOGG,

MARGARET HALLOCK STEEN,

MIRIAM ALMA MYERS,

EUNICE FULLER,

FLORENCE DIXON,

FLORENCE BATTERSON,

MARGARET CLARK RANKIN,

MARY PRESCOTT PARSONS.

TREASURER,

BUSINESS MANAGER,

MILDRED WILLCOX WILSON.

HARRIET TOWNSEND CARSWELL.

ALUMNÆ TREASURER,

KATHERINE DUBLE HINMAN.

Vol. XV.

NOVEMBER, 1907.

No. 2

THE HEBREW EQUIVALENT OF THE ENGLISH SCOP

In comparing the literatures of the Hebrews and the Anglo-Saxons, we are brought face to face with the remarkable fact that, though both nations had a distinct poetry, the Hebrews had no word to distinguish writers of prose from those of verse, while the Anglo-Saxons had a definitely named and characterized class of poets. This peculiar deficiency in the former language gives rise to two questions. First, did the Hebrews themselves recognize the difference between poetry and prose; and, second, if they did, what was the position of poetry in their life which caused them to use no name to distinguish poets from prose-writers?

In answer to the first of these questions:—the leading scholars on the subject have agreed that the Hebrews recognized poetry as such, for there are words in their language that plainly mean poem. Such are “mashial,” or “máaseh,” as it is variously given—a word denoting a dignified expression in a set form; “shir,” meaning song or chant; and “mizmar,” poem. In one place there is even an approach to a name for poet, where the writer says, “they that speak in proverbs.”¹

¹ Numbers 21 : 27.

From these words and phrases it is evident that the Hebrews, to some degree at least, recognized the existence of poetry. Why, then, did they have no name for poet when their western neighbors had not only a name but a highly developed class of versifiers?

The answer to this problem must be sought in the nature both of the race and of the poetry itself. In the first place, the Hebrew nation as a whole was Oriental, and they spoke in the flowery, figurative style so prevalent among eastern peoples. They were highly emotional and subjective, tending to translate everything into concrete form. Consequently, when they spoke under the influence of strong feeling, their words almost unconsciously fell into poetic form.

We have, moreover, evidence that they were in the habit of accompanying their labor with song and dancing. Poetry permeated every phase of their life. When they went into the vineyards to gather grapes, they went with singing;¹ soldiers in the stress of battle called in verse upon Jehovah for help,² and rejoiced in song when the victory was won.³ Curses and blessings, laments and thanksgivings, all were expressed in song. Men and women, old and young, joined in pouring out their hearts in poetry. Deborah rejoiced over the downfall of Sisera,⁴ and David wept for his lost friend Saul;⁵ Noah cursed his wicked son,⁶ and Moses blessed the children of Israel;⁷ King David offered praises for a prosperous kingdom,⁸ and Hannah gave thanks for the birth of a son⁹—all in poetry. Wise men expounded their wisdom in couplets,¹⁰ and the young Samson gave riddles in verse.¹¹ In all walks of life we find poetry bursting out as the natural expression of the thoughts and feelings of the people, and its makers are to be found in every class.

The Anglo-Saxons, on the other hand, were by nature practical and reserved. Bred in a stern northern climate, they became imbued with some of the characteristics of the land.

1 Judges 21 : 19.

2 Joshua 10 : 12.

3 II. Samuel 22.

4 Judges 5.

5 I. Samuel 1 : 19.

6 Genesis 9 : 25.

7 Deuteronomy 33 : 2.

8 II. Samuel 22.

9 II. Samuel 2.

10 Proverbs.

11 Judges 14 : 14.

They were not all harsh, however, and during the intervals between their warring expeditions they were wont to gather in the home-halls of their chiefs to join in feasting and in relating the deeds they had done. It is at these gatherings that we find the first examples of Anglo-Saxon poetry. There early grew up a class of men whose business it was to chant the prowess of the warriors in a kind of verse and to the accompaniment of the harp. These men were called "scops," and from them came most of the poets of the Anglo-Saxons. They would attach themselves to a chief, or wander about the country from village to village, carrying news and picking up fresh bits of information as they went. In this way they became the historians of the land; and in their songs they recorded the events of the times.

Sometimes the chiefs themselves would take up the tale, and the harp would pass from hand to hand as each related his adventures in his own way. This was not done by all, however; and we are told of the poet Caedmon that before his inspiration "when he saw the harp approach him, then arose he for shame from the assembly and went home to his house"¹ because he was not learned in poetcraft (headcraft).

Thus we see that there was a marked difference in the relation of poetry to life in the two nations, which sprang from the innate characters of the people themselves. Among the Hebrews the gift of song was universal, and grew with the race; while among the Anglo-Saxons it was not so widely spread, and was consciously cultivated for mnemonic purposes. As a result, their poetry was largely historical narrative—a good example of which is the "Beowulf," a tale of adventure dealing with the exploits of a hero in somewhat the same way that the *Æneid* of Virgil deals with those of *Æneas*.

Besides this difference arising from the national dissimilarity, there was a great contrast in the form of the poetry itself. In regard to the Hebrew forms there has been much discussion. Scholars are divided in opinion as to the use of metre and rhyme; and, since the original pronunciation of the language has been lost, this question will probably remain a disputed one. There is one point, however, on which they all agree: Hebrew poetry was dependent on parallelism of thought rather than upon any

¹ Translated from A. S. version of Bede's "Ecclesiastical History."

fixed metrical form; and on this basis the modern distinction between poetry and prose has been made.

Examples of this method of versifying may be found in any Hebrew poetry. Take, for instance, the opening lines of the twenty-ninth Psalm:

"Ascribe unto Jehovah, O ye sons of the mighty,
Ascribe unto Jehovah glory and strength."

Here the words of the first line are repeated and amplified in the second, resulting in what is known as climactic parallelism, and showing clearly that likeness of thought which gives rise to the name for this method of versifying. This parallelism is not always so clearly marked, however, and there is often a question as to whether a certain passage shall be classed as verse or not—the two forms blending so as to be indistinguishable. Hebrew was preëminently a rhythmical language, and adapted itself readily to music, so that almost anyone could produce parallel phrases which might be classed as poetry.

It must not be thought from this that the Hebrew poets did not know of rhyme and other poetic devices, for we find them used in several instances. "Lamentations," for example, contains specimens of carefully worked-out alphabetical acrostics; but this artificial style is the exception rather than the rule, and its use is merely ornamental and by no means essential to the poetic character of the production.

The Anglo-Saxons, on the contrary, had a fairly rigid metre and method of verse-writing. Their typical poetry consisted of four-stressed lines divided into distich. Each line contained three alliterative words, one in one half of the line and two in the other. This rule, especially that part of it concerning the alliteration, was not always followed; but it furnished the type upon which all Anglo-Saxon poetry was modeled. As an illustration, let us look at the opening lines of Caedmon's translation of Genesis:

"Nū wē sculon herigean	heofonrīces Weard,
Meotodes meahte	ond his mōdgetnanc,
weove Wuldorfaeder,	swa hē wundra gehwaes,
ēce Drihten	ōr onstealde."

This is more regular than it appears at first sight, for it must be remembered that any vowel alliterated with any other vowel. It will be seen that such a verse form was much more difficult to construct than the looser Hebrew one, where the lines could be more varied in length and a simple correspondence in thought

was the only requisite. This fact is undoubtedly partly accountable for the more familiar use of verse in the latter language.

All in all, then, poetry with the Hebrews was part of their every-day life, born in them with their love of nature and their strong national spirit. They spoke poetry as naturally as they breathed, and they no more thought of giving its authors a special name than they thought of naming men by their ability to eat and drink. A Hebrew became exalted in spirit, he heard the beat of a drum or the sound of a trumpet, his heart leaped to the numbers, and in his native musical tongue he spoke; poetry was the result.

We in our own literature recognize a difference in classes of prose. Compare the dull, monotonous relation of facts in some mediocre text-book with the inspired poetic prose of a man like Hawthorne or Emerson, and then judge if there be not as much difference between them as between the dignified prose and poetry of Hebrew. And yet we make no distinction in naming the authors. They are all prose-writers. So it was with the Hebrews. They knew and loved poetry, but the love was self-evident and self-explanatory. They had no word to express a sub-conscious element in their nature; but it was there, and they knew it. What need then for a name?

ANNIE JOHNSTON CRIM.

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TO A MUSICIAN

The voice of the wind is more to me
Than the sweetest sound of minstrelsy;
And fairer far than the harper's strain
Is the laughter of leaves and the rustle of rain.

Ye may tune your lute the whole day long,
For me, the woods and the thrushes' song!
The locust's trill and the cricket's call,
The sound of a brook in a waterfall.

KATHERINE DUNCAN MORSE.

NOCTURNE

The moon is beneath the clouds,
Mantled in misty shrouds :
Slumber lulleth the deep.

Only the lights of the town,
Glimmering faintly down,
Trouble the waters' sleep.

KATHERINE DUNCAN MORSE.

RAILWAY BLOCK SYSTEM LEGISLATION

Railway block system legislation is a much agitated subject of discussion at present. The following quotation from the "Scientific American" well explains the situation :

"One of the most important acts of the last session of Congress was its instructions to the Interstate Commerce Commission to investigate the use of block signals for railroads, and gather the necessary data to enable Congress to frame and pass a suitable law calling for their adoption by the railroads of the country. The joint resolution of the two houses is the somewhat tardy reply of Congress to the oft-repeated recommendation of the Commission that a law be passed requiring the use of block signals and other modern devices for the protection of passengers and employés.

"As a powerful commentary upon the need for such legislation there comes the recently issued bulletin of the Interstate Commerce Commission, covering the quarter ending March 31, which shows that we are keeping up our unenviable distinction of killing and maiming a larger percentage of passengers and employés than the railroad systems of any other country on the face of the earth. We learn from this bulletin that the total number of collisions and derailments for the three months was 3,490, and that of this number 289 collisions and 167 derailments affected passenger trains. It is probable that 75 per cent. of the 289 collisions would not have occurred if the lines on which

they happened had been equipped with an adequate block signal service, or if the block signal system, as installed, had been permitted to exercise its proper control over the movement of trains."¹

The recommendation of the block system, by the Interstate Commerce Commission and by authoritative writers on the subject, speaks well for the efficiency of the system, but many of us do not understand the significance of this mysterious terminology. "Train-order system" and "block system" are for most of us perfectly meaningless expressions.

Under the train order system "the despatcher issues orders to the trains to run between certain points, stopping at certain specified places for further orders."² He may also stop a train at any station by telegraphing to the operator or station master at that point, to put up his "stop" train-order signal. Following trains are required to be held a certain number of minutes apart in order to maintain a time interval between trains. But this cannot always be done and many collisions result.³

The system known as the block system is such that the track is divided into "blocks" of a certain length, generally two miles, at the limits of which are placed signal towers. The system of automatic signals is the best. These are operated by electricity or by a combination of compressed air and electricity. These signals are so arranged that one tower cannot show a "clear" signal until the train ahead has passed the next tower, thereby leaving a space interval between all trains. This necessary space interval is really what constitutes the safety and adequacy of the block system.⁴

Those who are opposed to making the block system compulsory generally argue from one or more of three points of view—that government interference is unjustifiable; that the present train-order system is adequate; that the apparatus of the block system is liable to get out of order.

In regard to the first it must be noted that the chief end of a government is to ensure the preservation or the greater safety of life. When persons or groups of persons do not voluntarily use the proper means to secure this end, the government has a right to interfere and to compel them to do so. Many laws,

¹ Scientific American. Aug. 4, 1906, p. 78—Railway Block System Legislation.

² E. E. Russell Tratman—Railway Track and Track Work, pp. 243-244.

³ Ibid., pp. 243-247.

⁴ E. E. Russell Tratman—Railway Track and Track Work, pp. 243-247.

interfering with the free choice of individuals or corporations, have been passed in order to secure the greater safety of life, as for instance the laws with regard to the proper sanitation of cities and towns, the proper ventilation of public buildings, the proper isolation of cases of contagious diseases, etc. Therefore, if the railway companies of the United States are not using the proper means to secure the safety of life on their roads, the United States government is justified in interfering and compelling them to do so. The number of avoidable accidents occurring almost daily, and the general inadequacy of the train-order system show that the railway companies are not taking the necessary precautions.

The train-order system depends too much on human agency to be efficient. Humanity at its best remains fallible, and trainmen and despatchers are no exception. Despatchers may give wrong orders or fail to give any. The hastily written orders of the operators may be illegible and the trainmen may misinterpret them, or they may entirely disregard the orders.

On the other hand it may be argued that machinery is just as fallible as humanity, and that every machine needs a man to watch it. True enough, but the automatic block system is so arranged that any flaw or disorder in its workings brings a train to a standstill, thus preventing the possibility of accidents.

The block system is dependent on fixed, natural laws, such as the laws of electricity and air pressure. Automatic signals, based on such laws, are practically infallible. A "space interval" between trains, which is the surest preventive of collisions, is then practically insured by the use of such automatic signals, so arranged that a signal cannot register "clear" until the train ahead has passed the next tower. A collision is then possible only when a driver deliberately disregards a signal. Even this possibility is avoided in the best systems. "To eliminate this kind of danger there has been adopted by the more progressive roads what is known as an automatic safety stop, a device for stopping a train that may have run by a signal. It consists of a short iron arm which, when the semaphore blade is against a train, projects above the rail some four or five inches, and high enough to trip a valve in the air-pipe of the leading car, automatically setting the air-brakes on the entire train. The arm is operated by a track circuit in somewhat the same manner as the automatic signals before referred to, and acts in conjunction

with the semaphore. When the blade is down, showing a clear track, the arm lies parallel to the rail, allowing free passage to a train."¹

This system seems, then, almost a perfect system for the purpose of avoiding collisions. Why should not Congress enforce its use? Governmental interference in such matters is no new thing. In order to protect the life of passengers and employes the automatic coupler and the air brake were long ago made compulsory. The recent passing of the Rate Bill and the establishment of the Interstate Commerce Commission show that legal interference has been found necessary to secure the financial interests of the people. Why then should government hesitate to interfere in a matter which concerns human life?

The recommendation of the block system, by those who are competent to pass opinion on the matter, is one of the best proofs of its efficiency. Herbert Lawrence Stone says, in an article entitled "Why Preventable Railroad Accidents Happen," published in the *World's Work* for September, 1906:—"The greatest safeguard in the handling of trains that the railroads have taken is the adoption of the block system, which has come into such general use in this country in the last few years." In an article entitled "An American View of British Railways," published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1906, Ray Morris ascribes the rare occurrence of accidents on British railways to "the efficient system of block signalling." The annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for the year 1906 says, "The block system is universally admitted to be the best method of managing trains as regards prevention of collisions on high-speed lines."² In the *Scientific American* for August 4, 1906, we read the following: "Theoretically, and if we may judge from the wonderful immunity from accidents of the best European systems, practically also, block signals are an absolute preventive of collision, and this for the obvious reason that they are based on the principle that no train shall ever pass any point on a stretch of track until it is certain that that track is clear of all other trains up to a certain point beyond; or, in other words, that there shall exist a definite space interval between any two trains, whether they are running in the same or in opposite directions on the same line of track."³

¹ The *World's Work*, September, 1906, p. 8012—"Why Preventable Railroad Accidents Happen," by Herbert Lawrence Stone.

² Twentieth Annual Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, p. 75.

³ *Scientific American*, August 4, 1906, p. 78.

Of course no one claims that the block system is infallible. Accidents are possible, but the system, as now existing on the best roads, has reduced this possibility to a minimum. Many persons are skeptical about the efficiency of such complex machinery, but experience has shown that "if the system be properly looked after, the percentage of failures is very small and delays infrequent. The New York Subway, where the system is in use, offers a good example on account of the number of trains run and the close headway, and yet with about 850 signals, giving all told 200,000 operations daily, only thirteen failures were reported for a month, and these all on the side of safety."¹

The conclusion drawn by such a competent, authoritative body as the Interstate Commerce Commission, after careful consideration of accurate and exhaustive statistics, is certainly excellent evidence with regard to the situation. The annual report of this commission for 1906 says, "The quarterly accident bulletins have contained detailed statements of the causes of and circumstances attending the more important collisions and derailments shown in the statistical tables. As has been pointed out before, these detailed statements of causes constitute the most instructive feature of the bulletins. The statistical tables contain no new lessons. They only serve to confirm, where confirmation is scarcely needed, the serious and pressing character of the problem which has been made the chief feature of this department of our last two or three annual reports: (1) The investigation of accidents; (2) the requirement by law that the block system shall be used on passenger lines, etc. . . ."²

Actual facts, however, are far more convincing than even the most authoritative opinions. The high degree of safety secured by the use of the block system on the best European roads is the best proof of the adequacy and efficiency of this system. Take the German railroads for instance,—they "carry nine hundred million passengers a year and kill and maim almost none of them. Every week we kill more people on our railroads than are killed on the entire German railroad system in a year."³

1 The World's Work, September, 1906, p. 8011, "Why Preventable Railway Accidents Happen," by Herbert Lawrence Stone.

2 Twentieth Annual Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, p. 74.

3 Everybody's Magazine, February, 1906, p. 187, Charles Edward Russell—"Soldiers of the Common Good," Chap. VII.

The general opinion of those who are competent to judge the case, and the practical efficiency of the block system where it is in use, would seem to be sufficient ground for recognizing it as the best in existence. The negligence of some companies in providing proper precautions for the prevention of accidents justifies governmental interference. We trust, therefore, that it will not be long before Congress awakes to the situation and responds to the demands of the Commission and of intelligent public opinion.

VICTORIA AMANDA LARMOUR.

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THE BASIL PLANT

John Sheldon slowly wiped his brushes as the shadows began to fall across the studio. He realized that he could not finish the picture without another sitting, and the thought hurt. There had been a time when he could work with scarcely a glance at his model. He had stood then in a dream and painted on, on, on, and people who knew had said, "Ah, here we have the making of a great painter." That was before he married Judith.

At the time of his marriage he was exhibiting, and the weird individuality of his work held in it the promise of success, but even weird individuality cannot take the public by the throat and demand money, and Judith must have money. She had been reared in luxury and her father's failure during the days

of her engagement to Sheldon had made feasible the alternative of marriage with a wealthier man. But she had refused the other man and remained true to Sheldon, thinking that she could give up her accustomed life, or consoling herself with the thought that Jack painted well enough to be rich some day. But Jack didn't grow rich fast enough and Judith's struggle was a miserable failure. Her child-soul yearned for the beautiful; and the beautiful is very expensive. So she begged Jack to stop painting those queer pictures that people were so uncertain about buying and follow the lead of the other popular artists. Through the thought of her sacrifice and his love for her, he yielded, and turned to the conventional and to portrait painting.

He was not at home in this new sphere. He could not give proper scope to his powers, but his pictures sold, he became the fashion, and there was great consolation in knowing that Judith could have the gowns and jewels that she wanted. That was five years ago. During these five years he had copied and imitated so much that he had half stifled his creative power and wholly lost the free joy of the artist. His pictures still had the Sheldon touch, but his dependence upon subject and model was pitiful.

That was the thought that hurt as he put the unfinished portrait back in its place. Some day he might lose all of the pound which he had kept so carefully in its napkin and what would become of Judith then? But ah! There was the picture, the wonderful picture that he had finished almost as a farewell to his dreams and ambitions. The canvas had brought him some large offers, but it was so associated with his past that he could not bear to part with it, and its charm was enhanced by the thought that it would bring Judith a great deal of money when his death left her unprotected. He would sit before it for hours when there was no working light and dream of the might-have-been which it was now too late to realize. His sadness was like that of a faded woman, who gazes longingly at her youthful portrait.

Sheldon drew up a chair and pulled aside the curtain that covered his masterpiece. It was almost dark, and the shadows only brought out the weird fascinations of the scene before him. There sat a woman almost life size pressing some beautiful basil flowers to her face. The plant which she had despoiled

was in a huge jar on the table beside her, and at her feet lay a heap of bones. The detail was marvellously done, but the spell of the picture lay in the expression of the beautiful face. A look of almost child-like glee, caused apparently by the delicious fragrance of the flowers, was mingled with a sorrowful expression that was not quite pity as she gazed at the whitened bones. It was a picture that had made men think long after they had left it, and many critics had uttered strange words when they heard that Sheldon was doing portraits.

"Gad, but it *is* wonderful," thought Sheldon, as he sat there in the twilight. "And *doesn't* she look like Judith?"

Just then his wife entered the studio. "Hello, Jackie! Why Jack, there you are staring at that old picture of yours again! She looks so much like me that I fairly shiver, and I suppose that's the reason I'm not jealous."

"She does *look* something like you, little woman. But you would never do what she is doing, would you, dear?"

"Not for a bunch of flowers. If the living person had been famous, I'd burn up the bones and sell the ashes in little packages for lots of money and buy that cross at Tiffany's. Oh Jackie, why don't you sell that horrid picture and buy me the cross?"

A shade passed over Sheldon's face as she spoke. He replied slowly.

"Dear, you don't realize how good the picture is. Your old Jack could do better things than portraits once." He checked himself and then went on. "And besides, I love the picture too well to part with it. . . . No, I'm not selfish. Some day it will bring us lots of money that we'll need for other things than diamond crosses. We are living in a pretty expensive nest, little bird."

"I know it," she replied. "What are you doing now? Mrs. Putnam? I hope she pays you right away, for then I may settle with Beaufort, mayn't I?" and she hung coaxingly around his neck.

"Yes," he answered, drawing the curtain. "I'd do anything to please you, dear."

They were leaving the studio arm in arm. "Then why don't you sell that picture, Jack? Please do!"

One afternoon a week later, Sheldon entered the house after a trip to the city. Judith met him at the door. Her face startled him, for it was so like the woman in the picture.

"Jackie, I have done something terrible," she began. "Oh Jack, don't say anything to me!"

"No, no! But what have you done, dear?" He kissed her and she clung to him with the confiding trust of a child who has been mischievous but who expects no punishment.

"I sold the picture and bought this." She held up the cross and went on hurriedly: "It was only five thousand, and I knew you'd be glad when you saw all the money the man paid. He's been coming here for a week and I was so afraid you'd see him. I wanted to surprise you. There it is!" She triumphantly thrust a check into his hands.

The fight within Sheldon lasted only a minute. He was perfectly calm when he looked at Judith. Then he took her in his arms.

"The picture is nothing if you are happy," he said.

He went up to the studio. The red curtain was pushed aside and the cut wires hung limply in space. He walked to the window. Yes, the picture was really gone, but he still had a basil plant to tend and it had just put out another blossom.

LEOLA BAIRD LEONARD.

THE END OF LIGHT

There is a stretch of sunny green unfolding to the hills,
And back of that a row of pines the distant landscape fills,
And back of that the clouds bend low above a purple slope,
And back of that I cannot see—but only dream and hope.

VIRGINIA CORYELL CRAVEN.

THE ESSENCE OF ORIGINALITY

"Dear me, yes, don't you know Greta Gargoyles? She's an awful freak, but, my dear, *so* original and clever! I'm just crazy about her poems—they're *so* unusual!"

Now the thus-vaunted Greta may have a Robert Louis Stevenson consciousness of style as natural as the tone of her voice, or she may have harried the gray matter of her brain for those unusual phrases even as her roommate daily harries her hair to

produce a striking coiffure—and with as destructive results. “Originality at any cost!” she cries, and so we get the unusual in our college literature—sometimes how unusual!

But it's an old statement that there's nothing new under the sun, and the would-be original one will generally find her subjects and sometimes even her turns of phrases bound up with the earliest manuscripts of primitive college folklore. Even before the modern sciences of football and basket-ball or the social innovation of Prom-time came among us, leaving their indelible impress on our college literature, there were the same distinct types of writing and the same themes which are recognizable among us to-day.

There are, of course, the large main divisions of *Prose* and *Poetry*. Both offer a wide field for “originality.” Unusual and striking effects may be obtained in prose, but often the most unusual and the most striking in poetry. In this latter form, where through all the ages expression has been most spontaneous, originality of the most startling variety may manifest itself.

In subdividing these general heads under *Prose*, we find among us :

(1) The story ; (2) the non-story (to be quite logical).

The first division—the story—offers chance for originality of plot or of characters. We find under this head :

(a) The Local Color Sketch : “A Roommate's Revenge.”

(b) The Child Study : “Freckles of Maria Ann.”

(c) The Romance : “George Smith, Quarterback.”

Other divisions of course suggest themselves, but even the most original one seldom gets beyond these three types, contenting herself with being superlatively original within their limits. One way in which this originality is obtained is

In (a) The Local Color Sketch—to have two quite original personalities (or temperaments) clashing in two original roommates, each full of original sin.

In (b) The Child Study—to dissect the child psychologically and find original conditions determining the springs of action. If necessary, to make up a new species of child so as to have plenty of springs of action.

In (c) The Love Story—anyone can easily see that to be original in this field the hero must be in some way out of the ordinary that he may make original love to an unusual heroine.

Of course, too, in this type, original results may be obtained with commonplace lovers by placing them in unusual positions, but this style of Mr. George Barr McCutcheon is not nearly so popular with undergraduates as that of the rather more analytic Mr. Henry James.

Now as for the *Non-Story*. This class is not so well-developed, but quite as inspiring to originality. We find under this head :

(a) Discussion of the theories of Plato or some other great philosopher. This is quite often original without meaning to be so or even working very hard for that result.

(b) Papers of argument. These are always original.

(c) Bits of "word-painting" with suggestions of Mr. Pater. This last class is wonderfully adaptable to unusual phrasing.

But, as has been said, originality at its height may be displayed in the form of *Poetry*. Here the general types are somewhat the same as in Prose. We find :

(a) The Love Poem. Under this head come heart searchings, the most original and the most harrowing since the time when the old monks wore hair shirts on their consciences.

(b) The Poem of Sentiment—not necessarily a "heart poem."

"Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Rock me again in your arms as of yore."

(c) The Local Color Verse,—

"I sat me down to think and think,
But naught from my pen would flow but ink."

There is always, too, the nonsense verse, which may express a great deal of originality or none at all, according, as it is taken seriously or as the mere babble of immaturity.

These, then, are the main divisions of our college literature. But she with the true consciousness of style may take a mud fence and make of it an original and charming bit of literature, even as (by some authorities) our poet Longfellow is said to have done with the humble carrot when in early youth he was sent out behind the school-house to write his impressions thereon.

It is not so much, then, originality of subject which appeals to us in such a case—for what could be less original than a mud fence?—but the clear expression of a lively personality, original only in proportion to its strength and flavor. Most people prefer salt even on intellectual melons, and an insipid person-

ality makes no stronger an appeal in literature than in life. We have these types of college material, dear to our heart and ready to our hand. It remains but to serve them up with a dash of our own personality. This done, the love story will thrill to the end, our local color stand the wash of criticism, the psychological workings of our little sisters may be decently dissected to make a college holiday, while all with one accord will rise up and call us "original."

VIRGINIA CORYELL CRAVEN.

SUNSET

We drifted out in an open boat,
 My love and I,
 On a path of gold we lay afloat
 As the sun sank low, and the seagull's note
 Filled all the air from sea to sky.
 The tide was high.

We watched the sun as it dropped to rest,
 My love and I,
 Till the afterglow in the changing west
 Died, as the sun on its eager quest
 Kissed other clouds as he glided by.
 The tide was high.

MILDRED SIDNEY BALDWIN.

THE INTRINSIC VALUE OF GEOMETRICAL AXIOMS

The fact that a science can exist and be developed, as has been the case with geometry, has always attracted the closest attention among those who are interested in questions relating to the basis of the theory of cognition. Unlike other sciences, it escapes the tedious task of collecting experimental facts, for its only method is deduction. It has a very important place in the practical world, too, for no one fails to recognize its practical application. Land surveying, architecture, the construction of machinery and mathematical physics are continually calculating relations of space of the most complex and varied

kind by geometrical principles. The success of the constructions and experiments are expected to agree with the results, and, provided the calculations were correct and sufficient data used, they always do.

“The fact that geometry exists and is so important, has always been used as a prominent example in the discussion on that question which forms, as it were, the centre of all antithesis of philosophical systems, that there can be a cognition of principles destitute of any basis drawn from experience.” In the first year’s study of geometry, the student finds a chain of conclusions by which even more complicated figures are brought under the law. But here are also retained fundamental principles laid down, which geometry admits cannot be proved, but anyone who understands the essence of these principles will admit their correctness. These fundamental principles are called axioms. For instance: the shortest line that can be drawn between two points is called a straight line; and, there can be one and only one straight line drawn between two points; and many others. “There are axioms which determine the number of dimensions of space and its surfaces, lines, and points, showing how they are continuous; as in the proposition that a solid is bounded by a surface, a surface by a line, and a line by a point. Also, that by the movement of a point a line is described, by the movement of a line a line or a surface is described, and by the movement of a surface a surface or a solid is described; but that by the movement of a solid a solid and nothing else is generated.

What is the origin of such propositions in a science where everything else is the result of reasoning and deduction? A great many mathematicians have tried to prove these axioms, but so far this effort has failed. The axiom of parallels is the one which has probably called forth the greatest number of demonstrations.”

It is extremely difficult with Euclid’s method for a basis to be sure that in the steps of the demonstration “we have not unconsciously drawn in some general results of experience, which the power of executing certain parts of the operation has already taught us practically.” In the demonstration of a geometrical problem the well-trained mathematician always constructs every line of his figure. These may seem to be nothing but operations introduced for the training of beginners, but in

reality they either show that the points, lines, angles or curves that are required by the problem are possible under all conditions, or determine what exceptions exist. "The foundation of all proof by Euclid's method consists in establishing the congruence of lines, angles, surfaces, solids, and so forth," and to make the congruence evident the geometrical figures are supposed to be applied to each other without changing either their form or dimensions. We all know from experience that this is true and provable, but if we build "necessities of thought" upon this assumption of the free transportation of fixed figures with unchanged form to every part of space, we must first see whether we are not assuming and presupposing where no logical proof can be given. We avoid all this difficulty if we investigate principles by modern analytical geometry which is purely a logical process. All recent investigations have been conducted almost entirely by this method.

If, however, after having discovered the points in question by this abstract method, we take a "region of narrower limits than our world of space," we may more easily get a distinct view.

Suppose the surface of some solid body to be inhabited, as we logically may, by reasoning beings of two dimensions. They will not have powers of perception of anything outside of this surface, but upon it they will have powers of perception similar to ours. They would ascertain that a point moving describes a line; that a line moving describes a line or a surface, but they would be as little able to represent to themselves a further spatial construction generated by a surface moving outside of itself, as we are able to represent what would be generated by a solid moving out of the space that we know. They would also have shortest geodetic lines. Therefore we may consider their geometry to coincide exactly with our plainmetry.

If instead of living on a plane surface these beings inhabited a sphere, and their "planest" surfaces were a portion of the surface of a sphere, they would have two geodetic lines between every two points, of which only one would be the shortest. Accordingly, the axiom that a straight line is the shortest between two points would not hold. "If the two given points are the ends of a diameter of a sphere, every plane passing through this diameter cuts semicircles on the surface of the sphere, all of which are *shortest* lines between the points.

Therefore, the axiom that there is but one shortest line between two points would not hold. They would have no conception of parallel lines, but would maintain that any two lines sufficiently produced would cut each other in *two* places. The sum of the angles of a triangle would always be greater than two right angles.

It is clear that such people must set up a very different system of axioms from those that we use, though their logical powers were the same as ours. Therefore we see that geometrical axioms must vary according to the character of the space inhabited by the beings who establish them, though the logical powers of these beings of different worlds are the same.

Consider that these beings inhabited an egg-shaped body, and that their powers of spatial conception were limited to egg-shaped solids and surfaces. "The sum of the angles of a triangle drawn at the sharper pole of the body would depart farther from two right angles than if the triangle were drawn at the blunter end or at the equator. Hence it appears that not even such a simple figure as a triangle can be moved on such a surface without change of form." We therefore see that if a surface admits of the free movement of figures lying on it without change of any of their lines and angles as measured along it, the property is a special one, and does not belong to every sort of surface. "The condition under which a surface possesses this property was pointed out by Gauss. 'The measure of curvature, as he calls it, or the reciprocal of the product of the greatest and least radii of curvature, must be everywhere equal over the whole extent of the surface.' He also showed that the measure of curvature is not changed if the surface is bent without distention or contraction of any part of it. Thus we can roll up a flat piece of paper into the form of a cone or a cylinder without any change in the dimensions of the figures taken along the surface of the sheet." Geometry on a plane will be the same as that on a cylindrical or conical surface, provided that we conceive of any number of layers of this surface lying one upon the other like the layers of a rolled sheet of paper, and that after each revolution we reach a new layer instead of revolving back upon the same one.

The pseudospherical surface which is geometrically the counterpart of the sphere, has a geometry similar to that of the plane, but it is one in which the axiom of parallels does not

hold good. It is a saddle-shaped figure of which only limited strips can be connectedly represented in our space, but which "may yet be thought of infinitely, since each piece lying as the limit of the part constructed, can be conceived as drawn back to the middle of it, and thus continued." As with the plane and the sphere, the measure of curvature of the pseudospherical surface is constant, and so figures constructed at any one place on the surface may be transferred to any other place on the surface without change of form or dimensions. But the measure of curvature, as laid down by Gauss, which is positive for the sphere and zero for the plane, has for the pseudospherical surface a constant negative value.

The geodetic or straightest lines of the pseudospherical surface may be infinitely produced; they do not, like those on the sphere, return upon themselves, but like the geometry of the plane, only one shortest line between two points can be drawn. The axiom of parallels does not hold good, for if a geodetic line is given on the surface and a point without it a whole pencil of geodetic lines may pass through the point, no one of which, though infinitely produced, will cut the first geodetic line.

"Such a system of geometry which excluded the axiom of parallels, was devised on Euclid's synthetic method, as far back as the year 1829, by Sobatchawsky, and it was proved that this system could be carried out as consistently as Euclid's. It agrees exactly with the pseudospherical geometry worked out later by Baltraim."

The geometry of two dimensions, thus, includes the three surfaces, plane, sphere or pseudospherical surface, in which any figure may be moved in any direction without change of form or dimensions. The axiom of only one shortest line excludes the geometry of the sphere, and the axiom of parallels distinguishes the geometry of the plane from that of all other surfaces.

There is, however, another way of treating geometry scientifically. All known space relations may be brought to determinations of magnitude, as angles, surfaces, and volumes. Problems in geometry may be solved by finding methods of calculation for arriving at unknown magnitudes from known ones. This is done in analytical geometry where all forms of space are treated as quantities, and determined by means of other known quantities. The axioms have reference only to magnitudes.

B. Riemann of Göttingen first entered on the plan of calculating the position of a point by measurements in relation to any given system of coördinates taken as fixed, and from the measurements that have been taken to determine the characteristics of the space in question. The number of measurements necessary to determine the position of a point is equal to the number of dimensions of the space in question. On a line the distance from one fixed point determines the given point. On a surface the distance from two is necessary, and it is necessary to have the distance from three fixed points to determine a point in three-dimensional space. "Riemann showed that the essential foundation of any system of Geometry is the expression that it gives for the distance between two points lying in any direction towards one another, beginning with the infinitesimal interval." He took from analytical geometry the most general form for this expression, that, namely, which leaves altogether open the kind of measurements by which the position of any point is given. For the square of the distance between two infinitely near points, the expression is a homogeneous quadric function of the differentials of their coördinates. He showed that the kind of free mobility without change of form which belongs to bodies in our three-dimensional space, can only exist when certain quantities or algebraic expressions compounded from the coefficients of the various terms in the expression for the square of the distance of two contiguous points, and from their differential quotients, are everywhere equal. When these quantities are expressed for surfaces they correspond to Gauss' measure of surface curvature, and for this reason Riemann calls these quantities the measure of curvature of the space at a given point.

From where the measure of curvature of space is zero that space conforms to Euclid's axioms and is a homaloid or surface in contrast to other analytical spaces, or curved spaces. Analytical geometry is as complete and consistent for such spaces as for the actually existing homaloid space. If the measure of curvature of space is positive, it is spherical space with which we have to deal. In such a space geodetic lines return upon themselves, and the axiom of parallels does not hold, the space is unlimited but not infinite. If the measure of curvature is negative, the space is pseudospherical in which the geodetic lines run out to infinity and a pencil of geodetic lines

may be drawn in any geodetic surface through any point, which does not intersect another given geodetic line on that surface.

Beltrami has made it possible for us to imagine these relations of the pseudospherical space. "He has shown that the points, lines and surfaces, of a pseudospherical space of three dimensions, can be so portrayed in the interior of a sphere in Euclid's homaloid space that every geodetic line or surface of the pseudospherical space is represented by a straight line or a plane respectively, in the sphere. The surface itself of the sphere corresponds to the infinitely distant points of the pseudospherical space. The different parts of this space, as represented in the sphere, become smaller the nearer they lie to the spherical surface. Straight lines in the sphere which only intersect beyond its surface represent the geodetic lines of the pseudospherical space which never intersect."

Thus we see that space, considered mathematically, does not correspond with the most common conception of an aggregate of three dimensions, but involves special conditions, depending on the free mobility of thick bodies from one part of the space to another without change in either the form or size of the body. It also depends on the special value of the measure of curvature of the space, which for our space is equal to, or not distinguishable from, zero.

It still remains to see whether the laws of motion depending on moving forces can also be consistently transferred to spherical and pseudospherical space. The investigation was carried out by Professor Lipschitz, and he found that Hamilton's principle, the expression for all laws of dynamics, may be directly transferred to any of these spaces, the measure of curvature of which is not zero. I will not go into his elaborate proofs and experiments here.

Since it appears that the special characteristics of our own homaloid space are not implied in the general notion of an extended quantity of three dimensions and of the free mobility of solid figures in it, we will now seek an explanation of them. Since they undoubtedly are not "necessities of thought," as Helmholtz says, their origin must be empirical. Let us see if this may be inferred from facts of experience, and so established; or whether when tested by experience they must be rejected. "If they are of empirical origin we must be able to represent to ourselves connected series of facts indicating

a different value for the measure of curvature than that of Euclid's homaloid space." But if we can imagine such spaces, it cannot be maintained that the axioms of geometry are necessary consequences of an "*à priori* transcendental form of intuition," as Kant thought.

The distinction, as we have seen, between spherical, pseudospherical, and Euclid's geometry depends on the value of the measure of curvature. In order that Euclid's axioms should hold true this value must be zero. If it is not zero, the sum of the angles of a large triangle would differ from the sum of the angles of a smaller one, being larger in spherical, and smaller in pseudospherical space. The similarity of large and small figures is possible only in Euclid's space. "All systems of practical mensuration that have been used for the angles of large rectilinear triangles, and especially all systems of astronomical measurement which make the parallax of the immeasurably distant fixed stars equal to zero, confirm empirically the axiom of parallels and show the measure of curvature of our space thus far to be indistinguishable from zero. Riemann observed, however, that it remained a question whether the result might not be different if we could use other than our limited base lines, the greatest of which is the major axis of the earth's orbit.

All geometrical measurements rest upon the principle of congruence. We measure the distance between points by applying the compass or rule, the magnitude of angles by a divided circle or theodolite, and we determine straight lines by the path of rays of light, which in our experience is rectangular. The fact that light travels in geodetic lines as long as it remains in media of the same optical density would be true in space of a different measure of curvature from our space.

The comparative estimate of magnitudes and measurements of their spatial relations is based on the supposition of the constancy of our instruments and the possibility that they may be transferred in our space without change in shape or dimensions. The supposition passes beyond the scope of pure space-intuition.

If all the linear dimensions of our bodies and other bodies were at the same time diminished or increased in the same proportion, we, with our means of spatial perception, would be utterly unaware of the change. It is, therefore, possible to im-

agine conditions for solid bodies such that the measurements in Euclid's space will become what they would be in spherical or pseudospherical space.

A convex mirror of moderate aperture represents the objects in front of it apparently in fixed positions behind its surface. But the images of infinitely distant objects, as the horizon or the sun, lie at a limited distance behind the surface of the mirror, a distance equal to the focal length of the mirror. Between this distance and the face of the mirror are found images of all the other objects in front of the mirror, but these images are flattened and diminished in proportion to the distance of their originals from the mirror. The decreasing of the third dimension is relatively greater than that of the surface dimensions. Yet every plane or straight line before the mirror is represented by a plane or straight line in the image.

Beltrami's representation of pseudospherical space in a sphere of Euclid's space differs from this, only in that the background is not a plane, as in the case of the convex mirror, but the surface of a sphere, and that the proportion in which the images diminish as they approach the surface of the sphere has a different mathematical expression from that of the convex mirror.

We can infer how the objects in a pseudospherical world would appear to an observer from Euclid's space. He would continue to look upon rays of light as straight lines, and the visual image of the objects in pseudospherical space would make the same impression on him as though he were standing at the centre of Beltrami's sphere. He would think the most remote objects were at a finite distance, but as he approached them they would dilate before him, though more in the third dimension than in surface dimension, while behind him they would contract. Two straight lines which seemed to run parallel to his world's end would diverge as he followed them. But two straight lines that from his first position appeared to converge, would continue to do so, but he would never meet their point of intersection.

Thus we can infer from our known laws by sensible impressions a series of sensible impressions which a spherical or pseudospherical world would give us. We find nothing impossible or inconsistent.

Axioms of geometry are therefore not concerned only with space relations, but also with the action of solid bodies in move-

ment in the given space. Thus the axioms of geometry taken by themselves out of all connection with mechanical propositions represent no relations of real things, but as soon as certain principles of mechanics are conjoined with the axioms of geometry "we obtain a system of propositions which has real import and which can be verified or overturned by empirical observations just as it can be inferred from experience."

HELEN SEYMOUR.

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SKETCHES

HEIGHO!

I saw my love in the lane to-day,
Heigho! say I,—
Not one word did she say to me
And not one word said I,
But I saw my love in the lane to-day,
And she smiled—as she passed by!

JEAN CHALLIS MACDUFFIE.

Nurse cunningly lost from view, Alfreda flitted out on the old fishing pier behind the hotel. She preened her breeze-ruffled skirt and twirled her new pink parasol alluringly. Nothing was wanting but an audience to admire her fluffy dressed-up-for-the-afternoon loveliness. In default of the usual circle of relatives, Alfreda looked towards the small boy who was kicking bare heels against the end of the pier. He was dirty, but the only person in sight. Alfreda came nearer, and suddenly forgot her superior cleanliness in her lively curiosity.

Leisurely—for the boy scorned to show off before a girl—he drew a long, stretchy worm from the dented tin can beside him and stuck its wriggling length upon a fish-hook. The little girl drew a long breath and shuddered. Fascinated, she swayed as he dexterously whirled and flung the baited line into the middle of the current. A half cry and a big splash.

The water was not deep and the boy tugged and jerked till he rescued the weeping, bedraggled little girl still clutching a limp parasol. Once on the wharf Alfreda forgot the dirty worms and threw grateful, impulsive arms about her rescuer's neck. The boy stepped back disgustedly.

"Aw—look out! You'll get me all soused. And you've scairt all the fish away. Why don't you go home to your mother where you belong!"

And so it happened that a very forlorn little figure crept up the back steps of the hotel verandah, repeating between catches of her breath :

"I was only meanin' to thank him, and he wouldn't give me the chance."

Some years later John Hamilton, fresh from the University, strolled out on the broken remains of the hotel wharf. No one suspected him of suspecting that he would find anybody there, or the girl that he did find, of suspecting that he would suspect. But there she was, and as he stopped to adjust his sectioned rod and automatic reel, she looked up with the smiling query :

"Fishing?"

"Yes," he said, "if I may venture—in your society?"

"The game of words?" she sallied.

"And forfeits—yes! Will you play?" he looked up quickly.

Alfreda prodded a knot-hole with her parasol. It was a white parasol this time, but new, as before.

"I think I'd better go," she announced. "I spoiled the fishing once, you know."

"First, may I have the reward which you—I postponed then—"

"Ah, but you forget the invitation, which I must accept now. Mother is waiting," she said, and tripped away with a laugh. He sat by the idle fish-pole and the bright red, tin flies, and thought and thought.

"If she'd only give me the chance—to show I'm in earnest."

BESSIE ELLA CARY.

BALLAD—SONG

Three times she kissed her fingers,
Three times the kiss did blow
To the brave knight who lingers
I' the garden-close below.

*All for the love of a bonny face,
Of two eyes blue of sheen,
Of dimpled hands and shining hair,
And a young maid clad in green!*

Out spake her grim old father,
And dark and stern his eye,
"For every kiss of that maid's young lips
I swear a knight shall die!"

Out spake her haughty mother,
 Her brow with anger pale,
 "For every kiss of that maid's pure lips
 Shall weeping be and wail!"

Out spake her elder brother,
 His face was red with ire,
 "For every kiss of my sister's lips
 A tower shall burn with fire!"

KATHERINE DUNCAN MORSE.

BALLAD OF THE RED, RED ROSE

A red rose grew in a garden,
 Stately and fair and tall,
 And tossed her head at the hollyhocks
 That grew by the old stone wall.

"A lady am I," the red rose said,
 "A lady of high degree,
 And there's never another as fair as I
 In all of this wide countree."

The gay west wind came to woo the rose
 On a beautiful summer's day,
 And he kissed her velvety, soft, red cheek
 In a lover's passionate way,

And swore that she was the fairest of fair
 That under the heavens grew,
 And kissed her again on her red, red cheek,
 And vowed that he would be true.

The sun went down in the glowing west,
 The rose was happy and gay,
 And tossed her head at the hollyhocks
 That nodded over the way.

But when the sun on the morrow shone
 And sprinkled the earth with gold
 The proud red rose hung low her head,
 Faded and withered and old.

And the fickle west wind with a mocking laugh
 Over his late love's fall,
 Went over to woo the hollyhocks
 That grew by the garden wall.

And now while the red rose is lying
Stricken and faded gray,
The west wind is telling the same sweet tale
To the blossoms over the way.

DOROTHY DONNELL.

The Cloak-Model moved about with a stately motion that Billy took for grace. She seemed more beautiful than ever, more graceful, more wondrous. Billy's eyes were dazzled; he blinked as though in a strong light, though the day was a gray, sunless one. It was noticeable that he blinked most when the Cloak-Model moved in her slow, eccentric orbit nearest to the elevator shaft. Billy was the elevator boy and the Cloak-Model was Billy's shining sun.

Below, on the street-floor, the elevator bell rang sharply, but he did not hear it. Since the advent of the Cloak-Model two weeks before, Billy had become dull of hearing. She was passing now and Billy held his breath.

"Gee!" he murmured in the fervor of his admiration, "Gee! ain't she the winner though! The lady what plays in 'Deserted at the Altar' at the Palace can't touch her for looks, an' she's a daisy-looker all right, all right!"

Billy's hand involuntarily sought his pocket and felt of the knobby paper bag in it reflectively—if he only dared! Then the impatient ringing of the bell broke harshly into his meditations and he sighed. It was bargain day, and the elevator was in constant demand. For the last two weeks Billy had cordially hated bargain day.

To-day there was a rush of customers and worst of all, none of them seemed to want to stop at the cloak-and-suit floor. It was some time before Billy had a chance to stand again in worshipful admiration of his goddess but when he did she seemed to his dazzled eyes more beautiful than ever. None of the rest of the girls, Billy thought proudly, had such a big, fluffy pompadour or such a little waist—none of the rest were so tall. Billy sighed a trifle sadly at the thought. Sometimes he rather wished in his innermost heart that the Cloak-Model were not quite so tall or else that he himself were a little taller. Even without the pompadour, the Cloak-Model towered above Billy, and *with it*—! Every night in the secret of his little hall bedroom Billy measured himself hopefully.

The Cloak-Model moved down the room a little nearer the elevator-shaft. Billy fumbled in his pocket uncertainly. Then with desperate resolve he left the elevator and edged up the aisle. The Cloak-Model looked at him kindly, she was actually smiling! Billy felt his head swim. Then the loud voice of the floor-walker called him back from Paradise.

"Here, young fellow!" he shouted angrily, "what are you doing out here? Get back to your elevator on the double-quick!"

Billy's heart was filled with bitter resentment as he walked home that night—resentment mingled with a shivery feeling of bliss at the memory of that smile. For two weeks he had worshipped the Cloak-Model from afar, but as yet he had not spoken to her. Still he had courage, although the offering that he had meant to bestow that afternoon in the shape of salted peanuts still reposed in his pocket. If it hadn't been for that floor-walker! Billy frowned darkly at the thought.

A flash of a blue print dress met his eye on the doorstep of one of the houses in the "court." Mamie was sitting on the top step rocking one of the neighbors' waily babies back and forth and crooning a queer little "Ginny" lullaby.

Billy looked at her in gloomy silence for a moment. Then with an air of munificence he drew the peanuts from his pocket and flung them into her lap.

"You c'n have 'em, Mame," he said carelessly. "It's too bad to waste 'em!"

And, as a further concession, he sat down on the bottom step and helped eat them.

Billy's devotion next took the form of a bunch of full-blown roses purchased of the Jew pedler at the corner, at the cost of many sacrificed car-fares and much scrimping. The roses, bought at "a bargain," had lost something of their pristine freshness, but to Billy's admiring eyes they were all that could be desired. His notion of flowers had been gathered mainly from the vivid botanical specimens represented in garden scenes on the stage of the Palace theatre. Hence his gorgeous roses assumed a quite marvellous beauty.

But the Fates were unkind to Billy. His flowers were not destined to adorn the Cloak-Model's elaborate shirt-waist. When he stopped his car at the suit-and-cloak floor that morning and looked about for his goddess, a terrible sight met his

gaze. The Cloak-Model stood, trim, stately, be-pompadoured as usual, trying on a "Prince-chap" coat for a customer, but pinned upon her dress she wore a large bunch of hot-house violets!

Billy looked at her in stony silence for a moment; then he kicked his own despised offering under the seat in the elevator and slammed the iron door viciously. He knew only too well whose violets those were! Hadn't he seen Davidson, the floor-walker, coming out of the florist's that very morning?

Then, with a sudden afterthought Billy got down on his knees, drew out his flowers and carefully brushed the dust off on his sleeve. After all, it seemed too bad to waste them; Mamie would like them anyway. He put them into a tumbler of water in the basement so that they should not wither.

That night, the Cloak-Model rode down on Billy's elevator. Billy looked at her smart picture hat and stylish shirt-waist with worshipful eyes and took courage afresh from her friendly smile. After all, violets weren't anything great, he thought to himself with scorn. His roses beat them out of sight, and if it hadn't been for that floor-walker! Billy sighed gloomily.

But Mamie liked the roses. Mamie was little and dark and shy, and she looked upon Billy's brass-buttoned uniform with large eyes of admiration. Billy was rather glad, when he saw her radiant face, that he had not thrown the flowers away.

A few days afterwards his glorious inspiration came to him. It came very suddenly during a downward trip of his car, and in his surprise Billy nearly stopped the elevator midway between floors. Why hadn't he thought of it before! He would invite the Cloak-Model to go to the theatre with him!

"Gee!" murmured Billy excitedly to himself, "that's the idea—she'll be keen on that! What show'll it be?" Billy pondered long over the respective merits of "Why Girls Leave Home" and "The Self-made Widow." It was a weighty question.

"There's the swellest villain at the Palace—a perfect beaut," he thought enthusiastically, "but there's a real bang-up murder in the 'Self-made Widow,' besides a run-away engine with the heroine tied to the tracks. It's hot stuff! I bet she'd like that. It's the 'Widow' for mine." Billy suddenly awoke to the fact that the elevator was urgently desired on the street-floor.

That noon Billy bought the tickets. He spared no expense,

procuring two highly desirable seats near the front of the first balcony. Such luxury was not usual with him, but the very thought of taking the stately Cloak-Maker into his beloved "peanut gallery" made him shudder with horror. The seats cost a good deal, but nothing was too good for Her. Billy went back to the store clutching his tickets joyfully and whistling "Girlie" three octaves too high.

It was a rush afternoon and the elevator was in constant demand. Billy was forced to delay his invitation until nearly closing time. Finally, however, with a sigh of relief he deposited his last load of passengers at the street-floor and raised the car to the suit-and-cloak department with wildly thumping heart.

In a far corner the Cloak-Model was standing before a mirror putting on her hat. Billy's eyes watched her adoringly, then, suddenly a familiar name caught his ears and he started out of his abstraction and glanced around quickly. Behind him two girls were chatting together as they put away their goods.

"Say, when did Gwendolyn tell you?" one of them was inquiring shrilly. (The Cloak-Model's name was Gwendolyn.) Billy listened shamelessly.

"This afternoon," he heard the other answer. "I was tellin' her about my gentleman friend that works down to Klukie's, and she up an' tossed her head an' she says, 'Well, what do you think of Mr. Davidson?'" Both girls giggled gleefully. Billy's heart nearly stopped beating. "An' *then*," continued the informant impressively, "*then* she says, 'I'm engaged to him,' and she shows me the stylish ring he give her; real elegant, too—"

Billy did not wait to hear the rest. He cast one awful glance of speechless reproach at the unconscious figure before the mirror and lowered his elevator to the basement with reckless speed.

The queer, shaky feeling that he always had in the theatre when the villain ran away with the heroine seized him now. He felt about in his pockets for the tickets and laughed bitterly as he looked at them. Never again would he enjoy seeing a play; his heart was broken, he told himself darkly.

He wandered homeward with dragging feet and contemplated suicide as the best way of leaving a treacherous and heartless world. The hero, Billy remembered, always committed suicide

when he was crossed in love. He took a grim pleasure in planning how terribly She would feel when he stood before her, pale and stern-faced, and pulling a pistol from his pocket, placed it to his heart and fell lifeless at her feet. Then, perhaps, she would be broken-hearted—perhaps, she would fall wildly weeping, as the heroine always did, by his side. Billy became so interested in his gloomy reflections that before he realized it he had reached the “court.”

Before him, over on one of the doorsteps, a speck of blue rocked back and forth crooning a soft little lullaby. Mamie looked sweet and dainty in her fresh print gown. Billy stopped short in wondering admiration. He had never known that Mamie was *pretty* before. The thought of suicide gradually receded in his mind and he looked down at his tickets thoughtfully. It was a pity not to use such fine seats when Mamie would be sure to like to go. Mamie was certainly pretty! To be sure, she did not have a big fluffy pompadour, but Billy suddenly realized that he was a little tired of pompadours.

With a queer, little, new hesitation, Billy went up to the steps and stood before her. In his hand he held the tickets but a strange bashfulness had come over him, and he found no words ready to his tongue. The thought of the Cloak-Model had grown dim and shadowy. With an effort at his usual unconcern, Billy held out the tickets.

“Come on, Mame,” he said carelessly, “get on your glad rags an’ le’s go see the ‘Self-made Widow!’” but he did not add, as he usually did, “It’s too bad to waste ’em.”

DOROTHY DONNELL.

UNREST

What do you give me? A love that is warm
And sweet as the wind of the south,
But O! for the rush of the wind of the north
And a kiss like a flame on my mouth!

What am I lacking? Not comfort or care,
Or love that is sober and sane,
But only the love that is selfish and strong
To enfold me and thrill me again.

ANNE COE MITCHELL.

AN AUTUMN MEASURE

Come join the dance of the autumn leaves,
 Hither and thither,
 Come blow about with the autumn leaves,
 Whither? Whither?
 Where do they blow?
 Where do they go?
 Hither, thither,
 To and fro.
 Come join the dance. They will not wait.
 Come join the dance with a shout of gladness,
 Join the merry whirling madness.
 Leave pale thought behind
 And follow the wind
 Whither? Whither?
 Where the leaves go,
 Where the leaves blow,
 Hither and thither.

MIRIAM ALMA MYERS.

The "Freshman rain" was still falling on the Monday after college opened and a dull gloom had settled over one of the "off-campus" houses. Polly yawned, and

Heads, She Wins; laid down her history.

Tails, He Loses! "A cheerful freshman," she announced, "would be exciting, but a letter, any letter, on a night like this, would be positively thrilling."

The postman came. There was a letter, one for Polly.

"Oh!" she said, disgustedly, "from him, is it? Oh, just some one I used to go to school with. Known him all my life. He's so simple and so easily seen through that he is no fun at all. I just tolerate him, but to-night—"

Polly tore open the letter and began to read. Her face was a study.

"What does he mean?" "Well, I never!" "This is certainly thrilling!" "I shall die of curiosity!" were just a few of her exclamations.

"For goodness sake, Polly, what is it?" I cried when I thought I, too, was in danger of dying of curiosity.

"Well, just listen to this! 'Polly, you must have heard of the—what shall I call it?—yes, disgrace that has befallen us at

home. Otherwise, I should not have mentioned it. It has been brewing all summer, as probably you know, but I hoped that it might be averted after all that has been done and tried. However, its awful realization and confirmation came Wednesday night. Polly, much as I enjoy and prize your letters, much as I value the gift of your friendship, I should prefer that all communication and association between us should be broken off, if you so think wise.' And so it goes on indefinitely, in that perfectly aimless way. Now isn't that the limit?"

"But what is the—er—disgrace?"

"Why, I don't know, and he doesn't say. Supposed I had heard it from home, but I haven't."

"What do you guess it is? You surely must have some idea."

"I haven't the remotest. But I'm just crazy to know. Must be an elopement or a divorce or something serious like that. But there's ten o'clock. Oh dear! Where did I put your umbrella? Have you got your Bible? Oh, of course you have; you always have everything. Now, I haven't a word, as usual. Good-bye."

I was so busy for some days after this, trying to arrange my course without any afternoon recitations, that I did not think to ask Polly about her "mystery," as she called it. But the next Wednesday night, we were in her room for a rarebit when the episode of the letter recurred to my mind.

"Oh, Polly," I asked, when there was a sufficient lull in the conversation and I was able to make myself heard across the room, "how about your Southern friend?"

Polly looked at me with disgust written on her countenance.

"Oh, don't!" she cried, "it was all a joke!"

"A joke!" said I, "but how?"

"It was this way," she said, seating herself on the couch by my side. "One night this summer, when he was at the house we got into a discussion, for lack of anything better to do. He said that women are more gullible than men—another sign of their inferiority, you know. Of course, I said they weren't, and moreover I knew it and could prove it. So we bet a five-pound box of Huyler's—the winner to be the one who first succeeded in making the other believe some wild tale that he or she invented. And now I've lost! Oh, I was so mad! But of course he was decent enough to send the candy just the same. Have a piece?"

BEATRICE LYONS.

DEW ON THE MEADOWS

Out o'er the meadows at dawn of day,
 Care free, lightly-tripping and merry !
 The children run gaily to laugh and play,
 Care free, lightly-tripping and merry !

Sing heigh for the dewdrops that sparkle and gleam,
 The grass thickly spattered with daisies,
 Sing heigh for the wandering iris-banked stream,
 Deep-drowsing in pools 'neath the shadows.

The last dandelions now hoary with age
 Stand tall 'mid the thick growing clover,
 Dame Nature is showing with each turning page
 New joys for her children who love her.

Come then, away, at the dawning of day,
 Care free, lightly-tripping and merry !
 Out on the meadows to laugh and to play,
 Care free, lightly-tripping and merry !

HARRIETT CHILDS.

Since my adored brother Tim became Professor of Entomology at Leland Stanford, all his spare cash has been required to aid my meagre income from Lackawanna and Western Bismillah ! ern first preferred, in buying my degree. And as L. and W. had paid no interest after they declared twenty per cent. dividends the same year that Tim went West, we had each enjoyed our separate outings on the interest of Hopes and Anticipations, for we were both large holders of deferred stock. Moreover, Mr. Brandon, my guardian, had confessed to me that it might be a long time before I received anything from Lackawanna and Western.

A few months before my graduation, Tim wrote that he had a place for me to teach German in Palo Alto, near a bank where I could deposit the interest on H. and A. and have a vacation on my salary—provided my vacation was short. But it was well that my big brother couldn't see the expression with which his news was received. Teach German ! Horrors ! He knew that I had specialized in botany for three years, and hated languages ! Of course, I had taken German and other things, but I didn't know anything except botany. Teach German ! indeed ! Still, could I disappoint Tim ? No ! a thousand times no ! And I would wear my gray matter to shreds to have a place

near him. There was no way out of it. Sooner or later, Fate always compels me to do everything that I vow I will not do. Now, I must work in summer school and learn to teach German.

Tim's next letter was bursting with news, and plans for joys present and to come. He had sold three stories and promised four more to the same publisher. By June he would be so rich that we could take a jolly trip together, and his principal occupation was trying to decide which part of the United States was most worthy to be the honored scene of our joyful reunion.

By the next week, it was all settled. He and "Little Jack Horner"—six-feet-one-and-a-half—had always dreamed about taking their sisters to camp on Lake Tahoe, where they two had spent one summer while they were in college. Jack and his mother and sister had been as tinder in the flames, when they heard that we, too, were ready.

"Tahoe is thirty miles of the bluest water, surrounded by great domes of pine-covered mountains, glistening white along their summits. 'Way over on one corner we have a camp among the trees, and not far away a trout brook. Some Indians and their squaws are the only human beings, besides ourselves, who ever go there, Jack says. He will arrange for the outfit and we all meet at Truckee. You shall have proper clothes for the trip—a brown canvas skirt, leather bound, a man's hunting coat with numberless pockets, also leather bound, and a Roosevelt hat. I can see it now, with a fetching little sidewise tilt. Such a picture! You may use my best fly rod, and your own little folding kodak. If you don't enjoy it all—well!

"And what shall we have to eat? Will you make biscuits in a frying pan? One time Jack made a pie—dried apricot with an armor steel crust and a copper bottom. We shall certainly have trout. Such beautiful, shy, fickle creatures they are. We shall build a wickie-up down by the lakeside. Can't you smell the pines, and see the smoke from the camp fire curling up among the trees? After supper it will be cool, but I will wrap you in a big Indian blanket, and we will sit out in the wickie-up to watch the night come and the stars. A roaring camp fire, the red light on the pine trunks, the blue sky and stars in the lake, the black night under the trees, and the silence all around."

What should I do! The time and the money must be spent in summer school. I had said nothing about it because I never

dreamed that he would rush things through so. I must tell him all about it immediately. But could I? They would none of them go without me. Must I spoil it for them all? Was there no way out of it? Then I spent five days concocting all manner of wild schemes, which should make that summer include both the work and the play. No use. They were only wild schemes. Never had I waited so long before answering his letter. I dared not put it off another day. I sat down and wrote him a short, rather formal note of thanks, vainly trying to conceal my disappointment, and telling him very definitely that my summer must be spent here at work.

For the three remaining days of that week I attended classes like a machine, but made no effort to prepare for them. Over Sunday I smiled at no one, and nobody smiled at me.

Monday noon at dinner the maid brought me two yellow envelopes. My friends afterwards said that I could look no whiter than I had all day, that I betrayed no emotion, that even my hand was steady as I tore them open and read:

"Lackawanna and Western will pay up to date, May first.

J. C. BRANDON."

"Botany teacher eloped. I have the position for you.

TIM."

BESSE EDITH MITCHELL.

MOTHER

If I knew how the gold of Ophir
 Could be found at the rainbow's end,
 Or the jewels of Cleopatra,
 At thy feet I would lowly bend
 And present them to you, my queen.

But the gaudy rings of the Nile queen
 Are not for your work-worn hand,
 And the wealth of all the Indies
 Would not bring from that Other Land
 The dear face of one who has gone.

But far sweeter is joyous service,
 Loving care, and a sympathy true,
 Though 'tis found in the meanest cottage,
 So these are my gifts to you,
 Blessed mother, with grief-dimmed eyes.

HARRIETT CHILDS.

EDITORIAL

It is not the American fashion to wear one's inherited labels pasted conspicuously across one's bosom. One buttons the coat over them and displays them rarely; then only upon very needful occasion. Whether this fashion springs from a national modesty, or from an instinct to conceal a certain poverty of label, I do not profess to know. There is, possibly, just a hint of compromise; a sort of prudent agreement that we shall all keep our coats buttoned; a sort of national "no questions asked." If such a compromise exists, it has its advantages. Young civilizations cannot afford to be too particular about these things. There is an emergency to be met—a man steps forward—society cannot afford to be too nice: there is the emergency and there the one man. Who cares who his grandfather was? cries society. The man meets the emergency. Young society draws a long breath of relief. Then, since the young are impetuously grateful, it crowds about the man, pushing and jostling in the effort to shake him by the hand. Some one presents him with a brand-new handsome label inscribed with some title invented for the occasion: "Savior of Society," or such. Cheers shake the air, hats are tossed up. Ten chances to one the newly-labelled, in a burst of self-gratulatory humility, throws open his coat and discloses, on a grimy slip, "Tom, son of John, the rag-picker." Does young society blench? Not at all. It claps Tom, son of John, the rag-picker, upon the shoulder, and cries "Bravo, Tom, son of John, the rag-picker! Behold, this is the spirit of democracy!"

So it becomes the fashion to display, on dress-parade, not our inherited but our acquired labels. Nowhere is this rejection of the inherited labels, this testing of the individual by the environment, and this subsequent labelling of him according to what he proves himself, shown more clearly than here at college. The Freshman class comes in: the unlabeled *den masse*. Every year some girls expect to hand out their labels like tickets of admission. "I am Marie, youngest daughter of that Marie who invented the game of basket-ball. I should like to play on the

19x team." The Junior coach does not seem impressed. "Sign for practice," she says. "I am Penelope, the daughter of the authoress. I should like to write for the MONTHLY." "Put all contributions in the MONTHLY box," replies the sketch editor. "I am Charity, eldest daughter of the missionary. I should like to be on the Cabinet." "Would you care to visit the Old Ladies' Home once a week or so?" inquires the Chairman.

Yet there is a first team chosen, and there appear a few freshman contributions in the MONTHLY, and 19x is represented on the Cabinet; and it may well be that Marie and Penelope and Charity, being respectively of the stuff of which basket-ball players, and writers, and missionaries are made, will acquire for themselves, in the end, labels very similar to those inherited slips which they offered so uselessly for inspection in the beginning. Just here, indeed, is the use of labels: inherited or acquired, they record those achievements or failures to achieve, of ours or our race, which show what we are made of and what may be expected of us in the future. They are not entirely reliable; they are rarely conclusive; there is always the danger that in stating an unrelated, limited set of facts they may misrepresent us so grossly as to tell an untruth about us; nevertheless, they are very convenient for purposes of practical everyday social intercourse. While it may be more entirely satisfactory, in any given case, to ignore the labels and sample a personality unprejudiced, it would be practically impossible to apply such a process to every personality in one's environment. Far wiser to narrow the field of personal investigation by a discriminating perusal of labels, reserving the ultimate personal test for the "possibles" after the "impossibles" have been eliminated.

It is for us, then, the labelled, to be careful that our labels fit the truth about us. After that, it is worth while to make the truth about us a truth that has a label which we shall be proud to wear and to hand down to our children. Society is growing older; it will more and more carry over its pride in its achievements to a fondness for the record of the achievement. The label will more and more become a symbol. Now is the time to provide that the labels of the future be records that, as individuals, or as families, or as a nation, we shall be proud of. I wish that we may develop a good taste in labels, and that our treasured ones may be the labels not of commercialism but of culture.

EDITOR'S TABLE

At the beginning of each year, the girls in every campus house are required to go over to the gymnasium and practice coming down the fire escapes which hang from the balcony there. The girl adjusts the belt, slips out through the railings, stands on the edge of the balcony, grasps the rope, and then—then we perceive variations in human nature. Some swing out and descend with a calm dignity. Some go alertly as if they enjoyed the small excitement. Some tear their hair in mock fright, then wriggle gaily down the rope. And some, some cling to the railing, the platform, their friends—anything. They are assured that they cannot fall, that when they start the rope will give them firm support, but they dislike to step off into space.

There are undoubtedly some girls who regard graduation from college as a sort of stepping off into space. Perhaps this feeling is not general, in many cases it must be very slight, if indeed it exists at all. But for some it is a reality, which they find a detriment now if not later.

It is claimed, with justice, that college develops self-confidence and self-reliance. This idea upholds many a freshman. She has spent most of her life in the school room, she feels her present incompetence to take her place in the outside world but feels that college will prepare her for this. So she merges her life in that of the college. Its interests become her interests. This is as it should be, but we are frequently criticized by outsiders for our ignorance of current events.

"Don't you ever read a newspaper?" they ask. We tell them that we do not read many newspapers and tell ourselves that home girls don't seem to be much better informed on present day topics than we ourselves, and anyway we are learning something at college.

About senior year, if not before, we realize how slight this learning is. There is so much offered in college and we can get

so little of it in four short years! And in June we must go out with this equipment. We will be college graduates and, whatever our work is to be, we want to do it a little better, live lives that are a little more useful than as if we had not had our extra training. Life is waiting for us and we feel so young, so incompetent!

And every day the sense of our responsibilities deepens. Shall we be writers? We critically examine our literary efforts and wonder if we have any moral right to put such stuff in the way of being read. Shall we be teachers? We hear that this has been wrongly taught, that has been wrongly taught, and what are the direful effects of such teaching. We shudder. We mean well, we will try to avoid those particular pitfalls, but are there not others, digged for the unwary, into which we may fall? Shall we make home happy? *Can* we? Shall we be wives and mothers? Oh, will man, that reasoning animal, love us the more if we ably refute his arguments?—and as for The Child, that interesting topic we have studied in psychology—our courage fails us. Able-bodied men have been known to slink, terrorized, from a room when entered the household cat, simply because they had met with a furry kitten at the wrong psychological moment in their youth. We may present a kitten, we may be responsible for a thing like that.

We have always vaguely realized that every human being exerts some influence on others, but it has never worried us. Now we seem about to be set forth and told, "Thou shalt influence." Men, women, and even—no, particularly—helpless children cannot escape us. And with our little knowledge of the world and ourselves, we step off—into what?

Well, we were all born once. We were speechless, toothless, hairless, and altogether lacked many desirable qualities and adjuncts which we now possess. But no one asked us if we wished to be born, and no one asks us if we wish to live and work. We have to do it, and, what is more, we have always done it. Now we are going to be labelled—that is the chief difference. And if we are aghast at the many things we do not know, let us remember that the little country school teacher didn't know as much as we do now—but she taught us. Rome was not built in a day, nor is perfection of life or work to be attained by a college-bred generation. What we can do is to contribute our mite. As for the stepping off into space, others

have done it before us and found their support, why should it fail us ?

Nature has use for us all and when she needs us, she gives the signal. We feel it now, and in spite of doubts we want more and more to be about her work. There is room for us in the "wide, wide world," and life is calling, calling.

Bumhilde's Paying Guest, by Caroline Fuller. Published by the Century Company.

This book adds another to the list of those which give a picture of Southern life and dialect. It has a musical interest which very naturally follows the author's work while in college.

We wish to thank Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for the "Emerson Essays" by Miss Jordan, and print the following notice :

Nos. 171, 172. *Emerson's Essays*. Edited for study by Mary A. Jordan. With portrait.

Professor Jordan has selected the following essays as giving students a most comprehensive and stimulating view of Emerson's philosophy of life : "Compensation," "Character," "Friendship," "Heroism," "Manners," "Self-Reliance," "Behavior," "Experience," "Politics," and "History." The edition is fully annotated. In two parts, each, paper, 15 cents, net. Postpaid. Together in one volume, linen, 40 cents, net. Postpaid.

AUTUMN

In the fields where the reapers were shuttling,
And the sheaves stood reefed to the sun,
The ground is fallow and stubble ;
Harvest is done.

By the wimpling brook where we pledged ourselves,
Where the cottonwood blooms fell down,
The old, lichened log is graying ;
The leaves are brown.

In the hedge where we picked the last dog-rose,
And heard the yellow hammer's drum,
The sweetbrier is red and crimpling ;
Sear fall has come.

—Earl C. Ross, in *The Brunonian*.

WILL-O'-WISP

Wavering Heart, I wish I knew thee,
That all thy wanderings I might stay,
And keep thy moods so evanescent
From every tangled brier wood way.
Now April showers, now May's delight
Make eyes and lips with smiles bedight;
Or tears wept o'er a daisy's plight,
Swept by the mowers 'cross thy way.

Fluttering Flame, thy spirit listeth
With witches' fire afield at night,
Or like cloud shadows swift dissolving,
Wing o'er the hills in leeward flight.
A voice in winds, with grief replete,
A song where flowing waters meet,
The whispers that the glens repeat
Of lonely children of the night.

Will-o'-Wisp, if I could find thee,
I'd prison thee in music sweet,
And longing hearts of lovers listening,
Should tremble at thy song complete.
Old fountains with new tears o'erfill,
New romance summer moons distill,
And memories burden lips until
Dear names forgot they would repeat.

—Willard Ansley Gibson,
in Williams Literary Monthly.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

TRAVELING ABROAD

We're traveling over Europe now,
We're out to see the world ;
We've been across the Continent,
Through England we were hurled.

Rush and tear and fly about
Sight-seeing is a fraud,
But still, to be a social light
One *must* have been abroad.

LAURA CASEY GEDDES '07.

A twenty-mile ride by train from Honolulu, a ride where one skirts the blue, dancing sea, where one plows through the high-growing green cane-fields, or rushes along beside rice-fields and taro-patches.

"Wahiawa" All is life,—warm and bright greens, blues that almost dazzle, and withal enough humanity to give interest to the scene, for a plantation village flies past now and then, swarming with Chinese children, a Hawaiian "kuliana," too, with its low, rambling house, almost falling to pieces with age under the great mango tree, with its own little taro-patch near, and its cocoanut tree lending it a still more tropical touch. And all is typical of the free life, where there are not too many cares to prevent one from enjoying the warm sunlight or the cool wind that blows from the mountains.

At last you step out upon the platform and you find your first surprise, for an imperative, strangely un-Hawaiian voice asks if you are the passenger for Wahiawa. You are, so you clamber up into the heavy cart behind your driver, a representative of America in all her crudest sides, hard New Englandism with all the romance of history and of age shaken off in the struggle for existence in a new land ; a product of a new colonization without the religious principles behind it, and without those greatest perils that make its struggle interesting.

You are riding behind the straining horses—over rolling lands up and ever up to the mountains, deep and rich with color. There are great gulches here and there, where you hold your breath lest the cart with its creaking brake go rolling down more quickly than would be pleasant. Then there is the long, hard pull up the other side, and at last you are out on the open slope once more. Through an ungainly board gate, and there on the bare hillside,

lies the most uncompromisingly American of little towns, hard and brown in the newness of its frame houses and fresh flowered fields, the stiffness of its unpainted fences, and the squareness of its street corners. Set down in the middle of a soft green slope, against a background of the most luxuriously tinted mountains, its bareness is appalling. The streets are labelled neatly: Washington, Jefferson, and so on, down through the list of presidents as far as the rather limited number of streets will permit. There is nothing Hawaiian in the colony, no Keeaumoko Street or Nuuanu Avenue; just America for these Americans, regardless of setting or appropriateness. Even the name of this town, which as a district already had its traditional Hawaiian name, they change and pronounce according to the most approved rules for the English language. The effect is a little jarring, perhaps, to the feelings of a Hawaiian, but few such come to the colony, so what does it matter?

The chance visitor to the colony, especially if he come from Honolulu, feels a strange resentment at first. He lifts his eyes to the beautiful mountains and feels that such a scene ought not to be spoiled by the unappreciative,—that such mountains, such blue sea beyond and such cool winds ought not to be wasted thus. But when he has lived among them for a few days he feels more sympathy with the struggle of these hard-working men and women. If they do not love this land as he loves it himself, perhaps it is because it is so different from the land that failure and poverty have driven them from. The little board building which serves as church and school-house, too, and where a tuning fork is the only musical instrument, is the substitute for large churches and well-equipped schools in their home-land.

Working against repeated warnings of failure—for small farming has always been pronounced unprofitable in Hawaii—and against their own experience of failure, these hardy people are achieving a success that surprises their own most sanguine hopes, and as you leave the little colony of "Wahia-wa," it is with a feeling of gratitude to these present-day colonists, for the lesson in fortitude of their struggle, which, though it is without the glamor which surrounds that of the early settlers in New England, is nevertheless a struggle, bravely borne.

CHARLOTTE PEABODY DODGE '06.

The Chicago College Club is about to take its place beside its sister institutions in other larger cities. It is to have its formal opening on the fifteenth of October at its rather small home in

The New Chicago College Club the Fine Arts Building, and it will offer during the first year an entertainment of some kind at least once a month, a rest room to be open from nine to five on week days, luncheons for a small price on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and tea every afternoon. Besides these privileges, which are offered to members of the club and their friends, and which all college women visiting in the city are invited to share, the College Club rooms may be used as a regular meeting place by the various *alumnæ* associations. In succeeding years, when the furnishing as well as running expenses will not be covered by one year's income, greater opportunities will be offered by the club, and more

spacious rooms will be found, the luncheon facilities will grow with an increasing demand.

The plan of forming a College Club in Chicago has been the subject of discussion and action several times in the last ten years; but three great difficulties combined to make each effort futile. First, the separation of Chicago by the river into three "sides" as distinct and as far removed, in regard to their residence portions as three cities made it difficult for the interested persons to combine their efforts. Second, the scarcity of buildings available and desirable for a woman's club in the "down-town" district (the necessary situation of the club) offered a grave obstacle. Third, the exorbitant rentals in buildings that could be considered, made necessary a much larger income than was possible for a new movement. Moreover, so many clubs for women, formed for every conceivable object, already existed in this city that a College Club had to become a familiar idea before its need could be widely understood. The closer association of our Eastern with our Western college women, and a regular meeting place at a reasonable rent for the various college alumnae associations, are two of the chief uses of a College Club in Chicago.

Two years ago a general committee appointed to form a College Club reported to several associations that for five or six stated reasons its members could not advise the further development of the plan. The extent of this committee's work was not commonly known, and only those few who were familiar with the conditions were satisfied that the difficulties against which the committee labored, and that have since passed away, were insurmountable at that time. Last winter Ruth Hill Arnold, the chairman of that committee, was the means of raising another effort that has resulted in success. Through the following out of a plan devised by her and a committee of three other Smith graduates, all of the alumnae associations in the city were sufficiently interested to support a mass meeting of college women that was held in February. Since that time, through the faithful work of two successive directories, all the arrangements for starting the club have been successfully carried through, and it will open its doors with an enrolled membership of more than the required three hundred. Although the details of the earlier work have become merged in the later developments, the greatest credit is due to those first promoters of the idea of a Chicago College Club. They sowed the first seed, and when that failed to take root, they made a second and a third sowing. It is through their persistent though unfruitful efforts that a successful issue was at last made possible.

ELISABETH TELLING '04.

Owing to unexpected vacancies at one of the College Settlements, the Denison House, 93 Tyler Street, Boston, there will be opportunity for a few additional volunteer workers. Those especially fitted for work with boys will be welcome as residents, and opportunity for work in other lines is also offered. For further information address Miss Helena Stuart Dudley, Denison House, 93 Tyler Street, Boston, Mass.

Applications for tickets for Senior Dramatics, June 11 or 12, should be sent as soon as possible to the Alumnae Secretary, Miss Florence H. Snow, 184 Elm Street, Northampton. An alumna is allowed only one ticket on her name, and she cannot use another person's name to procure another ticket. Payment is not made for tickets until Commencement week. Any other business communications relative to Dramatics should be addressed to the Business Manager, Helen M. Hills, Hatfield House, Northampton.

The executive committee of the Alumnae Association announces the appointment of the following committees for the current year:

Finance Committee—Miss Ethel Freeman, Chairman; Miss Abbie W. Covell, Mrs. Katharine Jameson Greene.

Committee for Revising the By-laws—Miss Ellen T. Emerson, Chairman; Mrs. Annie Russell Marble, Mrs. Eleanor Bush Woods.

Railroad Rate Committee—Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke, Miss Florence H. Snow.

Committee on the Alumnae Procession—Miss Florence Jackson, Chairman; Miss Jessie Ames, Miss Clara Clarke.

Auditor—Miss Martha Mason.

ELLEN T. EMERSON, 2ND, Secretary.

All contributions for the Business Manager should be addressed to Harriet T. Carswell, Morris House.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'05. Katherine Forest,	Sept. 28
'07. Dorothy Wendell Davis,	" 28
'07. Agatha E. Gruber,	" 28
'05. Marion Rice,	Oct. 3
'00. Mary L. Deane,	" 7
'04. Helen C. Marble,	" 7-11
'04. Mary Lois James,	" 8
'00. Anne Perry Hincks,	" 9
'00. Margaret Vanderbilt,	" 9
'03. Margaret Cooper Cook,	" 9
'03. Anne Dyer Tuttle,	" 9
'07. Pearle Bradbury,	" 9
'07. Edna Linsey,	" 9
'07. Elsie Pritchard,	" 9
'07. Mary Noyes,	" 9-14
'07. Agnes Vaughan,	" 9-14
'07. Elizabeth Ballard,	" 9-15
'02. Ethel Hale Freeman,	" 11
'07. Leonora Bates,	" 11
'07. Isabel Brodrick,	" 11

'07.	Lilian Dyott Major,	Oct.	11
'07.	Alice Ward Roberts,	"	11
'07.	Katrina Rodenbach,	"	11
'03.	Annie May Murray,	"	11-12
'05.	Jessie Murray,	"	11-12
'06.	Josephine A. Lane,	"	11-12
'07.	Carolyn Tucker,	"	11-15
'07.	Helen Chapin Moody,	"	12
'07.	Margaret D. Coe,	"	12-15
'95.	Martha Wilson,	"	19-21
ex-'09.	Alice G. Martin,	"	22
'07.	Edith McElroy,	"	23-30
'06.	Marjorie Stephens Allen,	"	24
'97.	Katherine Perkins,	"	25
'98.	Rejoyce B. Collins,	"	25
'07.	Anna Quincy Churchill,	"	25
'07.	Bessie M. White,	"	25
'07.	Lura Bugbee,	"	26-27
'07.	Sophie O. Harris,	Nov.	1
'07.	Elizabeth L. Young,	"	1

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Florence Dixon, 20 Belmont Avenue, Northampton.

- '96. Mrs. Charles A. Ruggles (Amelia D. Smith) has moved from San Francisco, California, to Butte, Montana, which will be her future address.
- '98. Florence Lillie was married, August 31, to Mr. Frank E. Wheeler. Address, 162 Fort Pleasant Avenue, Springfield, Massachusetts.
- '99. Mrs. Lincoln Clarke (Carolle Barker) has decided to remain permanently in Pasadena. Until February her address will be 519 Oakland Avenue.
- '02. Lydia Sargent was married, November 1, to Walter O. Lee, Esq., of Hove, England. Address for the winter, 371 Edgecombe Avenue, New York City.
- '03. Ethel Savoy Keep was married, October 3, to Mr. Frank Davis Layton, at South Norwalk, Connecticut.

Marie Roberta Lockhart was married, October 10, to Mr. George Gottlieb Merry, at Buffalo, New York.

Emma H. Sterling announces her engagement to Mr. Wilfred H. Merrill, Yale '00, City Judge of Poughkeepsie, New York.

Alta Zens announces her engagement to Mr. Jesse J. Vineyard.

- '05. Ethel W. Brooks was married, September 14, to Mr. Harold Cheney of Pembroke, New Hampshire. They will make their home in Pembroke.
- Mary Alice Perry announces her engagement to Mr. Howard Rogers Whitney of Somerville, Tufts '05.

Robina Protheroe and her family sailed on the the Carpathea, October 10, for Naples. Her address will be care of Messers. Kidder, Peabody & Co., Bankers, Naples.

- ex-'05.* Jessie S. Girvan was married, September 10, to Morgan B. Garlock, Cornell '04, Columbia Law School '06. They will make their home in Utica, New York, where Mr. Garlock has practiced law for the past year.
- '06. Helena Bassett Alford is to spend the winter in New York City, taking a course in library training. Address, 419 West 121st Street.
- Mary Frances Holmes announces her engagement to Lieutenant Clyde Leslie Eastman, United States Army.
- Gail Tritch is teaching English History and Cæsar in the Findlay, Ohio, High School this year.
- '07. Marie C. Adsit will do some post-graduate work at the State Normal College, Albany.
- Ethel Bartholomew is at the College Settlement, 95 Rivington Street, for the winter.
- Jasmine Britton will spend the year in Alaska until next summer, when she hopes to take up library work.
- Sybyl A. Butterick is at home at 120 Hemenway Street, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Helen F. Kent will be at home at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, for the coming year.
- Marion Niles is in Berlin, studying German and Music.
- Edna Perry is studying Piano and Pipe Organ at the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago.
- Madeline Porter has returned from Europe, and will spend the winter at home.
- Katherine Rusk will be at home at 2000 East Baltimore Street, Baltimore.
- Helen Russell expects to be in Berlin this winter.
- Mabel Matilda Sheibley is teaching Latin and English at the Allentown College for Women, Pennsylvania.
- Louise O. Thorne is teaching Latin and English in Mount Aloysius Academy, Cresson, Pennsylvania.

BIRTHS

- '96. Mrs. Charles Rollin Allen, Jr. (Mabel S. Calef), a daughter, Lucy Emma, born July 11.
- '99. Mrs. Lincoln Clark (Carole Barker), a son, Lincoln, born October 16.
- '03. Mrs. George A. Smith (Klara E. Frank), a son, George A. Smith, Jr., born September 6.

ABOUT COLLEGE

CELEBRITY

The Author
loveth peace and
privacy.

I am but one of little note,
A student of the past ;
I won't accept publicity,
I never have been asked !

The Author
telleth of a famous
friend.

But I've a friend who's a celeb ;
I sit outside her door,
(When she has gone to bed) and view
Her flowers on the floor.

The Author
holdeth converse
with Field's man—

I see the man from Field's come up,
Full many a box he bears.
He lugs her flowers up the hill ;
I lug them up the stairs.

And ruminateth.

Go to ! Go to ! You florist man !
No thrills your calm heart trouble,
Our work hath made no bond 'twixt us ;
My spirits boil and bubble.

She visiteth the
friend in her blossomed
bower.

She sits within her blossomed bower ;
I toil up slowly thither,
And struggle through the underbrush,
To untie boxes with her.

A simile.

But when at night, like Burnham Wood,
Her roses storm the hall,
Backed by the fierce chrysanthemums,
In fragile vases tall ;

The friend
putteth her flowers
in the hall

I hear the crash of glass on wood,
The violets cry in pain ;
I skitter quietly down the hall,
And set them up again.

And the Author
careth for them.

Within she sleeps by college rules,
For me she has no feeling,
I mop the floor up—*very* late!—
To save the down-stairs ceiling.

The friend
keepeth rules.
The Author
doth not.

She inhales à la G. F. A.
Of oxygen no little,
But she must gasp as best she can
Whose doubled back gets brittle.

The Author
seeketh privacy.

The courtier of the simple life
Does always as she pleases;
A private individual
No irksome duty teases.

Yet she loveth
flowers.

I do not want to keep the rules;
I shun the public eye;
My nature is retiring;
But all those flowers—oh my!

HENRIETTA SPERRY '10.

"I do not know what it is," said one Stern Critic of the "College Girl" to me, "but certainly college girls lack something that other girls have."

I laughed at this. I tried to show him how ab-

"As Others See Us" surd it was to put us all in one class in this indiscriminating way.

"There is no College Type," I insisted.

"There you are wrong!" the Stern Critic replied. "I should know a college girl anywhere."

As this Stern Critic's experiences of the "College Girl" had been gathered for the most part in the town of Northampton, I resolved upon my return to Smith in the fall to discover just exactly what it is that college girls have in common, that sets them apart from purely rational human beings—and Eureka! I have found it.

Look over the campus on any day of the year, the rare days of June or the bleak days of December and watch the hurrying figures. Is there a single one whose costume seems to end with her skirt-binding? Meet them face to face and many of them are faultlessly attired, but turn one around and thereby hangs a tail! It is her petticoat, the outward and visible sign of her college training. Could this be what the Stern Critic had meant? I shuddered at the thought.

"A man is known by the company he keeps," but a Smith girl, old or young or great or small, may be known by the petticoat that she is losing.

I have even heard of one mother, who, after having visited here for a few days, asked her daughter if it was an entrance requirement to have two or three inches of petticoat always on display. And surely, she had no reason to suppose that it is a course of action that may be dropped upon admission to the college.

So, if any one ever says to you, "Ah—I thought that you were from Smith," grow suspicious immediately and—sit down. Or, better yet, why not lose this mark of individuality, remembering that petticoats, unlike little children, may be heard, but as a general thing, should not be seen?

MIRIAM A. MYERS '08.

CONCERNING BORES

She said she was bored to extinction, almost,
By all of the people she knew,
But how would she feel if she ever should be
Alone for an hour or two?

MARY PRESCOTT PARSONS '08.

A DAY DREAM

I paid a bill at Parks' to-day,
And my ! but they were kind ;
They gave me two carnations sweet,
The tallest they could find.

And then I thought how fine 'twould be
If every other place
Where I had any bills to pay
Would keep up with this pace.

If when I went to Beckman's
To pay my little bill
They'd hand me out a two-pound box,
And say, "Now take your fill."

If Mr. Bicknell and Mandell
Would be so kindly pleasant,
And say, "This pair of nice tan pumps,
Pray take them as a present."

If Boyden's gave a dinner,
And Kingsley gave an ice,
And all the others followed suit,
Now wouldn't that be nice?

I'm sure I'd often run a bill,
And often go to pay,
If all the people were as nice
As Mr. Parks to-day.

J. ESTELLE VALENTINE '10.

The youthful spirit of Criticism is roaming at large around our college. Even as I write I feel her hand guiding my pencil, and tremble for the effect.

For she is young and "green" as the "greenest"

A Spirit at Large freshman, yet she dares to wander anywhere, and steps with irreverent feet on sacred ground. Yes, she has been known to comment on the cut of the faculty's raiment, and even to question the length of faculty's prayers in chapel. In her immature state she is the more terrible, since she lacks the perspective eye and the probing vision, and, more truly than the average mortal, looks merely on the external appearance.

Now these are this spirit's characteristics: a brazen air and a forward manner. Far from belonging to any one class, she is received and encouraged by all. She is to be found in class meetings, at chapel, often sitting agog in senior seats, "toted about" on the campus, frequently taken on "bats."

The youthful Criticism on a "bat" is a most unruly child. There she is free from any shadow of restraint, and has no regard for the polite decencies. Sticking her fingers into everybody's pies and jumping on everything in sight in hilarious abandon, she forgets when to stop, and her wild careerings recall those of the ship's cannon described by Victor Hugo.

More often this spirit is received into private rooms after lights are out. Then she holds high revel and makes her a feast of the remains of once good friends, carefully operated into bits with her vivisectioning knife.

But is this spirit a fallen angel? Is her mission entirely an evil one? If she does do good, is it only through some terrible surgical operation performed upon the notes in her sisters' eyes? And yet, more terrible than the rising bell is the sound of one at our college table audibly eating soup! Criticism is the only salvation of such a one and Criticism steps boldly up to do her duty in a free-spoken college.

Does one bear the mark of provincialism, saying, "Anner, I saw you at the theater las' night," or does one still cling to Pumpkinville garments, the ever watchful Criticism is upon her, and the result is scarring but effective. In like manner the fat, inflated ego of the "snobby" one is immediately punctured by this irrepressible spirit who, whatever may be her faults, is no respecter of persons.

Have I been quite fair to this omnipresent young creature, or have I been looking at her through her own glasses? Often she steps in where the angels pause, sometimes with miraculous effect; more often it would have been better had she paused with the angels. In her youth she is dangerous, but she will grow wiser with age. Criticism matured, seasoned, experienced—oh what a transformation! Then she is seen presiding over the council, taking tea with the faculty and sitting in righteous judgment over that English called Thirteen. There, there she probes the thoughts of maidens, nor looks too intently on the outward handwriting!

VIRGINIA CRAVEN '10.

A WARNING

Be careful Freshmen! Look about,
For Freshman Fever's cropping out.
The Silly Germ is in the air
And may attack you anywhere.
Beware of lovely Junior's eyes
Beware of Seniors, wondrous wise.
Erect no pedestal on air
And place no college goddess there.
If you are prone from Rubber Row
To watch *one* figure down below,
If, when she smiles at you, you beam
And when she doesn't look, you seem
Quite glum—then heed the warning note
And swiftly seek an antidote.
Take refuge in a long brisk walk,
Keep mum, and let your roommate talk
About the girl she thinks a queen
And see yourself as you are seen.
Steer clear of Boyden's urgent sign,
To chapel go without design.
At last, if these precautions fail,
And you're still looking wan and pale,
On Mathematics bend your mind,
That's guaranteed to cure, you'll find.
Of course some Freshmen will maintain
That fever is more joy than pain.
Beware the joy this fever hath,
Reflect upon the aftermath.
So, careful Freshman! Look about!
The Freshman Fever's cropping out!
Be wise, so you need never blush
That you've been there—a Freshman Crush!

EDITH L. JARVIS '09.

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE

There is a story strange to tell:
(Cramming is such sweet sorrow)
The things you study all the night
You *don't* get on the morrow.

VIRGINIA C. CRAVEN '10.

THOUGHTS IN ZOÖLOGY

What do I care for a grasshopper's nerve, or the tongue of a butterfly?
 My fingers are busy pinning them out, but I am not here,—not I!
 For I lie at full length on the short salt grass on a cliff overhanging the sea,
 And over my head a butterfly sways, on wings that are poised, and free.
 Far down below comes the swish of the kelp as it floats in the ebb of the tide,
 And the shrill harsh cry of a cricket near, hid in the grass by my side.
 What do they know of pins and knives, out there with the grass and the sea?
 And I would I were out-of-doors with them, and they were not here with me!

SIDNEY BALDWIN '10.

You have left all your reading until the last minute. This is exactly what you did not intend to do. The written lesson comes on Tuesday. It is now Saturday and it occurs to you that the

With Reference to "References" best and the most natural way to procure the books that you require is by reserving them at the Reference Library. Unhappily this same thought has earlier occurred to many others.

"When may I have Hazlitt?" you say to the librarian.

Her eyes wander over the slip, from the days of neglect to the days of increasing popularity.

"You may have it any time Wednesday," she announces gravely.

Here you may be pardoned for growing impatient with her. She knows that you do not want it Wednesday. A thirst for General Culture seldom brings one to the Reference Library. This is not the place for literary browsing. It is the place for stern application to Tasks. Within these walls there is a subtle alchemy that transmutes Pleasure into Duty, while Duty itself altereth not.

It is too soon to give up your search. There are other authors to be demanded. You have "three hours' reading" to do in Coleridge.

"When may I have Coleridge?" you ask.

The librarian looks at the slip, where the population is densest.

"There is Monday from one to two. That is all," she says.

The vision of a luncheonless Monday is not particularly alluring, but you reason with yourself thus:

"From one to two! If that is the only time I can have it, I suppose that I *must* do my three hours' reading then." So you say to the librarian, "I will take Coleridge for that hour."

Here you feel the annoyed and vindictive frown of the girl behind you, who, with the air of a Christian martyr, has been waiting for your fall, in order to show that the call of the spirit was strong within her.

"And Leigh Hunt! What of him?" the hope, that springs eternal, impels you to ask.

There are two hours left on the slip. You may have Leigh Hunt from seven until nine Saturday evening. This is not exactly what you had planned to do Saturday evening, but for once you decide to let your studies interfere with your college course (the Green Dragon to the contrary). and the girl

behind, who has been shifting from one foot to the other, groans heavily. Eternal hope has left her at last.

You come to the library on Saturday evening. Leigh Hunt is entertaining. This surprises you, perhaps, but the first half-hour is even enjoyable. Then you hear a familiar whistle on the campus. You sigh—not in pity for the soul that is going the way of crowing hens. Alas! that is not the thought that is uppermost in your mind. The fiend is at your elbow—but your task is before you.

Another hour of Leigh Hunt and you have already decided what you think of him. He is not to be taken in such liberal doses, but homeopathically, one little essay at a time.

You look up from the book. (You have done this at intervals all through the evening.) There is something familiar in the face of that girl at the opposite table. Something annoys her. She frowns. Then you recognize her. She it was, who had come to the library one minute too late.

You are seized with a noble impulse. With "Leigh Hunt" in your hand, you arise from your chair with a clatter that disturbs the earnest student of philosophy beside you. You walk over and interrupt the evolution of a scowl on the face of the unhappy girl at the opposite table. How your words will cheer her! With what gratitude she will receive the little volume from your hand!

"I beg your pardon, but—," you inanely begin, and then you tell her what blessings you have to bestow, the glad tidings that you bring. She receives the news with polite but almost frigid indifference. She thanks you, but she has bought the book that afternoon. You leave the library in disgust.

Sunday you devote to a copy of Hazlitt that you have bought, a copy that contains none of the essays that were most heartily recommended. This is too bad, but it is a misfortune that must be borne.

Monday you spend in going to recitations as usual. One o'clock strikes. If you have spent the last hour in College Hall you are cold and hungry, and anyway, you are hungry. Then you remember "Coleridge!" and wearily get the book from the librarian. The unconscious irony of the title is depressing—"Table Talk!" Ah, it is not a literary feast that you desire, but you must take what is set before you.

You do not like the reference room. You know that you will be more comfortable in the library. You open the door. A chill blast strikes you as you enter. The room is undergoing a process of ventilation. Here you sit in sorrow and shiver away the hour.

Two o'clock strikes. A greedy girl appears and demands her book. You give it up willingly, although your conscience is not quite clear as to the three hours' reading. But after all, what is there to do? To be sure, you know little of Hazlitt and less of Coleridge, but there is Leigh Hunt, and, since man is to be relied upon as a creature of habit, without a doubt there will be a choice of questions!

MIRIAM A. MYERS '08.

TUESDAY, THE TWENTY-SIXTH

I'm going home ;
 The iron rails' creak, the whistle's shriek,
 The wires that streak across the sky,
 The level track, as we look back.
 Reeled out behind us as we fly,
 All cry to me, I'm going home.

I'm going home ;
 The fleeting trees, the hurtling breeze
 That through the window whips my hair,
 The fresh hay-load down the long road
 That runs to meet the Everywhere,
 All shout to me, I'm going home.

I'm going home ;
 The whole glad earth, in jocund mirth,
 The sun with many a dancing mote,
 The throbbing train, racing in vain
 The tremblings of my heart and throat,
 All sing to me, I'm going home.

MARION PATTON '10.

CHAPEL MEDITATIONS

From my seat in Rubber Row
 I watch the juniors come and go,
 But *one* I watch for eagerly,
 For somehow she appeals to me.
 I like the swingy way she walks,
 Her face lights up so when she talks,
 I like her hat with its blue feather,
 Her purse, too, it's of patent leather.
 Her hair is light, and red. I think,
 And in the sun it's sort of—pink.
 (Gold I really should have said,
 But what is pink if not light red ?)
 She's tall and slim, and I like that,
 For I am sort of short and fat.
 I like those freckles on her nose,
 I like the way her back hair grows,
 And every word she's said to me
 I can remember easily.
 I wonder why I like her so,
 And watch for her to come and go,
 And when I meet her sometimes blush—
 It may be that I have a crush.

I wonder if I'll ever be
 A big junior celebrity,
 And have the freshmen look at me
 From Rubber Row admiringly,
 And watch for me to come and go
 The way I watch her down below.
 Yet, even if it should be so,
 I wonder, shall I ever know?

ELIZABETH SPADER CLARK '09.

CHANGES

"The times have changed," the poet says,
 And changed for the best, I see,
 But often I pine for the good old times,
 They were good enough for me.

Chapel has changed. The faculty sit
 High up on the platform there.
 No more will the sophomores study
 Their side combs and their hair.

Now quietly, with dignity,
 Out the rear door they glide,
 Oh how they used to wriggle,
 "Wriggle down the side."

Those who once sat in senior seats
 With hair marcelled and curled,
 Are teaching school or keeping house,
 Out in the cold, cold world.

No more a welcome sandwich
 In the basement may be bought.
 Hatless, we stray to the old K. K.—
 And charge more than we ought.

No more a rosy apple
 From a farmer will we sneak,
 We take our purses in our hands
 And buy one from the Greek.

Boyden's prices, how they've risen!
 For the things we like the most.
 One portion you cannot serve for two,
 Creamed chicken is all toast.

Yes, "Times have changed," the poet says,
And changed for the best, I see,
But often I pine for the good old times,
They were good enough for me.

ELIZABETH SPADER CLARK '09.

THE LUCKY NUMBER

"Why don't you take 'Thirteen,' my dear?
Miss Jordan's just delicious!"
"Because it's called 'Thirteen,'" she said,
"And I am superstitious!"

"I want to write—indeed I do,
For that I'm most ambitious!
Why do they call that course 'Thirteen'
When I am superstitious?"

"What feasts of wit the world will lose,
What literary dishes!
Because the course is called 'Thirteen,'
And I am superstitious!"

"Alas!" I cried, "Alas! O Fate!
Why art thou unpropitious?
Who lets this course be called 'Thirteen'
When she is superstitious?"

"Alas!" I cried, "what have we done,
That you such evil wish us,
To let the course be called 'Thirteen'
When she is superstitious?"

But Fate took me aside, and said,
"I am not unpropitious,
I've seen her High School work. I know
Her style. It's something vicious.
But they have praised her essays there
In words most injudicious."

And then I cried, "O Fate! Forgive!
Forgive my act pernicious!
How could I call a Fate unkind
That had our happiness in mind,
That ever was propitious,
That called the English course 'Thirteen,'
And made her superstitious!"

The Freshman walked slowly toward College Hall. She seemed to have some serious matter upon her mind, for she did not see her roommate as she passed, and what is more wonderful, her "Crush" was

The Oracle within ten feet of her before the Freshman saw her at all. She walked slowly on until she reached the steps of the building, and then she turned and walked a little way back. Did she dare go in? But if she did not dare, she deserved to have to stay in this dreadful place.

Fortified by this thought, she went quickly into the Hall, and her courage did not fail her until she found herself in the office, walking directly toward the Registrar. Then a sudden thought came as an inspiration. Perhaps it would tell in the catalogue! In a trembling voice she asked for a catalogue, and upon being told that there were none left except the copy in the office, which she might look in, she walked back to the desk where it was hanging. With shaking fingers she turned the pages. Ah, it would be here under expenses. She read it over twice. It said that no deductions would be made except for long illnesses. But if she left at once perhaps some other girl would have her room. So with fear and trembling she again approached the desk, and stammered, "If a girl should go home now, after she had paid her board and tuition, would she get the money back?" If a faint twinkle appeared in the Registrar's eyes, the Freshman did not notice it. The Registrar seemed to be thinking for a moment, and then she said gravely, "I don't know. Why? Are you thinking of going home?" "No, oh no, I was just wondering," stammered the Freshman. Then at last perceiving the twinkle in the Registrar's eyes, she turned and fled.

EMELIE M. PERKINS '10.

A GOOD FORGETTORY

(With Apologies)

I noticed that her pen flew fast
And page on page she hurried past.
"Why aren't you writing too?" she said,
"I fill my note-books, not my head."

But when exam-time came around
I saw she fussed and fumed and frowned,
Little did know this maid who said,
"I fill my note-books, not my head."

MYRTLE SMITH '08.

The name of Henry M. Tyler, Professor of Greek and Dean of Smith College, appears in the published list of contributors to the New Practical Reference Library, issued by the Dixon-Hanson Company of Faculty Notes Chicago. The work is an encyclopedia in five volumes, designed especially for schools.

Professor Gardiner has been elected a Trustee of Andover Theological Seminary.

Professor Bassett taught the American History classes in Yale Summer School. Professor Bassett has been appointed Lecturer on American History at Yale in place of Professor Bourne, who has leave of absence for the year. The work consists of holding the graduate seminar in American History and of examining candidates for doctors' degrees.

In September, an illustrated catalogue was issued by the Bausch and Lomb Optical Company of Rochester, N. Y., describing sixteen pieces of apparatus for use in Plant Physiology, developed by Professor Ganong in the Botanical Laboratories of Smith College.

Professor Pierce published a paper, in the July issue of *The American Journal of Psychology* entitled, "Gustatory Audition; a Hitherto Undescribed Variety of Synaesthesia," and a critical review of the "Symposium on the Subconscious," appearing in the spring and summer numbers of *The Journal of Abnormal Psychology*, the review being published in the September number of the *Journal of Philosophy, Psychology and Scientific Methods*.

Miss Bernardy has recently published "Emigrazione di lungo corso," (illustrated) concerning life of steerage passengers (Italian) on board Italian and other steamers—Florence, September, 1907; in the *Boston Evening Transcript*, accounts of archaeological discoveries in Italy (July), quoted by *Literary Digest* and others in July and August numbers. Letters from Spain, Morocco and Belgium published in *Giornale d'Italia* of Rome and *Martocco* of Florence.

Miss Cheever studied at Oxford during the spring term.

Miss Scott attended the annual meeting of the Dante Society at the house of Professor Charles Eliot Norton, in Cambridge, May 14, 1907. With Professor J. D. M. Ford of Harvard, and Professor Freeman Joscelyn of Boston University, she was appointed on the committee to award the Society's annual prize, of one hundred dollars, for the best essay on a subject, drawn from the life or works of Dante.

Mrs. Lee's work, "The Ibsen Secret; a Key to the Prose Dramas of Hendrick Ibsen," is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, October, 1907.

"Achilles Calls on Betty Harris" appears in *Harper's Magazine*, November, 1907.

Professor Churchill published in October, 1907—"Outline for a Course in Art Interpretation," "Outline for a General Course in History of Art," a Catalogue of Architects, Painters and Sculptors, from the Twelfth to the Nineteenth Centuries.

During the summer Mr. and Mrs. Wilder visited the Universities of *Christiania*, *Copenhagen*, *Lund*, *Rostock*, *Groningen*, *Amsterdam*, *Heidelberg*, *Freiburg*, *Strassburg*, *Padua* and *Athens*; during these visits they met, among others, Professors *Fürbinger*, *Weismann*, *G. Schwalbe*, *van Wijke*, *Hoops*, *Winkelband* and *Jellinek*. Of especial interest was the visit with Professor *Sklavounos*, the Anatomist of the National University at Athens. He is a native of Mt. Parnassas, with a thorough German training, and just at present is busily engaged in getting out a three volume work on Human Anatomy in his own language. The first volume is already out and possesses distinctive merit. He is training 300 students a year and his methods and equipment are equal to those of the best German Universities.

Professor Wood gave an address, "The Religious Use of Stories in the Old Testament," before the Delaware County Sunday School Convention, N. Y., in August; and he presided at Quaker Hill Conference, Sept. 8-12. He gave a few Bible studies in a series on "The Social Teachings of Jesus."

Miss Snow spent six weeks of the summer vacation studying Freshwater Algae at Wood's Hole.

Miss Barbour spent the second semester of last year and a part of the summer vacation in study and travel in Italy and Greece.

Miss Benton has a year's leave of absence for study in Italy. At present she is at work in Rome.

Miss Tetlow is away on leave of absence to do special work in English.

NEW APPOINTMENTS

Mr. Robert E. S. Olmsted, A. B., Professor of Vocal Music; A. B. Amherst 1893; student at the Metropolitan College of Music, New York City; teacher of Music in New York, Hartford, and in Broad Street Conservatory, Philadelphia.

Mr. Elihu Grant, B. D., Ph. D., Associate Professor of Biblical Literature; A. B. and A. M. Boston University; two and a half years studying in Syria; lecturer on Oriental History, Boston University.

Mr. William Dodge Gray, Ph. D., Instructor in Greek and Roman History; A. B. University of Arkansas. 1900; graduate student and Fellow at Cornell; student at University of Berlin, 1907; Ph. D. Cornell, 1907; engaged for four years in teaching Latin, German and History in preparatory schools.

Mme. Alice Portère-Baur, A. B., Instructor in French; born and educated in Paris; studied with private tutors; student at L'école nationale de dessin, and the University of Paris; teacher of French at Mrs. Cady's school and at Miss Johnston's, New Haven, Conn.; pursued graduate courses in the Romance Department of Yale University, 1900-1907; Professor of Romance Languages, Elmira College. 1905-1907.

Miss Josephine A. Clark, A. B., Librarian; A. B. Smith, 1880; chief Librarian in U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., 1890-1907.

Miss Anna Grace Newell, A. B. Smith, 1900, Assistant in Zoölogy.

Mlle. Sophie Wenstan. Assistant in French; studied at the Universities of Zürich, Brussels, St. Petersburg and Paris.

Miss Jennie M. Peers, A. B. 1905. Assistant in Music; Fellow in Music, Smith, 1903-1906; Instructor in Music, Kee Mar College. 1906-1907.

Miss Laura S. Clark, A. M., Assistant in Chemistry; A. B. Middlebury College; A. M. Columbia University; teacher at South Berwick, Maine.

Miss Lulu B. Joslin, A. M., Assistant in Physics; A. B. Brown University 1904, A. M. 1905; Research Assistant at Brown, 1905-1907.

Miss Jessie M. Jepson, A. B., Assistant in Elocution; A. B. Carleton College, 1904; School of Oratory, Boston, 1904-1906; Instructor in Elocution, Iowa University, 1906-1907.

Miss Adeline Norris, Assistant in Gymnastics; Boston School of Gymnastics.

Miss Anna M. Rambo, A. B., Smith 1905. Assistant in Mathematics.

Miss Caroline L. Sumner, A. B., Smith, 1890, Assistant in Latin.

Miss Annetta L. Clark, A. B., Smith, 1904, Registrar's Assistant.

Miss Louise S. Fuller, A. B., Smith, 1904, Reader in History; Fellow in History at Smith, 1906-1907.

Miss Helen L. Lewis, Assistant in Gymnastics; Boston School of Gymnastics,

Miss Luliona M. Barker, 1906, Fellow in Physics.

Miss Marie Murkland, 1906, Fellow in Philosophy.

Miss Mabel Bishop, Wellesley, 1905, Fellow in Zoölog.

Miss Pauline Sperry, 1906, Fellow in Music and Mathematics.

Miss Edith L. Spencer, 1902, Fellow in Botany.

Miss Clara Davidson, 1905, Fellow in Biblical Literature.

On Thursday afternoon, October 17, the French department was most fortunate in welcoming M. L'Abbé Klein, a member of the French Catholic clergy, who lectured upon "L'Idéal en Lit-

Lecture by M. L'Abbé Klein *térature.*"

M. Klein first suggested that if some height might be found from which to look upon literature as a whole, a better estimate of its relative worth might be made. From such a position the heights to which it has risen as well as its lower levels might be clearly perceived. Unfortunately, we have no such objective outlook, but we may consider literature as a whole from the standpoint of beauty. That form of literature which is most beautiful both in structure and content approaches most nearly to perfection. By beauty in literature, M. Klein means that quality which stirs its hearers, and which first manifests itself when but one sensation is satisfied. The music in Paul Verlaine's verse, appealing to the ear, color typical in Gautier, the silence and whiteness in the poems of Rodenbach, each contains an element of perfection. Again there is that form of literature which stirs the imagination, which animates the heart, and which inspires the ideal of virtue in life. Here the many sensations are experienced, one following the other, or mingled into one. More lofty still is that power of literature which, while it appeals to the senses, satisfies likewise the demands of the intellect. He quoted Pascal to illustrate this power, in which we are made to feel the insignificance of man in contrast to the immensity of creation.

Though the forms which have already been defined and illustrated contain much that is beautiful and inspiring, and occupy a lofty position relative to perfection in art, still the ideal form has not yet been touched upon. This form has been most nearly realized in the strife and action of Victor Hugo's work. He moves to life and action the greatest possibilities in man—he appeals to the senses, the heart, the imagination and the intellect. It is this power in art to stimulate in the greatest number of mankind the greatest number of faculties which M. Klein names *l'idéal en littérature.*

MARJORIE L. HENRY '08.

In Assembly Hall, October 26, the Kneisel Quartette opened this season's series of concerts, given under the direction of the music department, with an evening of typical chamber music. Not

Concert by Kneisel Quartette a little curiosity was felt by devotees of the old quartette at the introduction of a new element, in the persons of Mr. Roentgen, the second violinist, and Mr. Willike, the violincellist. But by the end of the first movement of the Schumann Quartette there was no doubt that able musicians have been found to succeed Mr. Theodorovitch and Mr. Schroeder. Mr. Willike's solo numbers proved him a master of his instrument, and one who gives promise of great things to come. His skillful, and in some places, brilliant technique was especially marked in the Bach Gavotte substituted for the Von Goens number announced on the program. Here he was at his best, rather than in the more lyric numbers, where a certain depth of interpretation was sometimes wanting.

The quartette as a whole was quite up to its usual pitch of excellence. Especially skillful was the attack in the disconnected passages in the third movement of the Schumann quartette. The two movements from the Paganini Quartette are by a truly Paganini exquisiteness and difficulty with which none but artists dare to cope. The "Kneisels" performed them with the rare perfection of which few but the Kneisels are capable, and made these two movements the most generally pleasing number on the program. The rather long drawn out impression of the Mendelssohn Quartette, coming as it did at the end of the program, was its only drawback. But in this, as in the other quartette numbers, the noticeably brilliant work by Mr. Kneisel offered a particular interest from beginning to end. The program was as follows :

Schumann :

Quartette, A minor, Op. 41, No. 1.

Introduzione (andante espressivo) Allegro.

Adagio.

Scherzo (Presto).

Presto.

Paganini : Adagio and menuetto from Quartette, E major.

Renard : Berceuse.

Von Goens : Scherzo.

Mr. Willike

Mendelssohn :

Quartet, G major, Op. 41.

Molto Allegro Vivace.

Menuetto (un poco allegretto).

Andante Espressivo ma con moto.

Presto con brio.

To those who are acquainted with the work of the Smith College Press Board, it always seems a pity that the college as a whole knows so little about it. The Press Board, therefore, has most gladly

The Press Board accepted this opportunity to tell of its aims and intention.

The object of the Press Board is to regulate the relations of the college and the press. It attempts to do this in two ways: first, by helping student-reporters to obtain accurate college news; and secondly, to prevent the publishing of newspaper accounts which in any way misrepresent the college. The Press Board has its Information Bureau, located in Room 13, Seelye Hall, through which authentic college news is supplied to the student-reporters. All the latest news of faculty and student life is kept on file here and is ready for the use of reporters working in coöperation with the Board. In order to keep all inaccurate news out of the press, each member of the Board is assigned one or more newspapers to watch, and a report of all mistakes and misrepresentations is made at each meeting of the Board.

It is hoped that the college as a whole will realize the importance of having only accurate and truthful reports of our college life circulated and will aid the Press Board by notifying it of false reports concerning the college found in any newspaper. We wish to thank the reporters for their hearty coöperation with us in the past, and to ask them to be ready to inform us of any way in which the Press Board can aid them more efficiently in the future.

The MONTHLY Board announces the resignation of Mary Byers Smith, former Managing Editor, in favor of Margaret Clark Rankin.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS

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CALENDAR

November 13. Concert by the Longy Club.

“ 16. Chapin House Play.

“ 20. Vocal Recital by

Mme. Marie Marschall-Churchill.

“ 23. 4 P. M. Lecture by M. Madelin, Subject :
Napoleon, professeur d'énergie.

“ 23. Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.

“ 27-29. Thanksgiving Recess.

“ 30. Haven House Dance.

December 4. Piano Recital by Richard Buhlig.

“ 7. Lecture by Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelley. Subject :
Modern Spanish Novelists.

“ 11. Open Meeting of the Philosophical Club. Lec-
ture by Miss Talbot of Mt. Holyoke College.
Subject : Nietzsche.

The
Smith College
Monthly

December - 1907

Conducted by the Senior Class

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EDITORS:

GRACE KELLOGG,

MARGARET HALLOCK STEEN,

MIRIAM ALMA MYERS,

EUNICE FULLER,

FLORENCE DIXON,

FLORENCE BATTERSON,

MARGARET CLARK RANKIN,

MARY PRESCOTT PARSONS.

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BUSINESS MANAGER,

MILDRED WILLCOX WILSON.

HARRIET TOWNSEND CARSWELL.

ALUMNÆ TREASURER,

KATHERINE DUBLE HINMAN.

Vol. XV.

DECEMBER, 1907.

No. 3

SHAKSPERE'S INTERPRETATION OF CHRISTIANITY

There is something about Shakspeare criticism that is very apt to make the most practical abandon his common sense to the four winds and proceed without it. And even we of latter years, who have learned to approach our Shakspeare with a microscope instead of viewing him through a hazy mist of worshipful reverence, when we attempt to discover how the world's "master-mind" looked at its greatest religion—even we are prone to forget our microscopes! It has taken the world several hundred years with their like number of fanatical tracts and treatises to discover that whatever Shakspeare's interpretation of Christianity was, it most certainly was *not* confined by the bounds of sectarian prejudice.

The old pamphleteers, blinded by zeal for their religious faiths, fell into the two pit-falls which threaten all Shakspeare criticism. They proved their points by passages ruthlessly wrenched from the context without regard for speaker or occasion, and they imputed to Shakspeare any sentiments hinted at

or expressed by any of his characters which happened to accord with their own religious opinions.¹

Well, then, if the old theological critics were wrong, what tests may we rightly apply to discover Shakspeare's interpretation? In the first place, Shakspeare was not a religious dramatist, as Rev. John M. Robertson has strikingly shown by comparing him with the Spanish Calderon.² Calderon definitely devotes his dramas to the interpretation of Christianity by the light of a sternly literal Catholicism. Poetic justice with him is another name for the exposition of the ruling tenets of the Holy Inquisition. Shakspeare was not a member of the Holy Inquisition who wrote dramas to set forth his theological ideas. He was a playwright who redramatized old stories to make a living. His plays are not moralities and his characters do not succeed or fail in that they are or are not embodiments of his preferred variety of Christian virtues. There is only one drama,³ and that, one of his earlier ones, where it seems to me that he may be said to do this with evident conscious purpose. In the others, poetic justice is administered in beautifully strict accord with Aristotle's law and not by the light of any theological or Christian system.

If then, neither in the disconnected utterances of his characters, nor in his distribution of poetic justice, we can find any direct expression of his idea of Christianity, our last alternative is to discover in the delineation of Christian and non-Christian character some trace of his interpretation. There is one way, too, in which, I think, we may fairly use the speeches of the characters as at least a negative evidence of some of Shakspeare's opinions on Christianity. When any of his clowns broadly jest on matters of religion, it seems to me indisputable proof that however Shakspeare looked at Christianity, he did not view it as would a believer in any of the ridiculed doctrines. Take, for instance, the very obvious attacks of wit made by Sir Toby and Sir Andrew Aguecheek upon Puritanism—"I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician,"⁴ and so on. As the critic, Georg Brandes, speaking of Shakspeare, remarks upon a like occasion

1 To what heights of absurdity some of the zealous critics attain may be illustrated by the argument advanced by Alfred Roffe in his "The Real Religion of Shakespeare," where he proves from Rosalind's speech, "O how full of briars is this working-day world," Shakspeare's belief that somewhere there existed a Sabbath-day world!

2 "The Religion of Shakspeare," p. 132.

3 Henry V.

4 "Twelfth Night," Act III, sc. 2.

in another play, "No believer would speak in this jesting tone of matters which must seem to him so momentous."¹ But from whatever standpoint we look at the dramas, in an attempt of this kind to discover how a writer of purely secular plays viewed a system of religion, the evidence must be at best mainly negative.

Granted then that Shakspeare is strictly a secular and not a religious dramatist, it certainly cannot be denied that he does make use of religious—officially religious—personages. If it is in the delineation of Christian and non-Christian characters that we are to look for Shakspeare's interpretation, why can we not find in these designed exponents of a phase of Christianity a very obvious and positive proof of his opinion? There are the bishops and archbishops of the historical plays, the friars of "Romeo and Juliet" and "Much Ado About Nothing," and the characters of Isabella and the friar-duke of "Measure for Measure." And their appearance in the plays is one of the main arguments of those who think that Shakspeare's view was that of the Roman Catholic church!

In the first place the officially religious character of these personages in almost every case Shakspeare took from his original. How very far he was from using them to express his views on Christianity is shown by the fact that they are invariably employed as active agents in the attainment of some worldly end and that their speeches, apart from a few cant phrases of their office, are full not of religious, but of purely philosophical, advice. Friar Lawrence is introduced with a speech whose philosophy might be that of Aristotle and his further action is toward the attainment of the earthly happiness of his young friends. Romeo and Juliet go to him as they would to any older and wiser adviser whose office, moreover, was such that he could affect the consummation of their wishes. When Romeo cries out to him in the mad despair of his banishment, the friar replies in his famous lines:—

"I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee."²

No aid from the doctrines of the church, philosophy is to be his stay.

The friar of "Much Ado About Nothing" is merely useful in resolving the complication, and the prelates of the historical

¹ "William Shakespeare," p. 166.

² Romeo and Juliet, Act III, sc. 3.

plays are really statesmen. In the figure of Wolsey alone, and in his words after his fall :—

“I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.”

and again :—

“Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.”¹

it might seem that Shakspeare was giving us something more than a negative evidence of his interpretation of Christianity in this very obvious chorus explanation of the poetic justice. But alas for the weary searcher! these lines are unquestionably Fletcher's.²

It is in the play of “Measure for Measure” and primarily in the character of Isabella that many have found Shakspeare's interpretation of Christianity. Again, it seems to me, their first mistake lies in the fact that they forget that Shakspeare obtained not only the main outlines of the plot but the officially religious character of Isabella from the old story by Cinthio. And what did he add? Two slight alterations of plot where, by the introduction of Mariana, Isabella does not, like Exitia, fall; and the entrance of the duke disguised as a friar. Both changes would seem to indicate a greater emphasis on Christianity and a higher ideal of Christian character. But let us examine them. By the first, Shakspeare has certainly made the story less revolting, but has he raised the Christian ideal through this change in the action of Isabella? Mr. Boas speaks thus of her angry refusal of the criminal proposal of Angelo: “And if her wrath is stern, well-nigh savage, it is the elemental rage of unsophisticated purity against sin.”³ Not the indignation of a strictly Christian purity, but such as might have fired the reply of a high-minded Greek. As for the rest of this change with its introduction of the Mariana element, it is with every disregard of consistency that the dramatist makes Isabella give her ready approval to exactly the sin she has so abhorred in the case of Claudio.

¹ Henry VIII, Act III, sc. 2.

² “It is to Fletcher, not Shakspeare, that is due the final reaction of sympathy towards Wolsey, evoked by the beautiful lines, in which he bids a long farewell to all his greatness, and counsels the faithful Cromwell to mark his fall, and fling away ambition.” Boas—“Shakspeare and His Predecessors,” p. 548.

³ “Shakspeare and His Predecessors,” p. 366.

With the introduction of the duke disguised as a friar, Shakspeare has given us the famous speech¹ where he prepares Claudio's mind for death with arguments drawn from Montaigne's philosophy with not one single word which would remotely suggest his faith or calling. Perhaps, I can do no better than to quote from another of Dr. Robertson's essays:—"It was the special business of the duke, playing in such a character, to speak to Claudio of sin and salvation, of forgiveness and absolution. Such a singular omission must at least imply disregard on the part of the dramatist. It is true that Isabella pleading to Angelo in the second act speaks as a believing Christian on the point of forgiveness, and the versification is here quite Shaksperian. But the solution of the anomaly is to be found here as elsewhere, in the fact that Shakspeare was working over an existing play; and if need were, put the religious pleading of Isabella into his own magistral verse just as he would touch up the soliloquy of Hamlet on the question of killing his uncle at prayers—a soliloquy which we know to have existed in the earlier form of the play. The writer who first made Isabella plead religiously with Angelo would have made the duke counsel Claudio religiously. The duke's speech then is to be regarded as Shakspeare's special insertion and is to be taken as negatively exhibiting his opinion."²

Perhaps it is a little unwarrantable to say that it "negatively exhibits his opinion." It seems to me that it would be a little fairer to say, as Dr. Robertson does elsewhere, that "he never seems to enter into the religious type of personality."³ I should like to be more conservative still and say that he never seems to enter into *this* type of religious personality. However much we allow for the evident carelessness displayed by the dramatist in this play, it does not seem possible that one who really sympathized with the profound piety of Isabella's first speeches would let her in her argument with Angelo interchange almost coördinate references to the judgments of God and the thunders of Jove.⁴ And Claudio, whom one would expect from his sister's vocation to be at least upheld in the Roman Catholic faith, in his shuddering speech before his execution expresses

1 "Measure for Measure," Act III, sc. 1—"Be absolute for death."

2 "Montaigne and Shakspeare."

3 "The Religion of Shakspeare," p. 122.

4 "Measure for Measure," Act II, sc. 2.

not the ordinary fear of hell, but terror in the face of an old pagan superstition.¹

Still looking at the play from the character side, one of the most striking things is the fact that not only was Shakspeare's idea of Christianity uncolored by sectarian prejudice, but it was untouched by any of the self-conceit of the ordinary Christian. Unlike the average mind of his day, he did not see in Christianity the great force which made a yawning chasm between the moral status of the believer and the pagan. "In what respect," asks Dr. Robertson, "are the men of his other historical plays morally superior to those of his Roman tragedies?"² I think we may go even further. Is not Brutus, the pagan philosopher, more sympathetically treated than Antonio, the representative of Christianity? Surely, it is significant that in the "Merchant of Venice," where the line between unbeliever and Christian is most sharply drawn, the Christian hero and heroine receive their highest praise under cover of heathen parallels. Listen to the Christian Bassanio praising his Christian mistress:—

"Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia."³

And thus he speaks in ascending eulogy of Antonio:—

"The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honor more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy."⁴

Christian virtues first and then one rarer and more excellent than them all—the pagan!

But it is in Shylock that we have evidence of the marvelous reach of this unprejudiced sympathy. Marlowe and Lyly had written of the pagan world with admiration. Marlowe had produced a Jew who was at least a villain of colossal, rather than ridiculous, passions.⁵ But it was given to Shakspeare to conceive Shylock! It was an age when every dweller in a Christian land found a duty and delight in persecuting the out-

1 "Measure for Measure," Act III, sc. 1.

2 "The Religion of Shakspeare."

3 "Merchant of Venice," Act I, sc. 1.

4 Ibid, Act III, sc. 3.

5 "Jew of Malta."

lawed race. To discover the human heart in the despised and ridiculous, that is insight. To create from the despised and ridiculous a figure of tragic dignity which yet should seem merely a scapegoat to the Elizabethan audience, that is genius! Shylock is a monument of the thing Shakspeare did not see in Christianity which was perfectly evident to his nation and time—that the Christian, through the fact of his outward belief, is intrinsically superior to the Jew. “A man’s a man for a’ that!” was Shakspeare’s answer to his time, only that their ears were too deaf to hear it. And it seems to me the most exquisite sarcasm where, after the long description of the Christian Antonio’s cruel insolence to Shylock, Antonio says:—

“The Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows *kind*.”¹

However little Shakspeare shared Antonio’s view of Shylock, I do not on the other hand think that Antonio, any more than Isabella, is Shakspeare’s interpretation of Christianity. Antonio’s attitude toward the Jew was a reflection of that of the typical citizen of a Christian country. But otherwise, what Christian characteristics does he show? As Bassanio has well observed, he is much more a type of the old world Roman. Mr. Boas says, “In the most material of occupations, it has been aptly said that he remains ‘a Brutus of the counting-house and the exchange.’ In him even before the era of the Roman plays, Shakspeare shows his power of grasping the essentials of the ‘antique Roman’ character—its power and its weakness. Emotion with him—and in this again he is a true type of the antique Roman—takes the more masculine form of friendship, especially for his kinsman, Bassanio.”²

Very well, say the objectors, granting that Shakspeare has made Shylock a human heart and not a mockery, what do you make of the poetic justice of the enforced conversion to Christianity? “In including this among the articles of Shylock’s pardon, Shakspeare has shown himself scarcely at all in advance of his age, whose average attitude is faithfully reflected in Gratiano’s brutal jeers and suggestion of ‘a halter gratis’ as the only mercy fit for the Jew,”³ says Mr. Boas. It certainly seems reasonable. Why, if Shakspeare did not see in the acceptance of Christianity a saving grace, should he have pronounced this

¹ “Merchant of Venice,” Act I, sc. 3.

² “Shakspeare and His Predecessors,” p. 220.

³ *Ibid*, p. 233.

judgment on Shylock? This objection invariably calls to mind the conversation between Launcelot and Jessica:—

“LAUN.—Therefore be of good cheer for truly I think you are damned.

“JESS.—I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

“LAUN.—Truly the more to blame he; we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we all grow to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.”¹

It is in this connection that Mr. Brandes makes the remark which I have quoted before in another:—“No believer would speak in this jesting tone of matters which must seem to him so momentous.” After that, it seems impossible that anyone should think that Shakspeare saw in Portia's penalty an efficacious justice. It is his reflection, but not his interpretation of Christianity.

When I quoted Dr. Robertson's remark that “Shakspeare never seemed to enter into the religious type of personality,” I did not mean to imply that he never entered into the spirit of the Christian teachings. It would be utterly false to say that he did not. One of the most splendid examples confronts us in this very play—Portia's plea for mercy. No more sympathetically beautiful interpretation of the Christian virtue can be imagined. But is it any more sympathetic than the rendering of Montaigne's philosophy in “Hamlet” or the friar-duke's speech in “Measure for Measure”? Again it must be remembered that the speaker is Portia and not Shakspeare. And how does she justify her words? Shylock, in demanding the pound of flesh, is acting in no wise contrary to the teaching of his faith. With him, it is “an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.” But the Christians have discovered a higher principle of justice, that of mercy, and it is to that they appeal. Speaking of the absolute ruffianism of the “amiable Antonio's” previous conduct toward the Jew, Mr. Halliwell quotes the words of Mr. Hazlitt:—“After this, the appeal to the Jew's mercy, as if there were any common principle of right and wrong between them, is the rankest hypocrisy or the blindest prejudice.” Let us be generous and call it “the blindest prejudice.” What then of the Christian judgment pronounced upon him? Mr. Boas says: “Portia's saving plea is grounded on the slavish letter-worship of the Roman law. Further, it is in the spirit of Roman law and not

¹ “Merchant of Venice,” Act III, sc. 5.

of Christianity that as Shylock is about to leave the court without either his forfeiture or his principal, Portia confronts him with the statute, doubtless unearthed by Bellario in his researches, which enacts that an alien convicted of an attempt against the life of a citizen incurs the forfeiture of all his goods and the capital penalty. Nor is the 'mercy' extended to Shylock such as to convince him of a fundamental difference of spirit between the old and the new dispensation!"¹ The abrupt and inexplicable departure of Shylock, upon which so many critics have commented, and the quick return to the other plot seem to me one of the best proofs of Shakspeare's hasty realization that this play must be a comedy with no suspicion of tragedy. However great the gap between Portia's faith and works, I do not at all think that Shakspeare meant through it to give an interpretation of Christianity. It is absurd to think that he did not see the discrepancy. But again he was reflecting the way in which the Jews were being treated in every court of the civilized world. To one spectator in a thousand, the injustice of it might appeal. The nine hundred and ninety-nine would applaud. Shakspeare was writing plays to earn a living and not to give an exposition of Christian injustice on so dangerous a subject as the treatment of the Jews.

There is one play, "Henry V", or rather not a play but a pæan of praise, where it seems to me that the claim may be made with reason that in the poetic justice, as well as in the character of the hero, we may find Shakspeare's interpretation of Christianity. This is the theory of Dr. Gervinus, the German critic. He says:—"Shakspeare has in no wise attributed to the king this pious humility and fear of God as an occasional quality, upon which he places no more value than upon any other; we see from the repeated reference to it, we see from the nature of the character and its consequent bearing in various circumstances, we see from the plan of the whole play, that this trait is intended to form the central point of the whole. The poet works with the idea that terrible is the warrior who fears God, and that on the other hand the blossom of pride ripens into the fruit of evil and the harvest of tears."² I think that there can be little doubt that he is right; that the humble Christian faith of the king is no side issue, but the key-note of the play. Again

1 "Shakspeare and His Predecessors."

2 "Shakespeare Commentaries," p. 348.

it must be remembered that Shakspeare did not *discover* this theme for the king's life. Holinshed had already found it there. But we must also agree with Dr. Gervinus on this point. "The Chronicle, itself," he says, "which extols Henry so highly that it placed him before the poet as an historical favorite, praises the king's piety at home and at every page of his campaign; Shakspeare accepted this hint in no mechanical manner."¹ It is traced in the character of the hero for whom every line of the play vibrates with real admiration. Shakspeare has neither slurred over nor omitted his entire subjection to Christian ideals. He might easily have done so, just as he removed the religious tone from the characters of the friars of the other plays. Instead, he has emphasized it so clearly that the most casual reading cannot pass it over. Every speech of the king is filled with the echo of a triumphant righteousness whose trust is upon the Almighty. In the freshness of his overwhelming enthusiasm for the campaign, he says:—

"For we have now no thought in us but France
Save those to God that run before our business."

"But this lies all within the will of God
To whom I do appeal and in whose name
Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on—"²

and these two references are within twelve lines! When Montjoy announces,

"The day is yours,"

King Henry's reply is immediate:—

"Praised be God and not our strength for it!"³

And later:—

"And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this or take the praise from God
Which is His only."

When Fluellen naively inquires:—

"Is it not lawful, an' please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?"

King Henry does not reply with a laugh.

"Yes, captain, but with this acknowledgement
That God fought for us."

"Do we all holy rites,

Let there be sung 'Non nobis' and 'Te Deum.'"⁴

1 "Shakespeare Commentaries," p. 347.

2 "King Henry V," Act 1, sc. 2.

3 Ibid, Act IV, sc. 3.

4 Ibid, Act IV, sc. 8.

The chorus speeches alone show that Shakspeare certainly entered sympathetically into this type of religious personality. Equally clear is his interpretation of Christianity in the poetic justice. The companion picture, of the two armies before the battle, and the subsequent triumph of the God-fearing, read like a dramatized version of the first Psalm, "For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish!"

That Shakspeare should have chosen thus to portray the great victory of Agincourt in which he took such an evident patriotic pride, that he should have made the power of Christianity, dominant in the life of his King Henry, is certainly significant. And it is from the negative evidence of some of the other plays, an interpretation we might expect. Gervinus thus comments on the "close contact of Henry with his people":—"Now the poet has found it necessary to present a wholly different contrast, designed to show us that his new moral severity and religious character do not rest on the mechanism of an ecclesiastical habit. Shakspeare could not dare to exhibit the plain contrast of a religious bigot; the religious spirit and Puritanical strictness of his age did not permit it."¹

Henry's is an active, liberal righteousness, the confident reliance of the strong man upon his God. Stern but far from Puritanical, Shakspeare has not forgotten the historical fact that he was a Roman Catholic while he has exemplified through him anything but a Papistical interpretation of Christianity. It is certainly worthy of note that the only time the king's words give expression to a distinctly Roman Catholic faith (in the prayer on the eve of Agincourt) is the place where he shows how far he has risen above it.

- "O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
- Possess them not with fear: take from them now
- The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
- Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,
- O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
- My father made in compassing the crown!
- I Richard's body have interred new;
- And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
- Than from it issued forced drops of blood;
- Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
- Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
- Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built

¹ "Shakespeare Commentaries," p. 350.

Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul,"

he prays, and then :—

"More will I do ;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon."¹

It is the protest of the thinking mind against the avail of a material penitence—Shakspere's effort to reconcile the faith of his hero with the scope of a larger reason. "The poet, we see plainly," says Dr. Gervinus, "adheres to the character of the age and invests Henry with all the outward work of repentance, which in that day was considered necessary for the expiation of a crime. To many he will appear to have gone too far in this, both as regards his hero, who is otherwise of so unshackled a mind, and himself, rising as he does generally so far above the narrow views of his own, to say nothing of older times. But above this objection also the poet soars victoriously in those excellent words which he puts into the mouth of the king at the close of that penitential prayer."²

And then Shakspere wrote "Hamlet!"—with its background of commonplace Christianity where faith and deeds are two entirely separate entities, with its sympathetic rendition of Montaigne-like philosophy, its "To be or not to be," its reference to "the divinity that shapes our ends," the change of Hamlet's last words from the "Heaven receive my soul!" of the first quarto to "The rest is silence" of the second. Can such a man's interpretation of Christianity be that of "Henry V?" Again it must be remembered that these speeches are Hamlet's and not Shakspere's own. Nevertheless, they are not connected in the least with the plot or character of the Hamlet of the original which Shakspere used. They are definitely new contributions of his own. Of course, this fact does not justify us in considering them Shakspere's opinions. It only shows his interest in these ideas. Dr. Gervinus has thought that Shakspere is showing through Hamlet the consequence of a wavering faith. This placing of Hamlet in opposition to Henry as showing the evil of a doubtful mind in contrast to the security of one confident, seems a little far-fetched. As Dr. Robertson has said, speaking of these agnostic speeches: "It cannot reason-

¹ "King Henry V," Act IV, sc. 1.

² "Shakespeare Commentaries," p. 348.

ably be taken to suggest a purpose of holding Hamlet up to blame as an unbeliever, because he is made repeatedly to express himself in talk and in soliloquy as a believer in Deity, in prayer, in heaven and in hell."¹

I cannot agree with Dr. Gervinus either, that Henry V definitely remains Shakspeare's interpretation of Christianity. It may have been, it probably was, his interpretation when he wrote it. But it seems to me inevitable that the thinking mind which added the lines on the nothingness of material repentance to the prayer before Agincourt, should go on to think still further. To me, it seems highly probable that the philosophic problems which Hamlet voices should be the next to confront him. Personally, I have no doubt that Shakspeare went on to a still larger thought, a still higher interpretation. What it was we do not know. We have no explicit exposition, as we have in the glorious abandon of Henry V. It may be that through the later tragedies we have now and again indistinct glimmerings; but he who shall wholly discover for us this grander view in Shakspeare has not yet come.

Meanwhile, we have the firm outlines of his earlier interpretation—the broad, free, open-hearted love of fellow-men, the faith which rests on the great basal tenets, unaltered by sectarian creed, the unbounded tolerance, the active righteousness, the confident reliance of the Psalmist upon his God!

EUNICE FULLER.

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¹ "The Religion of Shakspeare."

FIRE

Blow, blow, wild wind !
And fan my struggling flame !
Prick on these lapping, many-forked tongues !
From out the darkness of the autumn night
Blow, blow !

Blow, blow !
Lift high these flames that all Life's sons may see.
Make me the Borealis of the world !
Make me the glowing hearth of man's true home.
Yet higher, farther bear my warmth and light,
Spur on my quivering, leaping flame-horse, Life !
And let him take his course from pole to pole.

I see the shiv'ring shadows afar off
Of men who grope in darkness and are cold.
Oh, let them feel my warmth and see my light !
To those who cannot feel, who cannot see,
Carry the sound of my great throbbing song,
That their numb hearts may pulse in unison
And, having heard, they shall both see and feel,
Be warm, have light and sing !

And when the flame is spent,
And this leaping, surging, singing heart lies still,
Blow on these glowing embers that they too
May give warmth and soft red radiance
To those around.

And as life slowly leaves the sunken heap
Then gently, gently blow
The dying ashes from their warm life-bed
Far out over the world, yea farther yet
Than ever went the light of my proud flame !
And to those lands which have not seen, nor heard
My mighty throbbing harmony of flame.

And wheresoe'er the sea
Of my warm living breath hath not yet flowed,
Bear them aloft and float them gently down
On hill and dale, forest and spreading plain,
Wherever life lies hid in sheathing shell,
Over the dying grass and fainting flowers
That they may yield warmth—comfort even in death,
Finding their due place in wise Nature's plan.

LUCY EVELYN ONGLEY.

SWEET-PEAS

Edith sat disconsolately in the corner of one of the huge swinging seats on the cool piazza. She was doing nothing, although her dolls were mutely begging to be taken up, and there was a fascinating piece of copper to be fashioned into a tray which had just enough done on it to be interesting. But then, there were also the flowers to be picked, and as long as she sat with folded hands, no one would question her as to duties unperformed.

Those flowers! She remembered how, in the early spring, her mother had called her into the library and shown her the plans for the grounds of their new summer home.

"Father and I have decided that you shall have the care of the flowers this year," she said. "The hard work will be done, but all the care of the flowers will be yours. That shall be your task this summer. It is a pretty and easy one and you will play all the better for some work to do."

Edith agreed with her—then. She had liked planning where the roses, the pansies, and the big beds of nasturtiums and sweet-peas were to go. She had liked going to the china store and picking out vases of all shapes and sizes to put the future flowers in. But all that was before the actual work began.

For the first week, the fun of having one's own basket and scissors and one's own way about arranging the flowers held its charm, but after that pleasure palled. Every vase in the house had to be filled every day, and there were twenty-eight of them. To be sure, the flowers were just as pretty the second day, but there had to be some place for the fresh ones, so the old flowers had to go.

Those flowers! It didn't matter how diligently Edith picked the vines free from everything except buds, the exasperating things had as many blossoms as ever when she appeared the next morning. The pansies and nasturtiums weren't so bad, for after days of experiment she had learned to keep them back by picking long trailing stems and so killing the superfluous buds, but the sweet-peas were irrepressible. A less determined plant

would have expired under the vigorous pruning she gave it, but these only throve. There was almost as much space devoted to the sweet-peas as to all the rest of the plants put together, and they were harder than any others to manage. The flowers were no longer a before-breakfast task, they took almost the whole of Edith's morning. Had her mother taken time to notice, she would have seen that her little daughter's task had assumed a size out of all proportion to the one she had meant to give, but the only thought she gave to the flowers was when some caller admired them and she replied,

"Yes, we are very proud of Edith's taste. She has entire charge of the flowers, and she loves them. Her arrangement has improved wonderfully in just the few weeks that she has been taking care of them. At first her one idea was to bunch the stems together and crowd them into a vase, but we let her alone, and now, nothing could be prettier than that low bowl of nasturtiums with their trailing tendrils, could it?"

And Edith, listening, shuddered inwardly. How was her mother to know that she loathed, hated the flowers with all the passion of her small soul, and had not disobedience been a thing unthought of, she would have flung basket and scissors to the winds, and eagerly sought the city streets, where there were no flowers to annoy one.

This particular morning she sat waiting for the summons. The bowls, with the exception of those reserved for the sweet-peas, had been freshly filled, and she dared the fates to let the fact that the sweet-peas had not been gathered since yesterday pass unnoticed. But she was not to escape.

"All the flowers gathered, daughter?" asked her mother, passing on the way to her carriage.

"Yes, mother, all but the sweet-peas, and I'm going for them now," she answered, and went in search of the detested basket. Out behind the netting where the flowers grew she broke into open revolt.

"I don't care! I think it's mean to take a little girl's time, so now! I hate them, so there! I wish every flower in the world was dead! They don't have to grow so fast, anyway!" Her fingers moved among the vines, clipping the fully blossomed ones, sorting out those likely to bloom the next day, and the day after that.

"I wish they'd stop blossoming, I do!" she thought. Then

a dreadful thought came to her. "Suppose—suppose I picked all the buds and everything!" Her eyes grew big with wonder and daring. "Then I wouldn't have to bother. I suppose mother would be angry, but I don't believe she'd care, there are such lots of other flowers, and—I will!"

She began again at one end of the netting. Not a bud, not a blossom, not even the tiny little ones did she spare. At last, laden with her burden, she slipped into the house, and pushed them hastily into vases. Then she sought the swinging seat, but the copper had lost its charms, the dolls failed to allure.

"Mother won't care," she said, again and again. "Mother won't care!"

But just the same, she determined to tell her mother as soon as she could, and when the carriage turned in at the gate she ran to meet it.

"Take me in, mother," she called, as the driver pulled up.

"No, dear, I'm going to get out," her mother said. "I want to find Robert and tell him that the work in front of the house must be finished by Thursday, at least. The whole house must be in order for my reception, Friday. How are the sweet-peas blooming, daughter? We are depending on them for decoration, you know." She hurried away without waiting for an answer.

It was just as well that she did. Friday! That was three days after to-morrow. Edith's brain was whirling. What had she done, what had she done! She had forgotten all about the reception, and now the flowers would be spoiled. They were spoiled now—there weren't any! Like a flash came the thought of the many things that were depending on them. All the colors were to be in delicate tints to match the flowers. And there wouldn't be any flowers to match.

The enormity of her crime overwhelmed her. She dared not tell her mother, now, and she crept out of sight of everybody like a frightened little animal.

There wouldn't be any flowers!

All day the thought haunted her, and she had restless dreams that night. By morning she had forced herself into planning to confess, and once she had actually started out to find her mother, when the latter suddenly came out on the piazza.

"Edith, child, I'm looking for you," she began; then interrupted herself. "Why, child, you look tired out! This excite-

ment isn't good for you. You didn't look well yesterday. I think you had better go out to Aunt Nell's, for a day or two. The rest will do you good."

Edith's heart took on new courage at the thought of Aunt Nell, the old housekeeper who had a little farm a few miles away. *She* had no hateful flowers. *Her* land was planted with things to eat, that didn't have to be picked and put in vases. And there were pigs, and a cow, and hens,—and anything was better, anything would do for an excuse to get away from that dreadful place where those vines grew, flowerless.

"There is a man coming down to do the decorating. You could have done it yourself, if it hadn't been such a big task, but it is better for you to go away. I'll have your bag packed and Robert will drive you down there in half an hour."

"Mother, I—I want to tell you something," faltered Edith.

"Not now, dear, mother is too busy. I couldn't remember if you did tell me. Save it till all this excitement is over." She hurried away.

Edith went slowly up-stairs, past the hated bowls of sweet-peas that had not, for the first time that summer, been refilled, past the bowls of yesterday's nasturtiums, into her own little room, the only one in the whole house that had no flowers. Edith had taken joy in banishing them every one from this room at least.

"Hateful, hateful things," she thought. "I wish mother had never wanted a flower! Oh dear! I hope she won't be too disappointed when she finds out there aren't any!"

It was a sober little girl that Robert drove away, and the soberness had not disappeared when he gave her a note at Aunt Nell's gate, two days later. Not the pigs and hens, not even the absence of flowers had been able to restore her light-heartedness. When she saw Robert her cheeks whitened.

"Now mother has found out," she thought, "and I'm to go home."

The note said nothing except that she was to come back with Robert and go to her room, where Nanice would dress her for the reception.

"I don't see why she wants me to be there, after I've spoiled it for her," she thought on the way home. She did not dare question Robert as to the appearance of the house, and as the trap turned in she kept her eyes fixed on her lap. She did not

want to see the railings of the long piazza. Were they flowerless, or were the bowls filled with flaunting nasturtiums and staring pansies, just what her mother had wanted to avoid? But marvel of marvels, the house was filled with a delicate odor, and there were sweet-peas everywhere, sweet-peas that matched the colors on the gowns of the women who stood beside her mother! She was holding a big bunch of them to her face as she listened to the words of a gentleman. Edith held her breath to hear.

"Yes, the flowers are lovely," she was saying. "They have surprised even me. My little daughter Edith has been taking care of them all summer, and she really has a good deal of taste in them."

"They are the best examples I have ever seen of the variety," replied the gentleman, admiringly. "Did you know that stripping the vines, once or twice a summer, of every tiny bud improves them vastly? You hardly notice the loss, the new ones come so quickly, and it fully repays the trouble. These seem to me to be the aftermath, almost, they are so big."

So these *were* her sweet-peas after all! She felt so light and happy that she could not keep down a little skip as she ran up-stairs to be dressed. Confession followed easily, some hours later. Her mother, bright-eyed still with the success of her reception, smiled a trifle absently.

"I shall not scold, daughter mine," she said. "Perhaps it was a good deal my fault, after all, and since it turned out so well, we will say no more about it. Nanice shall care for the flowers, after this. Run away, dear, now."

It was a rather sober little girl who climbed the stairs to bed. It was just a bit queer, at first, to think that she had no sweet-peas to care for, ever again. To-morrow, all day long, she could play with her dolls, and work on her copper tray.

MILDRED SIDNEY BALDWIN.

CONCERNING SUPERSTITIONS

I am not superstitious! Do not misunderstand me—I do not boast. I regret, most sincerely do I regret, this state of mind. "Oh, that I might learn to shudder," I cry, with the poor unfortunate in one of Grimm's tales.

I can stolidly sit at table with twelve other guests. I can spill salt on the table-cloth without a tremor. I would break a mirror with alacrity, if I thought that it would give pleasure to anyone; and I could even kill spiders if I were not so mortally afraid of the little beasts!

In fortune-telling, I have no faith. Promises of wealth and future glory are as nothing to me. "You will marry a dark man," says the Fortune-teller—I look at the Jack of Spades. "You are going on a long journey," the Fortune-teller continues. It sounds like a death-warrant, but I smile. "You will be wealthy," she promises. I live in that hope. I have pulled the petals from a daisy. He loved me not—nor was I cast down. I picked another daisy and he loved me passionately. "Rich Man, Poor Man, Beggar Man, Thief, Doctor, Lawyer, Indian-Chief, Rich Man, Poor Man—" I did not want to marry a poor man. I put on my gloves. Four buttons made such a difference!

"It is unlucky," we were once told, "to count the carriages in a funeral." Such a thing would never have occurred to me, but from that day forth this morbid occupation became one of the self-imposed tasks of my childhood. A black cat may cross my path and I have forgotten whether I should tremble or rejoice. As for Friday—why, a marriage on Friday and in the pouring rain would fill me with no more gloomy presentiments than a marriage on any day and in any kind of weather. And speaking of weather, I would leave my umbrella open in the house from morning until night, except that it would take up so much more room that way.

Do I believe in the luck of a four-leaved clover? Not at all, but it is a pretty symbol and so useful for Christmas cards and souvenir postals. As for the luck of the left hind foot of a rabbit—it is very unlucky for the rabbit.

Then there are the countless superstitions attending such a night as Hallowe'en. Without a shiver, I would walk up the stairs backwards at midnight, with a candle in one hand and a mirror in the other, waiting to see the face of my future husband in the mirror, all the while perfectly confident that the future would have nothing in store for me. I have found a thimble in my piece of cake—but I have also caught the bride's bouquet. Collectively, I have faith in these last two superstitions, for the logical conclusion is that I shall either be married or not be married.

It is a fearful thing to live in this cold light of reason. I long to be a prey to the wildest superstitions, to watch the breaking of a wish-bone with feverish anxiety, to see my fate in the first star of the evening, to mould my life according to the palm of my hand or a pack of cards, to tremble at the sight of a spider—"Oh, that I might learn to shudder!" And yet, would this state of mind be natural for the daughter of one who says, with a cynical smile, that he dares not have thirteen at a table for fear that one will die before the rest?

MIRIAM ALMA MYERS.

PICKANINNY

O Samuel Lamentations, blessed chile,
Come up hyeah an' see yo' mammy fo' a while;
Youse jes' a li'l' angel,
Jes' a li'l' walkin' angel,
An' yo' sho' has got de sweetes' kin' o' smile.

Youse de smartes' pickaninny evah grew,
Ah can see yo' li'l' brains a-shinin' thro';
Mammy'll raise yo' fo' a deacon,
Youse jes' bohn to do de speakin',
O Samuel chile, I'se mighty proud of you!

VIRGINIA CORYELL CRAVEN.

CULTURE COURSES IN THE CURRICULUM

There seems to be a rather general ignorance as to the meaning of the term "culture courses;" so, before considering their value, it may be well to understand the significance of the title. In general, "culture" means enlightenment and discipline acquired by mental and moral training, and includes refinement in manners and taste. Opposed to "culture courses," then, are courses whose chief aim is disciplinary without regard for stimulating personal taste. The Smith College curriculum, or course of study, as given in the catalogue, contains courses both for discipline and for stimulus, but they are for the most part not separate. In each department, courses that could be taken

for culture should be distinguished from the disciplinary by being made elective, requiring no examinations, no outside preparation, and not counting in the minimum of hours. As a safeguard against excess, the number of hours allowed a student for such courses should be limited like the minimum requirement here and the maximum requirement at Harvard, Amherst, Barnard, Queen's College (Canada) and Wesleyan, and the choice of such courses, as at present with all, submitted to the class officers. Courses of this sort might, for example, in the department of English, consist of readings, or descriptive or expository lectures. In history, such courses might be lectures or discussions on comparisons of different countries. In the languages, there might be classes of conversation and reading for the improvement of pronunciation, and even in mathematics and other sciences, courses might be instituted in which scientific persons outside the college might come and give accounts of their own study and investigation.

A year ago this change was proposed to the faculty committee and failed to gain approval, as it was contrary to precedent in the college. But people are not bound by precedent. If they were, there would be no progress. There is and always has been a spirit of change, and any change for the better obtains in the end. The question is, then, would this be a change for the better? Would it be beneficial to Smith College students to take a limited number of hours a week in courses primarily for culture, calling for no preparation, no examinations, and not counting in the minimum of hours? I think that decidedly it would be beneficial.

But, it is said, if a student were allowed some courses without preparation or examinations, she would choose easy courses for her minimum requirement and take the harder ones as culture courses. This is already proved false by present conditions, for there is a growing tendency among upper-classmen to take a large number of hard courses even with the new fourteen-hour schedule. How much more, then, would they take hard courses if the requirement of preparation were lessened! Moreover, can anyone say just what courses *are* easy in this college? It seems a matter of individual opinion—studies easy for some are nearly always difficult for others. And if, perchance, a certain course is *generally* regarded as not very hard, that is not the fault of the student, but rather of the teachers, for it is in their

power to make a course require a greater or less amount of work, and few are the instructors who do not give long enough assignments to keep the average student busy for the required time of preparation. Besides, if the class officer who examines the student's course-card thinks her minimum of hours filled with easy courses, let that officer advise, or if necessary, insist upon, a change of course. Is not that their prerogative?

Yet, it is objected, even if girls do not take easy courses, they would not spend more time on lectures, if not required, but rather on social events. This is impossible. Social dissipation is continually being lessened by both faculty and students. Plays, dances, receptions, and teas are being diminished in number, committee work on entertainments is gradually being abolished, and even some of the long-established yearly events, such as the junior entertainment to the seniors, have been given up altogether, or greatly simplified. No longer do committees of girls spend a great deal of time and energy in festooning with gay class colors the bare rafters of the gymnasium for Rally Day; no longer do the classes appear with elaborate paper costumes; no longer do they listen to a play on which friends of the Council have spent time rehearsing. Never again shall a freshman class waste an evening serenading their junior sisters at a "frolic." Never again will a few seniors spend hours in planning and making the many costumes for "Senior Dramatics." Rules still govern the hours of evening entertainments, even "Prom" is not an opportunity for great social dissipation here as in many colleges. Then since more time cannot be spent on social engagements, it will naturally be spent in either physical or mental exercise, in neither of which it is to be regretted. Surely it will not be wasted any more than at present, for the average girl who comes to college has at heart a real love and desire for intellectual pursuits. The often-heard statement that the Smith College student pays more attention to social events than to study is false. The intellectual side of her nature readily shows itself when opportunity offers. Witness, for instance, the attendance at the course of lectures on Shakespeare recently given by Professor Moulton of Chicago University—what better proof could there be of the success of a course of general interest treated by an interesting lecturer? And that was against the great odds of being given at a most unfavorable time—in the middle of a holiday after-

noon. What a field of knowledge might be covered with more of such lectures!

Yet some argue that such knowledge of a wide range of subjects would be harmful, for the more the varieties of study engaged in, the less deeply can one go into each. Even if this were true, would it not be better to know something about a large number of subjects than to confine oneself to the narrow limits of a few required courses? Surely superficial knowledge is better than total ignorance. Furthermore, few would be satisfied to have all their knowledge of this sort, so frequently the slight knowledge of a subject gained in a culture course would arouse the interest of a student to take deeper courses in it later.

Another objection, offered by the faculty, is that there would be great confusion in classes open as culture classes, for the instructor would not know which students were enrolled to do the work of the course and which were not. But very simple methods might solve this problem. For example, the course-card slips of students not taking the course within their minimum of hours might be marked "culture course" and kept separate from the others, and such "culture" students might occupy seats in the rear of the room or elsewhere apart from the regular students. This would not give rise to any confusion due to inattention on the part of such students, either, for no one would take such courses who was not interested.

There is already a tendency toward more courses that do not count in the minimum of hours, and they have proved very successful, are attended seriously and regularly by large numbers. Such courses help greatly in establishing a more scholarly atmosphere in the college, for girls can take a much larger number of courses if some of them are open to attendance without preparation and examinations, than the present system allows. This is shown by comparison of the courses of 1905-6 and 1906-7 in the History of Art. In 1905-6 the course was given by an outside lecturer instead of the regular course which was omitted, and the lectures being made open to all students, and even to the public, were regularly and well attended by numbers of students who took notes as attentively as in any regular course. In 1906, many elected the regular course in that subject, thinking it about to be carried on as it had been the year before, that is, without outside preparation. But on finding

that outside reading, systematic notebooks, and examinations were required, more than half the class dropped the course at mid-years, for the majority were taking it as extra hours and so found it impossible to do so much required work. This amount of extra work that girls are obliged to carry in order to take certain desired courses at all, is one cause of another evil that might be lessened, if not wholly stopped, by culture courses. That is the misuse of Sunday. Girls busy every day of the week with study, form the habit of making Sunday a day of recreation, sewing, or laziness; they cannot attend church because they must sleep late to rest after the mental exertion of the week; they have to sew to repair damaged clothing that they have had no time to attend to on week-days; they have to spend the day in long walks because they have had small chance for sufficient exercise on other days.

This matter of exercise is one which cannot be overlooked. With both morning and afternoon recitations and their requisite preparation, the day is so broken up—since all preparation for the several lessons of the next day cannot be done in only the three hours of an evening—that it is difficult to find sufficient time for good, healthful exercise. Therefore, lessening of required work would lessen nervous breakdowns and other forms of ill health from overwork and late hours of study. Incidentally, it would lessen the undue strain of examination weeks and thus particularly benefit the seniors, who often take sixteen or even eighteen hours of regular work to cover all the subjects of which they want knowledge, before ending their student life, and who therefore are obliged to take five or six examinations in June, a time when they are under the nervous strain of the excitement and cares attending the necessary preparation for Commencement. If such extra hours could be taken as culture courses without examination requirement, girls might still leave college with a good understanding of many subjects and with a much better physical condition.

Wide range of subjects is an important factor for mental development; and just this, culture courses would give. "More and more every year," writes Mary Caroline Crawford, "are girls coming to realize that Cardinal Newman's 'Idea of a University' is the right one. The scholarly Cardinal, it will be remembered, strenuously opposed the notion that a university is a professional school, and vigorously maintained that it

should always be held to be a training-school for the development of the *all-around* student. . . . Nowadays there are comparatively few girls who graduate from college without a considerable development in the way of intellectual breadth."¹ Indeed, the Smith College catalogue itself supports this view in announcing that "the college is not in any sense a technical or professional school, but is intended to give women a *broad* and *liberal culture*."²

Along with breadth of culture, will also be gained greater opportunity for specialized work. This specializing would not interfere with general development, for the number of courses in one subject allowed a student at Smith is already limited, and so would be her number of culture courses. Therefore there would be no danger of her taking too narrow a course, but only opportunity for more thorough work in a few subjects along with a wide range of subjects more generally covered. President Goucher of the Woman's College of Baltimore "would have a girl not only acquainted with a wide range of subjects during her undergraduate years, but would have her know, besides, one or two things thoroughly." To a girl who wished to teach or make a special study of a certain subject culture courses in that department would give greater insight, more enthusiasm, encouragement, and command of the subject. They would be especially helpful to girls who are earning their own way through college and whose spare time is engaged in work to that end, for these girls could, by culture courses, get a much broader and deeper education than is possible now when they cannot carry so much extra study.

Moreover, the discipline of individual judgment would be rendered more efficient and the standard of individual scholarship raised, by the introduction of culture courses. Students now sometimes do only the work that is forced from them, to enable them to go through the course without low grade. If some courses could be taken for culture, girls would have opportunity to put more time, and therefore better and more thorough work, on the courses counting in their minimum and requiring preparation, for they could devote themselves more entirely to a few subjects than to many. The present system of so much prepared work gives scarcely even sufficient time to do one's best

¹ "The College Girl of America," by Mary C. Crawford, p. 28.

² Smith College Catalogue 1906-7, p. 12.

on any extra work called for, such as yearly English papers, or outside reading.

That question of time! If there is one thing a college girl needs it is more time. People forget that not every minute of her time can be spent in study. She has almost as many and as varied needs, cares, and interests, as a small household. In fact, each girl does in great measure constitute an individual household for herself, and many an hour must she give to keeping it in good running order. One would surely not wish it otherwise. If college does, as is professed, prepare her for the "commencement" of a larger life in the great world into which she is to enter, it should give her more than mere intellectual education. College girls are not proud or pleased to hear the all too common remark, "She is very intellectual, but she cares for nothing but books," or, as a lady recently said, "Mrs. — must be a college graduate, for her house is always in confusion and she seems such a learned woman." There is no reason why "learning" and neatness should not be combined. There should be opportunity to attend to both; not merely to the former at the expense of the latter. We owe something to society. Let us acknowledge the claim, and give it a proper share of our time if we are to be truly cultured. As one woman graduate has said, "The college girl is especially valuable to the world as an exponent of culture. The future of American culture depends on the women. They alone have the leisure for it. And upon the college woman who has been laying up stores of intellectual wealth rests the duty of redeeming the over-commercial tone Americans are in danger of acquiring."¹ How can one get such "stores of intellectual wealth" except by a broad range of subjects, and how contribute to "American culture" without taking cultural courses, and so obtaining this necessary "leisure" for assimilating one's knowledge? Is not world-betterment the true aim of all educative culture? The Greeks, the Romans, the scholars of the Middle Ages, were all engaged in this endeavor, and it is through their efforts that larger vistas of knowledge open before us to-day.

The system of culture courses has already been successfully introduced in some other colleges and universities. Harvard University has several courses of lectures open to the public, given on subjects of different departments, Botany, Zoölogy

¹ "The College Girl of America," by Mary C. Crawford, p. VIII.

Literature, and others, besides fortnightly conferences of instructors and students together in such departments as, for instance, that of Celtic languages.¹ Yale University has many fine courses by eminent lecturers outside of their own faculty, dealing with various department subjects; for example, the Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching and the Harvard Lectures which are especially valuable in giving students of one college an opportunity to hear the point of view of the faculty of another college which is working along with them in the academic world. Besides these there are many fine concert courses of different sorts by eminent musicians and musical societies. Columbia University also offers such concert courses, as well as many lecture courses and seminars in different departments, such as Philosophy, German, Physics, Biology, and Romance Languages, by members of the department or by invited lecturers.² At Princeton, too, are similar courses of lectures and concerts, though fewer in number.³ A course in Art closely resembling these culture courses in the larger colleges is provided by the Art Association at Williams College,⁴ while Leland Stanford has a special lecture course in its classical department, on Greek Epic and Dramatic Poetry, open to all students and not to count as part of the major work of students in that department.⁵ Among the women's colleges are found a seminary and course of Practical Exercises in the Department of Education at Bryn Mawr,⁶ while culture courses in elementary singing and general fortnightly lectures and recitals are given in the music department at Vassar.⁷ In our own college, also, are such courses in elementary singing, and weekly music recitals. The Greek department offers a culture course in Greek Testament, and in botany there is a spring course in flower classification. Besides these, teachers' courses not counting in the minimum of hours occur in the departments of Greek, Latin, and music. Students who have taken these courses say that they are at once enjoyable and exceedingly profitable, while the

1 Harvard Catalogue, 1906-7.

2 Columbia Catalogue. p. 87.

3 Princeton Catalogue.

4 Williams Catalogue, 1906-7.

5 Leland Stanford Register for 1904-5.

6 Bryn Mawr Catalogue, p. 130.

7 Vassar Catalogue, 1906-7, p. 44-45.

instructors themselves have found them interesting, satisfactory, and successful.

Should there not be more, then, of such courses? Should they not be introduced into all departments when possible, that they may spread and broaden the cultural influence of education? The most satisfactory answer is again the opinion of President Goucher, who believes that man's success in this world comes through concentration, continuity of work, and specializing in a limited field. "Woman, on the other hand, has to do work which is much more difficult and reaches considerably further. The resulting demands upon her are varied, involved, and numberless. Her success will depend, therefore, upon her versatility. She needs alertness and poise, judgment and skill, taste and tact, a *nature enriched with varied and exact knowledge, beautified by culture.*"¹

MABEL FRANCES TILTON.

1 "The College Girl of America." by Mary C. Crawford, p. 144-145.

SKETCHES

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY

Thanksgiving's past with perils that
This turkey never knew ;
Poor thing, I wonder if he'll have
A Merry Christmas, too !

MARY PRESCOTT PARSONS.

"Good-bye, Children," the Grammar School Teacher says sweetly, "and a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all !"

The Morning After ! "The same to you, Miss Jones," comes the perfunctory antiphonal of childish voices, and a few remain to take a more personal farewell, while the rest rush out in glee to enjoy two weeks of comparative freedom. But over all, there hangs the uneasy consciousness that immediately upon their return they will be required to write a composition upon "What I Did During My Christmas Vacation."

I do not mean to say that this conviction depresses them or prevents their enjoyment of two weeks of rollicking good fun, but when the last Sunday arrives, alas ! they know only too well what the next day will bring forth.

They enter the school-room, and after the exchange of greetings and the buzz of happy conversation have subsided, the Teacher smiles, and the same voice that wished them a Happy Vacation only two weeks ago, now says, "We have no work for to-day, so I am going to let you write me a letter about what you did during the Christmas holidays."

The children have no desire to tell Miss Jones what they did during their Christmas vacation, but nevertheless they write steadily, and at the end of an hour or two the letters are collected, and the children are ready to welcome even a geography lesson with a sigh of relief. But no ! Miss Jones reads the letters. Often she reads them aloud, to the terror and mortification of her "loving pupils," as they have signed themselves. Mercifully, she does not read the name at the end of each, but some little suggestion proclaims the authorship of several, and their owners sit in embarrassed silence, flaming red targets at which every glance is aimed.

Those letters, of which the authorship is doubtful, are met by a series of excited inquiries.

"Is it yours?"

"No."

"Is it yours?"

"No."

"Then it must be Mabel's."

"No," says Mabel, indignantly. "Do you think I'd write that?" thereby offending little Jane, who hides her head behind her desk-cover, poor thing, and wonders if it will be over soon. Finally it is over and Jane emerges, forgetful of her own sorrow and gloating triumphantly over the hideous exposure of some one else's Christmas presents.

These letters are all strangely alike in form, differing but rarely in the amount of imagination displayed, in spite of the teacher's frequent injunctions to the children to write as if they were writing just for pleasure.

"Be natural," she says, handing out enormous sheets of foolscap paper. No, indeed! "A place for everything and everything in its place," and surely, foolscap paper is not the place for anything but the most precise expression of actual facts. Consequently, the results are somewhat as follows:

After the address and date, commonly known as "the heading," have been placed in the upper right-hand corner (the only reason for this apparently being that no one ever does it that way), then, on the next line to the left, comes the cordial salutation, "My dear Teacher," or "Dear Miss Jones," or "My dear Miss Jones." Although this leaves great room for freedom of expression, still, in any case, it must be followed by a comma and a dash.

Then comes the Body of the letter, which must never begin with "I." Now it is very hard to write a letter about "What I Did During My Christmas Vacation" without beginning it with "I," but this is always avoided by the same happy device.

"Thinking it will interest you, I shall now tell you what I did during my Christmas vacation." This beginning, with slight modifications, is used for every subject, from "The Production of Coal" and "The Life of the Crab" to "The Discoveries of Christopher Columbus," though why we should suppose any of these things to be of special interest to our mothers and fathers is never explained to us.

"What I Did During My Christmas Vacation." This, then, is the subject of the letter, which, judging from the results, cannot be conceived of except in the form of a diary. Here, skilful circumlocutions are employed to avoid the repetition of such progressive phrases as "The next day," and "The day after that," until somehow fourteen days have been accounted for. Among these, Christmas stands out before all the others, bolstered up by long lists of presents, which "I received," not which "I got."

After this exhaustive treatment of the subject, comes the ending. By this time, it is supposed to occur to the children quite naturally that some inquiry or remark concerning the Teacher's health and happiness will not be out of place, so they close now, "hoping that you have enjoyed your vacation as much as I have mine," and remaining "Your loving pupils," which is very magnanimous of them considering the torture that they have endured.

I have often wondered what was the object of this letter writing. To gain ease and facility of expression? No, surely not, for how miserably they failed. Or, perhaps, it was to make the children more willing to take up again the regular work. That we can understand.

MIRIAM ALMA MYERS.

HER DRESS

It lies upon the armchair in her room,
Her dress—the dress she wore an hour ago,
It shimmers softly in the candle-light,
Just as it shone before the firelight's glow.

I sat upon the warm rug at her feet,
And leaned my head against its fragrant fold,
And watched the golden cities on the hearth,
And saw them crumble as the fire grew old.

And so I go again to her dear room
And drop upon the rug beside her chair,
And lay my face all softly on her dress,
And hold it close,—because she is not there.

HENRIETTA SPERRY.

Into the dimness of the garden, lights shone from the palace windows and music was wafted.

The Princess and the Artist shuddered.

The Portrait "And that is my wedding," said the Princess. "The fat Prince Henri is waiting for me, searching for me. You and I have but a moment more to be together."

The Princess and the Artist had played away their childhood in this garden and here they had planned all the days of their life, and the idea of separation had not entered into their plans. It was only within the last few months that they had come to realize the meaning of the difference in their stations.

The Princess sat listlessly looking toward the palace; the Artist clenched his hands in bitterness of spirit.

"You do not even say you are sorry," murmured the Princess reproachfully after a time. "You do not say that you pity me." And tears came into her eyes and dropped down into her lap.

"I pity you and—myself," said the man slowly. "You know that I love you. You've no need to hear me say it. But the hopelessness of the thing! This night I must give you up."

The Princess caught her breath. "Why?" she asked.

There was silence except for the low droning of the music from the palace. The Artist bent and looked into the Princess' face.

"You mean—?" he questioned.

"That we go away, now, this instant, to some place where our dreams can come true! We shall be married and have the house we used to talk about. I am in earnest. Be quick! The time is short!"

It all seemed so simple now to the Artist; it was odd he had not thought of it before. Why not take this way to her happiness and his own? But on looking at the frail, eager girl beside him he saw how entirely she had given the matter into his hands for decision. He must consider her future.

The sound of laughter came to them from the palace, and the great door leading into the garden opened, letting out a streak of mellow light against which a man was outlined. Then the door closed and steps crunched on the gravel walk.

"It is Henri," the Princess whispered. "Now—?"

But the Artist slowly shook his head. "No," he said. "No, good-bye, my Princess."

He took her hand and raised it to his lips, then stepped back into the deeper shadow. There was a stifled sob and the Princess with bowed head walked slowly away from him towards the lights of the palace.

Every day after the royal wedding the Artist worked in his studio. He was painting a portrait of the Princess. Into the beautiful face he painted a wonderful sorrow—the expression of his own grief at the loss of her; and there was a golden light over the portrait.

The day that he put the last touch to the picture, the fat Prince Henri called on him. The Artist was standing before his masterpiece, satisfied with the depth of purity in the blue eyes, pleased with the sweet power of the lips. Suddenly he was clapped smartly on the back and he turned in displeasure to see the Princess' husband.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" exclaimed Henri with enthusiasm, waving toward the portrait. "Have you a price?"

"That is not for sale," returned the Artist.

"I don't mean the picture—keep that yourself, my boy, and my blessing with it—but what will you take for an introduction?"

"An introduction?" exclaimed the Artist, and in a flash realized that he did not recognize the Princess. "You think the woman beautiful?" he added in a different voice.

"Lovelier than sunlight!" said Henri. "I must meet her." He paused, then added, "But she is a very *good* woman."

When he had gone the Artist looked at his work again and thought over all the stories he had heard of Henri's neglect and shameless behavior, and he sneered at the eagerness the Prince had shown to make the acquaintance of the original of the portrait.

"I have done wrong," the Artist reflected. "My way was not wise. The blame for all she has suffered rests on me. Tomorrow I will go and tell her."

But that very night he sent her the picture. Next day he went to tell the Princess of his mistake.

"But it is not too late," he told her. "We may yet find happiness. Let us go and free ourselves from our misery—you, from the power of a base wretch; I, from loneliness so utter that life is worth nothing to me."

The Princess smiled sadly. "If you had come yesterday—"

"Yes?" asked the Artist.

"If you had come yesterday, I might have gone. But now I have seen the picture. I know your ideal of me—your belief in what I am!"

And the Artist saw the living image of what he had painted, and went away.

ANNABEL HITCHCOCK SHARP.

SNOW—A CHILD'S SONG

The soft snow falls upon the walls
Of gardens and of towers,
It covers all the great and small,
The mountains and the flowers.
In slumbers deep the meadows sleep
And dream of grass and clover,
For in the night the snow-flakes white
Have spread a blanket over.
The highway brown which leads to town
Is really never weary,
But tucked away in snow to-day
It somehow looks quite cheery.
The snow-flakes guessed at needed rest—
They thought it tired running—
And so they made, and on it laid
A coverlid so cunning.
The garden here, once brown and drear,
Has ceased from its repining,
With diamond gems the slender stems
Of flower stalks are shining.
The world's aglow with fairy snow,
I hear the tree-tops singing,
And way up high in God's own sky
I hear the joy-bells ringing.

ANNE COE MITCHELL.

The Quiet Girl knocked at the door of the Senior Celeb's room.
"Come in," sounded from inside. She turned the knob and entered. The Senior Celeb

An Experiment in Suggestion was sitting at her desk, vainly but philosophically try-

ing to even up her week's accounts.

"Oh, hulloa! Awfully glad to see you! Do sit down."

The Quiet Girl solemnly balanced herself on the arm of the mission rocker while the Senior regarded her with suspicion.

"Oh dear!" she sighed, "what is it? I see a grim determination in your face. Well, out with the worst! Is it missionary dues, or what?"

"Oh, don't be alarmed," replied her visitor. "It's nothing so serious as that. It's only—well—you know the Impressionable Freshman next door? She has a single room, always a bad plan for freshmen, no one to keep you cheered up and on the go—and to-night she's just awfully homesick. The plucky little thing won't own up to it at all, but anyone can see! I've been trying to cheer her up, quite diplomatically of course, but I didn't seem to be able to do much good, so I've come to you for help."

The Senior Celeb raised her eyebrows. "Homesickness?" she queried. "Is not that the custom of freshmen? And whatever can one do about it, anyway?"

The Quiet Girl gazed reflectively at the ceiling. "Sympathy," she announced, "is the greatest of all earthly balms; it soothes the wounded soul, comforts the bleeding heart—"

"Agreed!" interrupted the Senior Celeb, willfully misunderstanding. "But how, pray, is she to sympathize with me?"

The Quiet Girl's gaze descended suddenly from the picture-rail and focussed itself on the Senior's face for thirty seconds.

"And that's an idea," she cried. "Oh, star actress of our class, here's a chance to display your young talent! *You* shall be the homesick one and the Impressionable Freshman shall sympathize and comfort you. Nothing could be better for her. She'll feel herself a benefactress and be at peace with the world again. What do you say to that?"

Now, deep in her heart the Senior Celeb was a bit proud of her reputation for dramatic ability, and moreover the experiment promised to be interesting from a purely psychological point of view.

"All right," she laughed with eyes that sparkled. "That's a great idea. If I only can keep from giggling! But how will she know?"

"I'll go and inform her. I'll paint a vivid picture of the sad state of affairs in room number eighteen, and just see if she doesn't bite. Are you all ready?"

"Surely," cried the Senior. "Just wait till I get six handkerchiefs." She made a dive for the bureau.

The Quiet Girl shut the door and went straight to the Impres-

sionable Freshman's room. She knocked, and being answered, entered with a face troubled and concerned. Apparently not noticing the furtive dabs administered to the Freshman's eyes, she began gravely :

"Do you know, I'm dreadfully worried about the girl in the next room. She's fearfully homesick and I don't know what to do."

The Freshman regarded her with round eyes. "Are Senior Celebs ever homesick?" she asked incredulously.

The Quiet Girl smothered a smile. "Oh yes, indeed, they are, and you see being older and all that, they have it lots harder, just like measles and all those things, you know. Really, it's quite pitiful! I've done my best, but I couldn't comfort her. So, I thought—well—perhaps you might be able to do something; one never can tell!"

The Freshman's face was lighting up. "But," she objected, "she is a Senior Celeb and I'm just any Freshman."

"In homesickness," declared the Quiet One, "all girls are equal."

The Impressionable Freshman rose and without another word went swiftly from the room. The Quiet Girl heard the door next hers open and shut. She had a mental vision of the Senior Celeb, huddled on her couch struggling with throes of well-affected anguish, and she chuckled audibly.

Half an hour later the Quiet Girl, sauntering down the hall, paused and listened a moment at the room of the Impressionable Freshman. Inside she heard sounds of one moving briskly about and humming happily. The Quiet Girl burst into number eighteen without stopping to rap.

"Congratulations!" she cried. "It's worked perfectly! She's as happy as a lark. You're a wonderful—"

She stopped suddenly. The Senior Celeb was still huddled on the couch, and her shoulders, it seemed, were not shaken by laughter.

"Why, dear, what is the matter? You—you don't mean to say—"

The Senior Celeb lifted a tear-stained face for a moment.

"Yes," she choked, "it's silly—but—it's so! She—she just comforted me and was so sweet and sympathizing, first thing I knew, it made me just awfully h-h-homesick! I pretended it was all right, and finally got her to go, and then—it all came

over me and I don't care, but I'm just homesick—homesick." She sobbed again. The Quiet Girl stood blankly staring. "If- if you don't g-go away, I-I'll kill you. It's all your fault, and I-I want to be left alone!"

The Quiet Girl stumbled out and walked down the corridor in a dazed condition. The Impressionable Freshman was singing now. The strains of her carolling, clear and joyous, floated through the door.

KATHERINE DUNCAN MORSE.

SPRING AND FALL

When from the hills the laughing rills
 O'er rocky barriers leaping
 With joyful shout come rushing out,
 Through quiet valleys sweeping;
 When from the earth in radiant birth
 The first brave blossoms springing
 Nod dainty heads from leafy beds,
 They set my heart a-singing,—
 Heigh-ho for every growing thing!
 Come, welcome, lark and swallow!
 For spring is here to greet the year
 And summer soon will follow.

When from the trees a madcap breeze
 Sets painted leaves a-swirling,
 And down the stream with sudden gleam
 Like fairy-boats they're whirling;
 When o'er the land on every hand
 The purple mists are lying,
 And flowers lie dead within each bed,
 Ah, then my heart's a-sighing,—
 Sleep sweetly now, O living things,
 Fly southward, lark and swallow,
 For fall is here to speed the year,
 And winter soon will follow.

ANNIE JOHNSTON CRIM

SCIENCE

Have you heard the news, dear Brother Frog?
 It's advertised from bog to bog.
 Oh, please evolve as fast as you can
 And reach the status of Mister Man.

Race consciousness to reasonings
Is only a link in the chain of things ;
And we all began from the same "one cell,"
Hid in the dim sea's inmost dell.

Tho' death be reduced to a chemical state,
And life to the one "cell ciliate;"
There is something more for science to tell :—
What and *why* was the single *cell*?

BESSIE ELLA CARY.

Becky Anderson was the most ingenious girl in college. The number of little inventions she made was really wonderful and they were so clever,

The Reward of the Inventive too! She was always inventing contrivances for our convenience. It was she who fixed Helen Underhill's rubbers so that when you lifted them off the hook in the closet a cataract of books would descend from the shelf above onto your head. Helen was profuse in her gratitude, for her feet were of that nondescript size that are the joy of the owner's friends, and she never had a rubber to her name because by stretching them a bit or by shuffling along like a member of the chain gang, almost everybody in the house could wear them. Helen thought that after a few painful lessons her friends would go down town and invest in rubbers of their own. But unfortunately Helen herself was the first to have the painful lesson. She ran into the closet in a hurry one day and jerked the rubbers down from the hook. You would have thought that the unusualness of seeing the rubbers there would have recalled things to her mind, but it didn't. Helen gave up the plan after that. She said she was too absent-minded ever to make a success of it. Instead she left a standing order at Albert's for one pair of rubbers a week.

But to come back to Becky Anderson. Her chef d'oeuvre in the way of an invention and one that came near having tragic consequences for her was an appliance that she rigged up for the two freshmen that lived on the ground floor. They were awfully timid, poor girls. They spent their days in terror of seniors, juniors and sophomores, and their nights in terror of a man! Becky felt extremely sorry for them. She sat beside them a week at table, and she said that no human being, and a

S. C. A. C. W. member at that, could enjoy seeing the hand that passed the butter tremble like a leaf. She said that they shrank into their seats so when she spoke to them that she recommended wool soap one day, but she didn't think they saw the point. She told them that at least they ought to be able to sleep at night, if only to preserve their strength for the following day. So she fixed up an awfully ingenious contrivance for them. Of course they had to have their window open at night, and they were always scared to death that somebody would climb in. Becky tied one end of a thin rope to the lock on the upper sash, then she ran it through a pulley at the bottom of the window sill and then along over the floor to the head of one of the beds. When the lower part of the window was raised the rope went from the lock up over the top of the lower sash and down through the pulley and along over the floor to the bed where the rest of it lay in a neat coil. Then when they wanted to shut the window all they had to do was to pull the rope hard and the lower sash would be forced down and the window would be shut. Becky rigged it up for them and showed them how it worked. She said that after this they needn't be afraid any more, for if they woke up at night and heard a man getting in, all they would have to do would be to pull the rope and shut the window, and as long as they were holding on the rope, the window couldn't be raised. They were so grateful and professed to be so relieved that Becky went a step further. She told them to put a bath mat and a waste basket under the window, and then if they chopped off his head it would roll neatly into the basket and wouldn't make any mess!

We laughed over this a lot, and we were going into their room some night to see if they had done it, but we never got around to it. About two weeks after this, Becky came home one night from the theatre. She was the only one in the house who had gone and she had forgotten to ask for the key, so she sat down on the steps to wait for the night watchman. It was an awfully cold night, one of those nights when there isn't any wind but a sort of freezing silence that is colder than any wind that ever blew. John wasn't due for half an hour and Becky soon decided that she didn't want to play heroine in any Alpine tragedy, so she got up and went around the house and began to call up to her roommate. The roommate was a very nervous girl who used to complain that she never could sleep when there

was the least noise. Becky called and called and threw snow-balls up against the window, but her roommate seemed to be making up for lost time. All this while Becky was getting colder and colder, and when she spied the half-open window of the freshmen's room she didn't hesitate a second, but started to climb in. It wasn't very difficult because there was a cellar window below it to step on, and Becky thought that she was getting on finely and making very little noise. She was going to climb right in and take off her shoes and go up-stairs without even waking the freshmen. She had just gotten her head and shoulders in when she saw a white form rise up in one of the beds. Becky said that she was going to speak to the girl to reassure her, but she couldn't just then because she was using all her breath to climb with. It was lucky she didn't waste any of it in talking, because the window came down at that minute and precluded her getting any more. Becky said even in that awfully uncomfortable and undignified position, lying flat on her stomach across the window-sill with fifty tons pressing on her, she had to laugh when she felt the waste basket and the bath mat. The freshmen both screamed so that Becky couldn't make herself heard at all, and she had to stay there till the rest of the house came in. Becky said that it was lucky for her that the matron had a sense of humor.

MILDRED WILLCOX WILSON.

CELESTIAL ZOÖLOGY

I wish that I could fly right up
 Into the deep, deep blue,
 And live up there in heaven
 For just a night or two.

I'd drink out of the dipper,
 I'd pat the little bear,
 I'd run along the milky way
 If the wee stars didn't care.

I'd hold on to a comet's tail,
 Go whirling through the sky,
 And call out to the planets
 As I went whisking by.

At last, when I got sleepy,
 As sleepy as could be,
 We'd snuggle in the moon man's house,
 The little bear and me!

LOUISE HOWARD COMSTOCK.

We have lived in a corner house for more than twenty years. Many and varied are our experiences, and far be it from us to say there is nothing new yet in store for

The Corner House us! Long ago, we gave up all claim to our fence; it belongs to the general public, we find. Long ago, we came unwillingly to surrender our yard to be a miniature park, and our piazza, a resting place for weary travellers. Rainstorms always bring a bicycle or two to store "until I call, please;" and "May I borrow an umbrella?" is a common request. Our neighbors are free to use our parlor while "waiting for a car," and directions for finding all the streets in town are on our tongue's end. Gradually, too, we are learning where Miss P—— and Mr. O—— live, and how to translate addresses that rival the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

We harbour lost children for the policeman with the same ease with which we care for the reserve stock of the banana man. We are never unduly surprised to meet strange boys walking up-stairs in search of Suite 2. Intoxicated men persist in entering and claiming the house as their own. Firemen desire chairs whereby to reach the alarm box.

But at some things we do rebel! I remember that, not long ago, the team from one of the large bakeries stopped at the house and the driver insisted on leaving one hundred pies with us. Now, we are fond of pies, very fond of pies, but there are limits! "There must be some mistake," protested my sister,—sometime we hope to have a phonograph to repeat our pet phrase, our tongues weary of well doing. "No mistake at all!" clamored the man. Finally, the telephone was resorted to and the pies departed to the Old Couple's Home.

But we do not always receive. Only a short while ago a small boy called for "a safety pin, please, missus. His stocking's torn. See it!" pointing to the dangling piece of stocking on his still smaller friend's leg. Another time, a youthful band of robbers attacked the house, relieved us of a pocket-book, two waistcoats and a pint jar of cream, leaving behind, in payment, perchance, two white shirt-waists of weird and wonderful construction.

No longer are we surprised by requests for dish-towels, punch bowls or tacks. Once a procession of tables marched away to aid a hastily arranged "church social." Part of the ice-cream came back on them, too, the next day. Yes, we have even lent

rice and old shoes to throw after a bride when those necessary articles were forgotten by the marriage party.

But the climax, to our minds, came a year or two ago when, early one Sunday afternoon, we answered the doorbell and heard, "There is to be a funeral next door at three o'clock. We are the quartet and we wondered if you would let us practice here." So for almost an hour we listened to the strains of "It Is Well with My Soul," while without, the hack-drivers sat on our steps in blissful comradeship!

ELAINE SHEFFIELD WHITMAN.

EVENING

The sun sets and the world lies hushed
 Before the splendor of its going,
 The wood-crowned hills with blue-black shades
 Stand outlined clear against the glowing.
 The river once so calm, so clear,
 Is now with fiery crimson flowing,
 The ferryman sharp through the glow
 Is homeward swift and noiseless rowing.
 The ploughman coming, bowed with toil,
 From out the fields, weary from sowing,
 Looks up and feels the blessing rich
 Which God is e'er bestowing.

HARRIET EVELYN CHILDS.

EDITORIAL

"He was a man of convictions," says Dr. McKenzie, speaking of Reuen Thomas. The tribute is pregnant with suggestion. "A man of convictions." Not a man of opinions; the distinction is sharply drawn. His mind is not cluttered with opinions; slipshod judgments with the weight only of probability. This "man of convictions" adjudges nothing true or false upon slight or dubitable evidence. When he is convinced of the truth or falsehood of a thing it is upon the ground of satisfactory evidence. The evidence itself lays hold upon him, it will not be shaken off, it vanquishes doubt, it brings argument under the yoke, it makes fast and binds his judgment to belief. That "belief," by the way, is a good word. It draws its life from the same sturdy stock as those hale, ruddy words "live" and "leave" and "love." Its kin speak for it; they are all good words to use every day, those Saxon words; they will not slip out of reach when you need them most; they will not betray your tongue into saying other than you mean; they will stand by you once you have put your trust in them. That is, of course, the hard thing. Take this same word "belief": a persuasion of the truth of a thing "on the ground of evidence, *distinct from personal knowledge.*" If there is one form of persuasion which we wise in our own conceit distrust more than any other, it is this which openly avows itself to hold "on the ground of evidence, *distinct from personal knowledge.*" We are prone to the most amazing conceit of intellect. The wisest of us forget to how large a part of our environment we must react on trust, because no person can gain a complete knowledge of his environment even though he devote all his days and all his strength to that end. The most skeptical of chemists must sometimes take his breakfast coffee on faith.

A failure to recognize that any part of the soul's equipment is such, an apparatus of relation between it and the environ-

ment, makes for conceit. The strong man of the vaudeville stage may knot his separate muscles in empty pride of heart ; so also may the "great mind" of the day contort itself and writhe its mighty sinews of thought to catch the cheap applause of the gallery. There's a streak of the mountebank in most of us. In such a man we should expect conceit. But the true philosopher who thinks only to a purpose and who regards his intellect as a tool and prizes its keen edge only for its efficiency's sake, is yet likely to overestimate its relative importance in his natural equipment, just as the prize-fighter is likely to overestimate the importance of muscle—simply because he serves himself continually with that part of his equipment.

I venture to say that none of us who cannot construct ideally this "me" of body, mind and will interdependent and each to each equivalently important—I venture to say that any of us who feels that his intellect is the one important part of him, is incapable of undergoing conviction. He must do with opinions. He will do well not to stake much on them. But daily we witness the heroism of men who have "the courage of their convictions." The possession of convictions implies the possession of courage. Courage is corollary to conviction. "Opinions only are timid." A conviction is something to live by, and something worth dying for if need be. It strikes deeper than a man's intellect, it grasps the very springs of his action, it binds his heart and his will in fealty ; it is sovereign to the whole man. In return it steels his nerves and sinews, it informs him with intrepidity, with valor, boldness, resolution, with courage, with the stout heart that enables him to encounter danger and difficulties with firmness and without fear or sinking of spirit. Oh, it were worth while to encounter danger and difficulty with the boldness and resolution of conviction. Opinions shift and turn coat ; faithless despots. The sophists argue and prove now this, now that, and are not themselves convicted of the truth of anything. It were hardly reasonable to expect them, then, to swear allegiance in act or manner of life to an opinion which may to-morrow be of an opposite persuasion ! Not so our "man of convictions." He required the thing to prove itself to him, and once it had convinced him it had convinced him utterly. The lights change and shift upon the face of the desert, but the pillar stands.

Oh, that we might have more convictions ! True, tragedy is

inevitable for the man of convictions. His life is inevitably not the life of comfortable, petty men. His convictions give him great heart; sinews of power swell in his arms; there is a need for worthy foemen and he goes forth to meet them with forehead proudly lifted to the light of heaven. His decisions involve great issues, great triumphs, and great failures. He lives greatly, makes great sacrifices, reaps great rewards. For the trivial frets and disappointments of little lives, life shows him tragedies; for the silly froth of pleasure on shallow streams of consciousness, life holds for him supreme moments of ecstasy—for the jovial round of boon-companionships, life calls up for him from the dull apathy of misunderstanding and misjudgment, perhaps one rare, perfect friendship. Who shall say that if he has known suffering and loneliness and the bitterness of failure in a degree that weaker men are spared, he has not also known a refinement of joy that they shall never taste?

EDITOR'S TABLE

On Monday evening, November 18, Wincenty Lutoslawski spoke on Poland. Mr. Lutoslawski is the author of many works in the Polish language and of a book in English, "The Origin and Growth of Plato's Logic," which has given him the rank of the greatest living authority on Plato. In this book Mr. Lutoslawski, having taken account of previous investigations, particularly those of Mr. Lewis Campbell, combines the result of purely objective stylometric observation with subjective and internal evidence to give a chronological arrangement of Plato's works which has been of great value to the world of philosophy. He at one time held the position of professor of literature in Cracow, from which he was expelled because of his political beliefs. Mr. Lutoslawski is a patriot who believes in the future of Poland as a literary, political and religious center. He is an enthusiastic exponent of Polish Messianism and a Roman Catholic of wonderfully wide sympathies who looks forward with firm belief to a day of world-wide spiritual awakening and Christian unity. A man of most erudite mind and great personal magnetism, he has the spiritual power of the mystic who believes in his mission. Whether or not we accepted his ideas, most of us felt a quickening of our ordinary interests if not a distinct spiritual gain.

Betty Wales, Senior, by Margaret Warde. Published by Penn Publishing Company.

Betty Wales, Senior, is the last of four books which carry Betty through her college course at "Harding," which is Smith with no detail changed save the name. The book is remarkably true to Smith life in one way—the details are all correct and the scheme of action is carefully kept within the possibilities, but we miss something. It is almost Smith as we know it, but not quite. There is an immaturity in the characters of Betty and her friends which gives the story more of a boarding school than a college atmosphere, in spite of the college setting. But the atmosphere is a sane, healthful one, and the story of Betty's senior year is very pleasantly told. The interest is held throughout, and we close the book with a "good taste in our mouths." Altogether, "*Betty Wales*" is a very creditable creation and a pleasant acquaintance, particularly for the girl who hopes some day to come to college, too.

Beatrice Leigh at College, by Julia A. Schwartz. Published by the Penn Publishing Company.

Beatrice Leigh is not so much a continuous, developing college story, as it is a series of incidents taken from various periods of college life. Viewed in this light it becomes interesting, but as a story it lacks unity and coherence. There is a large number of characters, most of whom we fail to recognize as college types, but who will undoubtedly make their appeal to the young girls for whom the book was written.

O TEMPORA ! O MORES !

The psychology of hair
Is a matter of despair
To my heart—
Not to mention pompadour,
Nor puffing, less or more,
Nor the part !

But the ribbon, tried and true,
The poor ribbon pink or blue—
Object dire—
It comes tripping into class,
Out to hockey, and alas !
Up to choir !

—*Vassar Miscellany*.

PAGAN SONG IN AUTUMN

Heigh-O ! A little drop of the summer's blood
Stains the green leaf ;
And the fields are fair with a golden flood,
And the vines hang heavy with fruit
Beyond belief.

Heigh-O ! The earth in scarlet and gold is dressed,
And the hills are gay,—
And the mists curl up from the marsh's breast
Like smoke from a shepherd's fire
At close of day.

Heigh-O ! The land lies asleep in the shimmering sheen
Of the Harvest moon ;
And the wood-nymphs are dancing upon the green
While the satyr shrills his pipe
At midnight's noon.

—*The University of Virginia Magazine*.

THE BATTLE FROM THE HEIGHTS

I am king of the mountain, I.
Ye may battle and bind and wail,
Ye may mimic the minstrel's tale,
Live his life and like him die,
But I am the king of the mountain, I.
 Sweat and wallow, grasp and sneer,
 Purse and muscle be your praise,
 Wisdom the scum of your curdled days,
 Love and dross to be bought with a lie,
 But I am the king of the mountain, I.
Bow your backs and gnaw your nails,
Curse the dawn and dread the night,
Venomed toads and vampid snails !
Blindly stumbling to the light ;
Slit the tongue and pluck the eye,
I am the king of the mountain, I.
 Fear to think and think to fear,
 Hide behind a sacred scroll,
 Sing divinely of the soul,—
 Stunt the body, curb the mind,
 Beasts and cowards born to die,
 I am the kng of the mountain, I.
Ye gods that are ages old ;
I am the king of a single day.
Yours is the past,—mine the to-morrow,
Dust-brown hunch-backs born to die,
Crazed by lust and sapped by sorrow,
I am the king of the mountain, I.

—*The Columbia Monthly.*

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

OH, WILD ROSE

Oh, wild rose, child rose,
Rose of the dewey morn,
Careless and free as the first breeze that blows
Down the sky when the daylight is born.
Thy fragrance falls gay as the laugh of a song,
As the lilt of a song, as the tilt of a song,
O'er the crest of the hillside 'tis wafted along.
Blown wide from thy barrier of thorn.
Little thou knowest of feet that are torn.
Hands that are bleeding, lips that desire ;
Cool are thy petals on eyelids of fire,
Thou rose of the dewy morn.

MAUD WHIPPLE SKIDMORE '06.

Children of the Streets

[Published by Courtesy of the American Magazine]

It was one o'clock on a Saturday afternoon in August, and the bustle of closing time sounded pleasantly to the clerks at Trent and Rickman's. Belated shoppers were hurrying through the aisles, chatting gaily of plays and luncheons. Little Kitty Deneen, putting the last ribbon in place, lingered irresolutely behind her counter. The hum and stir of a holiday came gratefully to her and she was loath to put it behind and face the blackness of her empty room.

A girl opposite, noting her loitering, called jovially across: "Say, Kit, anything doing to-day?"

She was a plump and conspicuously pretty person, with an over-blown pompadour and over-vivid cheeks. Something in Kitty's youth and the refining memories of her early life had hitherto placed a gulf between any intimacy—a gulf that loneliness bridged to-day a little wistfully.

"I dunno—nothing, I guess."

"Mayme an' me are going to a show at the vaudeville," Lulu went on. "Why don't you come along with us?"

Kitty hesitated, dallying with the vision. Her flat, little purse undertoned violent objections. Six dollars a week does not leave a comfortable margin for amusements, when board, clothing, car-fare and lunches are subtracted. But if these other girls could spare the money—Kitty squared her thin shoulders defiantly, and closed her ears to the little purse and to that other voice which whispered that these girls were not her kind. They were the only kind she had to go with and it was Saturday afternoon. For once she would enjoy herself like other people.

"We'll get seats for twenty cents," Lulu was saying as they ran up-stairs and elbowed their way through the scrambling throng about the mirrors. Mayme met them there. She was a bright, good-natured girl whose fingers flew all day long doing up parcels. They moved nervously now when she talked, and constantly adjusted and readjusted the strings of beads with which she sought to alleviate her amazing length of neck. All about them were girls making their toilets, recombining pompadours and rubbing dull skins anxiously with well-worn chamois leather. Some were unconcernedly applying rouge and touching up eye-brows and lashes.

"My, ain't it fierce!" whispered Mayme. "Aren't some girls just awful, though?" She nudged Lulu and they both giggled. Kitty only stared, uncomprehending. She thought that it was very fierce indeed. Her own young cheeks had not yet felt the need of color; her eyes preserved their innocent sincerity in spite of her surroundings. Now they were beginning to shine with anticipation; she only wished that she had worn the waist that she had ironed so carefully the night before in preparation for Sunday. The other girls were brave in fancy waists and picture hats.

Only twice before had Kitty been within a theatre, and that was way back in the beginning of time when her father and mother had been living and there had been a home to go to, and some one to care. Her pleasure-starved little soul rioted now in the blaze of lights and color, the music and motion and glitter of it all. The other girls were less absorbed. They laughed and talked and watched the people. Directly in front of them were sitting three young fellows.

"Say, girls, did you notice there was *three* of them?" Mayme made audible comment.

The biggest and blackest-haired of the trio turned and stared—a slow, appraising stare. His attitude was that of the hero who has only to stoop and conquer. The girls met the look with a swift affectation of unconcern; then Lulu broke forth in ill-smothered mirth when he looked away again.

"Oh, Lulu, shut up," Kitty entreated.

"Lulu, you shut up!" The man addressed his neighbor in a piercing treble. "Lulu, now, shut up, I say!"

It was immensely funny. The girls giggled appreciatively, then laughed and talked with increasing animation in the intervals between acts. Once, when a blond tenor from the stage impressed it upon the audience that "she was more to be pitied than censured," Lulu whispered, with an eye on the tall, dark-haired youth: "No blond for mine! What do you say, Mayme?"

"Don't leave us in suspense, Mayme," the dark-haired one entreated.

"Ain't they awful!" Mayme's voice was properly indignant.

"Sure, they ought to be put out," Lulu assented.

Kitty sat by, thrilled with the fear and the daring of it all. The intoxicating sense of romance and adventure overpowered her. Picking-up, as she had heard of it, was not to be commended, but this was a wholly different affair. Mayme said lots of girls met real nice fellows this way. Those three dark heads in front were three wonderful possibilities. The men seemed vastly different from the rough, cheap element around her boarding-house; they were young, well-dressed and merry-looking—gentlemen, as she termed gentlemen.

As they mingled with the jam in the aisles after the performance Lulu would have encouragingly hung back, but in a sudden panic of shyness Kitty and Mayme urged her on. When they reached the street the men were nowhere to be seen.

"They ain't out yet. You gotter wait now," Lulu snapped.

"Wait nothing!" Mayme retorted. "Let's walk on."

"We can be standing here and fixing our gloves."

"You can stand by yourself if you're so anxious. Come on, Kit—we'll go on."

Kitty, when her fears of the men's following them had been relieved, felt curiously disappointed; now she cried excitedly: "There they are now. They're just across the street watching us."

The girls, after a quick straightening and smoothing of apparel, strolled on arm in arm, with no perceptible signs of haste.

The men across the street walked on in the same direction. It was a thrilling time. Plainly the crisis would be at the corner. Would the men cross then and meet them, or, uninvited by a fuller glimpse of their finery, would they turn away? The men crossed!

Kitty's heart was thumping wildly. One, two, three, four more steps and they would be abreast of the men, who were standing talking together now. What should she do or say if anyone spoke to her? "Sure," she was laughing aloud, "Sure I thought it was fine—didn't you? That song now—"

The men stood still, without a sign—save a gleam from the corner of their eyes. Lulu returned it with interest. Kitty and Mayme kept up the pretense of conversation.

"Are they coming?" Mayme demanded breathlessly when they had passed.

"No, they're standing talking." Lulu's disgust was unconcealed. "Well, I ain't going to chase nobody! Those two ahead are anxious enough."

"They're too old. Well, didn't we get turned down though!" she laughed light-heartedly. "And, oh my! how smart we thought we were!"

Kitty laughed with her. "I guess I needn't 'a' worried what I'd say," she returned. Lulu poked at her hair in peevish silence.

Suddenly, with the dexterity of a military manoeuvre, three tall figures parted the group and divided it neatly into three couples. Kitty looked up amazed into the face of the tallest and darkest of the men. She shivered with excitement and a mean elation because the cavalier that she knew Lulu had chosen for herself had instead selected her.

"Well, ain't you cute?" she heard Mayme laugh.

"Going for a walk?" the stranger was inquiring of her, and a masterful hand at the elbow propelled her onward. What to do or say she knew not. It seemed a long time before she heard her own voice replying formally to his questions. Yes, she had enjoyed the show very much. No, she didn't care for the juggler very much, she was so afraid he'd make a mistake. No, she didn't remember meeting him anywhere before.

On the corner the men paused, as by preconcerted signal. "Where shall we go?" demanded Kitty's escort. "By the way, let me introduce you to my friends, Mr. Smith, of Chicago, and Mr. Jones, also of Chicago. Gentlemen, let me make you acquainted with Miss—Miss—"

"Green," supplied Lulu glibly, as Kitty failed to voice a name.

There was a ready laugh and Lulu went on: "I'm Miss White, and this is Miss Black—also from Chicago."

"Well, shall we have something?" the spokesman demanded generally. The girls consulted each other with their eyes.

"Come on, Miss Green," Kitty's escort urged. "The others can follow after."

Kitty hung back. "Where are we going?" she questioned.

"Can't you read?"

Glittering, iridescent lights were brightly spelling "Ladies' Entrance," before her. Kitty faced them in incredulous amazement. She had very primitive ideas about a saloon, whether it bore a fashionable wine-room label or not. The rosy glow of romance faded before those baleful, red lights; the pinnacle of her castle and hopes crashed rudely about her. Shaken and dismayed she turned to the other girls, to be the more confused because her consternation was unreflected there.

"I'm not going," she declared.

"Sure you are. Come on." The man laid a compelling hand on her arm.

"Go on—it won't hurt you," Lulu urged in her ear.

"I ain't going," she repeated stupidly enough.

"Where do you want to go then?"

"Home," she blurted.

The man introduced as Smith of Chicago stepped forward quickly from Lulu's side. "Come along home, then," he interposed and brushed aside the hand on her arm.

Kitty came gratefully, unmindful of the derisive comment of the group. She walked rapidly, so that he had hard work to keep up with her. Her anger was rising with every step as the sense of freedom came back to her. She ceased to tremble; her knees grew strong again.

"What did he take me for?" she broke out furiously.

"Well, some girls don't see any harm in it." The young fellow stared at her surging color.

"I'm not that kind of a girl, if I did—I guess I can find my own way home now without bothering you. I've had enough for one day."

He made no motion to depart, but guided her in silence through the intricacies of the crowded streets. Under her lashes, Kitty took sly stock of him, of his young, strong figure and pleasant face. Her anger ebbed and left her humiliated and ashamed before him.

"I never was out with those girls before," she ventured timidly.

"You got in too swift a crowd," he assented. Then as if it occurred to him that his own part in the affair needed some apology: "Ryan's too speedy, too. I've never been out with him much, but we work in the same place. He thinks all girls are alike."

Kitty tossed her head. "Well, they ain't!"

"Of course not."

"I never flirted before," she declared earnestly.

He laughed. "Sure you didn't."

"I didn't." She stopped short and pulled away from him. "If you don't believe me you needn't go another step."

He glanced down in amused surprise and recaptured her elbow. "Sure I believe you."

"You don't!" She could have cried with vexation.

"Let's go in here," he interposed. "You don't object to soda, do you?"

Kitty didn't object in the least. As she took her place at a small table, among a chattering throng of *matinée* couples, her impulse to cry quite disappeared. She began to scramble rapidly out of the valley of humiliation. This was an adventure after all! Not every day did she sit amid such mirrored splendor and negligently select a fifteen-cent beverage! When her escort ordered cake—a luxurious extra—his lavishness thrilled her. She smiled across at him and patted her back hair with an air of coquetry she felt the occasion demanded.

"How'd you happen to say you'd take me home?" she questioned artlessly.

"I saw you from the first," he assured her. "I wanted you all along, but Ryan was too quick for me. . . . I bet you didn't notice *me* though!"

"I bet I didn't!" she agreed, dimpling. "I didn't have enough nerve to look straight at one of you."

He hesitated, swayed against all reason and experience. "Honest now, is this the first time——"

"Yes, it is," she flashed emphatically enough, "and it's the last time, too!"

"Well, that's right. It isn't—well, it isn't all it's cracked up to be, you know. You may meet nice fellows, and then again you may not. You're taking your chances." He leaned toward her confidentially in a glow of good advice. "Girls get to thinking of nothing but a good time, an' that's a mistake. A fellow may have a good time with them, but what he really likes in a girl is something different. *You're* different—that's why I'm telling you this."

Kitty agreed with her lips, yet in her heart she reflected that if she had never flirted he would never have been able to discover that she was different, but wisely she refrained from imparting this consideration. The threads of good and evil were too tangled for her.

They lingered for half an hour or so over that ice and it was six o'clock when they turned into Kitty's street. It was a triumphal progress to her. She was elate with proud pleasure in her escort, in his good looks and in the gentlemanly ease with which he touched his hat when she bowed to an acquaintance. She had heard of fellows who flirted with girls for an after-

noon on State Street, but who basely shook them when it was time to see them home. Her escort had not shaken her!

Though the sunset glory fell golden on the long, gray steps of her boarding-house, it was already twilight in the little vestibule where they lingered in disjointed farewell.

"Good-by, Kitty."

"Good-by."

"Well, say, you haven't forgotten what to call me so soon?"

She laughed nervously. "Good-by—Jimmy."

"That's it—Jimmy Fitch. Call me up any day at Feld and Bergman's—call me up but don't call it off."

"Call what off?" She withdrew a little into the dusk-draped corner. He seemed imperceptibly to have come very much closer.

"Our date for next week. Don't forget that you're going to a show with me Saturday."

"Oh, I am, am I?"

"Sure you are. Don't you know it, Kitty?"

She hesitated, but not from any real indecision. In her heart was a fluttering as of wild bird's wings. He was making a date—he was going to take her out—she was going to have a steady!

Suddenly he pressed very much closer indeed, holding the hand with which she would have thrust him away.

"Kitty," he besought huskily, "won't you kiss me good-by?"

In righteous indignation she sought to free herself. "What do you take me for! I should say not! Do you think I'd kiss any gentleman the first time he brought me home?"

"Next week is awfully far off," he urged, ignoring the ethical question she had raised. "Give me something to know you are not jollying."

"No—no—*please!*"

There was such unfeigned denial in her muffled entreaty that he stopped in uncertainty. Her face was turned away but she did not draw her hand from his grasp. Perhaps she could not. It was such a thin little bit of a hand. Looking down at it he felt the surge of strange, new tenderness, a stirring of unaccustomed emotion in his breast. She was just a slip of a girl—it was lucky she had fallen in with him that day instead of some rough brute like Ryan.

"Just to show you're not jollying," he coaxed, trying to look into her persistently averted eyes.

But with a sudden little laugh she slipped past him and gained the safety of the house, slamming the door in triumph. It was plainly a dismissal, yet so strangely are man and inner-man opposed that he was remotely glad of her denial. It fed his faith in her. His hand was still warm and tingling where her fingers had lain and he thrust it deep in his pocket as he swung down the boarding-house steps.

"She's all right," he repeated exultantly. "She's—all—right!"

WILHELMINA HASTINGS '05.

AN ALUMNA'S DISCOVERY

One day I heard a most sad tale,
 It was that when you see
 A girl with petticoat that shows,
 From Smith she's sure to be.

I pondered long, I almost wept;
 Could this indeed be true,
 This slur upon the college,
 And all the girls I knew?

I chanced to go to Boston.
 When ah! what joy to find
 That Boston petticoats as well
 As Smith's hang down behind.

So when 'neath many a maiden's gown
 A petticoat you see,
 Do not blame Smith, I pray you,
 But femininity.

V. PAULINE HAYDEN '07.

Although not definitely listed in the catalogue as a course in dramatic art or the improvement of the drama. I think every student at Smith feels an

inducement of interest throughout the four
 The Uplift of the Drama years' work at college enlisting her sympathy
 in the cause of the betterment of dramatic art.

This unvoiced influence scarcely ever definitely preached, yet grows to have such a hold upon her that when she goes out into the world she finds herself unconsciously and unpreventably interested in anything dramatic in the better sense of the word. Whether or not by nature especially interested in the drama, when the subject comes up as it always does just now as of paramount importance, she finds herself by inheritance, as it were, and quite without her own forethought, championing the cause of the advancement of the drama. It is her inheritance from the college, a sort of spirit influence which makes her feel it a duty as well as a pleasure to see the best in drama and do all she can to advance it. This influence of Smith has come to be such a recognized feature that a community expects interest and help along these lines from any graduate returning to it from Smith.

Just now one of the problems most vitally before us is this question of how to dignify the stage, maintain the best there is in it and secure its advancement and betterment along the highest lines. Such colleges as Smith, by serious, dignified, dramatic influence felt there, do much to help the cause of improving the drama, because they start interest in the right direction among girls who later will go out to form the theatre public. It is only through this theatre-going public that any improvements can be brought about. This public must be educated up to wanting improvement and then

must be induced to demand it. It is only through the incessant demands of the audience that the managers can be influenced. In view of this very self-evident fact it would seem wisest then to devote all efforts to educating this very important theatre public. This can be done in two ways—by incessant lecturing and haranguing or by filling them so full of what is good that they will no longer be satisfied with the poor stuff so often endured at present.

The West is taking a deservedly leading place in this movement. In Chicago last year the New Theatre aroused much interest by its attempt to establish a stage where only the better drama should be produced. It was run by a board of stockholders and was openly pledged to produce only good drama. Its failure was due not to the unpopularity of the movement, nor yet to the choice of plays given, but to the inferiority of the company engaged. The sort of plays produced, written by great dramatists and representing tremendous crises of emotion and subtleties of expression, demanded unusually great ability on the part of the interpreters. The means of the organization did not permit of their engaging sufficiently experienced artists to do this adequately. Hence the dissatisfaction of the audiences and the final failure of the scheme.

When the public becomes sufficiently aroused to demand the best drama it will be given to them by the big managers who can afford to do it properly.

Evanston, one of the leading suburbs of Chicago, has long enjoyed the reputation of being the Boston of the West. Every fad and cult is endured here, every new idea looked into. Therefore, of course we are doing what we think the best we can to advance this movement for good drama. For many years a little circle of friends have been in the habit of meeting together to read the best plays of all countries and all times. Last year this little club invited a prominent student of drama to give a course of lectures on modern dramatists. This course was attended with great enthusiasm by over one hundred persons. The class broke itself up into small circles of twenty or so to read, between lectures, the plays under discussion. A travelling library was secured from the University Extension Bureau, composed of books suggested by the lecturer, and was accessible to all members of the class. The work became so popular and the members so enthusiastic that at the end of the course the class organized into a Drama Study Club for the study and promotion of the drama. There are no membership fees, but anyone buying a season ticket to the course of lectures which will be given each year becomes a member, receiving a membership ticket and through this ticket access to the travelling library that is furnished by the University Extension without extra charge.

Membership is considerably over one hundred, and at least twelve reading circles have been formed to read together through the year in preparation for the lecture course of the season. A president, secretary, treasurer and board of directors decide upon the lecturer and just what special line of dramatic study the work shall take up each year. We shall study not only plays and their writers, but even drama construction and how to know good drama.

We hope to make an influence felt on the theatres in Chicago by attending in a body when plays of note are given, and show an appreciation of any effort to present the higher drama. We have attended in groups numerous

special productions of Ibsen and Hauptmann and shall make it a point to continue to do so. Ultimately it is not at all impossible that we shall undertake public readings by members of the club of some of the best and least frequently produced of these great modern dramas.

Such a club would be easy to start in any of the towns or cities when our *alumnæ* return after graduation. The little reading circles are delightfully enjoyable and most informal. One member reads while the rest sew. After the reading of the play tea is usually served, while an interesting and wholly informal and unstudied discussion goes on.

When wondering what to do after graduation can you not plan to do your share in this way toward the renaissance of the drama, by educating the public taste not only to demand the best but to accept nothing else?

MARJORIE AYRES BEST '95.

Photographs of Mr. Tarbell's portrait of President Seelye are on sale, the proceeds to go to the Library Fund. Orders for the photographs may be sent to the secretaries of the local *alumnæ* associations or to the General Secretary, Florence H. Snow, 184 Elm Street, Northampton, Mass.

All contributions for the Business Manager should be addressed to Harriet T. Carswell, Morris House.

Applications for tickets for Senior Dramatics, June 11 or 12, should be sent as soon as possible to the *Alumnæ* Secretary, Miss Florence H. Snow, 184 Elm Street, Northampton. An *alumna* is allowed only one ticket on her name, and she cannot use another person's name to procure another ticket. Payment is not made for tickets until Commencement week. Any other business communications relative to Dramatics should be addressed to the Business Manager, Helen M. Hills, Hatfield House, Northampton.

All *alumnæ* visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'07.	Dorothy Evans,	.	.	.	Oct. 20-Nov.	2
'07.	Georgiana A. Jackson,	.	.	.	" 26-	5
'07.	Jessie Reid Allen,	.	.	.	" 29-	1
'07.	Millicent Vaughan Lewis,	.	.	.	" 29-	1
'07.	Ethel Wolverton,	.	.	.	" 29-	1
'07.	Dorothy W. Davis,	.	.	.	" 30-	1
ex-'08.	Grace Fridlay,	.	.	.	" 30-	1
'07.	Gladys Duffee,	.	.	.	" 30-	4
'07.	Mary I. Goodman,	.	.	.	" 30-	7
'87.	Ruth S. Bowles Baldwin,	.	.	.	" 31-	3
'82.	Alice Pelmbet Norton,	.	.	.	"	1-2
'81.	Lucia Clapp Noyes,	.	.	.	"	1-3
'07.	Olive Tolman,	.	.	.	"	1-2
'05.	Louise Dodge Whittaker,	.	.	.	"	2

'07.	Ethel Humphries,	.	.	.	Nov.	4
'97.	Katherine Perkins,	.	.	.	"	8-11
'00.	Ruth Perkins,	.	.	.	"	9-11
'07.	Ada Carpenter,	.	.	.	"	11-15
'07.	Alice E. Goodman,	.	.	.	"	13-18
'07.	Helen Spencer,	.	.	.	"	13-26
'98.	Ethel Dickinson Beattie,	.	.	.	"	14
'06.	Mary Vardrine McBee,	.	.	.	"	15-17
'07.	Louise DeForest,	.	.	.	"	15-20
'90.	Ruth Dakin Sherill,	.	.	.	"	16-18
'07.	Dorothy Wendell Davis,	.	.	.	"	16-18
'06.	Anna Hylard Enright,	.	.	.	"	17-29
ex-'09.	Florence Lyman,	.	.	.	"	18
'07.	Helen M. Barber,	.	.	.	"	23
'07.	Mary A. Foot,	.	.	.	"	23
'96.	Eva Hills Eastman,	.	.	.	"	25
'07.	Mabel E. Norris,	.	.	.	"	25-30
'06.	Alice Lyons Hildebrand,	.	.	.	"	26
'06.	Clara Winifred Newcomb,	.	.	.	"	26-27
'01.	Margaret P. Moore,	.	.	.	"	30

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Florence Dixon, 20 Belmont Avenue, Northampton.

- '90. Ruth Dakin Sherill has charge of the Science Department at Farmington.
- '00. Mary Bell Holt announces her engagement to Leon Valentine Walker of Portland, Maine.
- '02. Clara Holmes Lyle was married at Dowagiac, Michigan, on Tuesday, October 15, to Mr. Edward Hebert.
- '03. Elizabeth S. Sampson was married on October 24 to Mr. Paul Chester Peterson.
- Maud M. Skinner announces her engagement to Mr. Frederick Thompson Dow. Harvard '00, of Birmingham, Alabama.
- '04. Ethel Hazen was married in September to Walter Huston Lillard, and is living on Phillips Street, Andover, Massachusetts.
- Margaret Watson was married in St. Louis on Saturday, November 2, to Mr. Thomas Perry.
- '05. Louise Dodge was married to Chester Leland Whitaker on October 24. Address, 8 Fairview Terrace, Winter Hill, Massachusetts.
- '06. Mary C. Smith is teaching English and History in the High School of Park River, North Dakota.
- '07. Mary A. Foot is principal of Weston High School at Weston, Vermont. Address, Box 69, Weston, Vermont.
- Viola Pauline Hayden is studying book-binding at Bedford Springs, Massachusetts.

- '07. Mae Schlesinger was married on Tuesday, November 26, in Chicago, to Mr. Henry M. Butzel of Detroit.

Sophie Wilds is at the Women's University Club, 17 Madison Square, North, New York, New York.

BIRTHS

- '98. Mrs. Arthur V. Woodworth (Margaret Kennard), a son, Alfred Skinner, 2nd, born August 10.
'99. Mrs. A. H. Ward (Margaret May), a son, born November 16.
'01. Mrs. George W. Gordon (Janet Sheldon), a daughter, Janet Reid, born September 21.

Mrs. Frederick Strong (Clara Knowlton), a son, Dexter Knowlton, born September 21.

- ex-'01. Mrs. Nelson Brown (Margaret Tucker), a daughter, born in July.
'02. Mrs. Isaac B. Smith (Emma Lois Stone), a son, Ronald Bromley, born October 28.
'03. Mrs. Ned Dunham Goodhue (Roma B. Carpenter), a daughter, Jeannette Carolyn, born June 4.

ABOUT COLLEGE

MISS MUFFET IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Eating her curds and whey ;
When along came a spider
And sat down beside her,
The spider was seized with dismay,
For this little Miss Muffet
Came down from her tuffet
To examine his vertebræ.

ESTHER PACKARD '10.

An eighteenth century mother enters the room where her golden-haired boy bends eagerly over some treasure on the floor. She is horrified to discover him engaged in plucking the wings and

In the Light of Science legs from a large fly. Before him on the floor lie a neat row of victims all similarly denuded. They writhe about and bend their bodies in grotesque contortions. The mother's reproof is quick and stern and soon she holds a sobbing and repentant little boy in her arms as she tells him the cruelty of causing needless pain to any of God's creatures.

But the mother of the present day on whom the light of science has shone knows that the flies can suffer no pain. She knows that this shrinking and writhing is a mechanical response to a simple external stimulus and she smiles as she pats her son's curly head. "See the reflex action, dear," she says.

MILDRED WILSON '08.

A MISAPPLIED SCIENCE

A bird was singing gaily
On a sunny morn in June,
When I noticed with an awful start
That its voice was out of tune.

I fled on wings of zephyr
O'er the meadow without halt,
Took a salad fork for tuning,
Quickly seized a pinch of salt,

Hastened back o'er dewy meadows
To my birdling in the tree.
Can you grasp my disappointment
When no birdling I could see?

ELLIS ABBOTT '09.

The difficulty of criticizing a house play is scarcely realized by those who are waiting for the verdict to be pronounced upon their production. In criticizing the efforts of children in any field, our praise

Chapin House Play or blame is usually supplemented by some such qualifying phrase as "for their age." Amateur play-acting stands in somewhat the same relation to the work of professionals, and so when praise or blame is bestowed upon any performance, it is with this consideration in mind.

On Saturday evening, November 16, the students of Chapin House presented Pinero's "Lady Bountiful" with great success, for as a whole the play was both well acted and well staged, so that even "those who came to scoff remained—" until the very end of the performance.

Grace Johnson, as Dennis Heron, the hero, made an immediate hit. Her acting was greatly helped by her striking personal appearance, and the round of excited and surprised applause that greeted her first entrance showed that in looking so much like a man, Miss Johnson had done a little more than is ordinarily expected of the hero of House Dramatics. Esther Packard, as Lady Bountiful, was a graceful heroine, and the exquisite taste displayed in her costumes, contributed greatly to the scenic effect. Probably the best acting was that of Rachel Harris in the character of Roderick Heron. She acted with great conviction. Not once was she forgetful of her rôle, and the hearty dislike evinced by the audience for Roderick Heron is the best commendation that could be given her. Mabel Boardman, as Margaret Veal, gave a good bit of suggestion in the earlier lines of her part and worked up to a strong climax, her death scene even bringing tears to the more susceptible part of the audience. The character work done by Margaret Taylor as Pedgrift, the old sexton, was noticeably good and reminiscent of "Senior Dramatics." Margaret Sayward and Charlotte Draper are also deserving of praise for their good characterizations. Perhaps the only member of the cast who deserves active censure was the baby, whose stiffness at critical moments was slightly disconcerting to the other players. The cast was as follows:

Sir Lucian Brent, Bart,	Muriel Seelye
Sir Richard Philliter, Q. C.,	Margaret Sayward
Roderick Heron,	Rachel Harris
Dennis Heron,	Grace Johnson
John Veale,	Eleanor Linton
Pedgrift, a parish clerk and sexton,	Margaret Taylor
Wimple,	Frances Richardson
Floyce,	Rachel Little
Miss Brent,	Susan Orr
Camilla Brent,	Esther Packard
Beatrix Brent,	Margaret Cushman
Mrs. Veale,	Lulu Lawrence
Margaret Veale,	Mabel Boardman
Mrs. Hodnutt, }	Charlotte Draper
Amelia, }	

The Helen Kate Furness prize for the best essay written by a member of the junior class, on a Shakespearean theme, has been awarded this year to Eunice Fuller. The number of students who undertook to compete for the prize was seventy-five. Thirty-two did the preliminary reading of all of Shakespeare's plays. Seventeen reported their inability, for various reasons, to proceed to the writing of a paper. Six failed to complete the papers they had planned and begun. Nine papers were handed to the committee for awarding the prize.

Smith College Library

SELECTED LIST OF BOOKS RECENTLY ADDED TO THE LIBRARY

Beazley—Dawn of Modern Geography. 1897-1906.

Mr. Beazley has done and more than done for the Middle Ages what Bunbury did for ancient times in his "Ancient Geography." We now possess in English a complete history of exploration and of geographical ideas from Homer to Prince Henry the Navigator. Mr. Beazley's work is indispensable both to students of the discoveries and of Mediæval culture.—*Nation*.

Wiley—Foods and Their Adulterations. 1907.

Authoritative information, complete and detailed, concerning the origin, manufacture and composition of food products, with a description of common adulterations and a consideration of food standards, and the national food laws and regulations. . . . The author is chief chemist of the United States Department of Agriculture.—*A. L. A. Book List*.

De Vries—Plant Breeding. 1907.

It is a compact and popular presentation of the recent wonderful development in methods of plant breeding, and a clear statement of the bearing of all this vast experimental work upon the author's theory of mutation.—*Botanical Gazette*.

(Touches upon the experiments of Luther Burbank.)

Hosmer—The Appeal to Arms: Outcome of the Civil War. (American Nation Series.)

Eminently readable. . . . There is little overlapping of previous volumes, though the ground covered by Admiral Chadwick in his "Causes of the Civil War" is necessarily a little trespassed upon. Maps are more numerous than in preceding volumes of this series, though battlefields are rare. . . . These volumes will sustain the general level of the series to which they belong and undoubtedly constitute the best short history of the Civil War that has yet appeared.—*Nation*.

Woodberry—Ralph Waldo Emerson. (American Men of Letters.)

In our opinion this is the best of the American volumes that have so far appeared in the series, and it is about the best work of its author.—*Nation*.

Raleigh—Shakespeare. (English Men of Letters.)

This little book, by the Professor of English Literature at Oxford, offers a distinct contribution to Shakespearean literature, not because it adds anything to our knowledge of the man (there is one biographical chapter) but because of its consideration of the great master as a poet and creator of character.

It is in no sense a handbook or a detailed, critical biography, but a stimulating account of the reaction of Shakespeare's creations upon a keen and sensitive mind, recorded by a master of style.—*Nation*.

Colquhoun—Whirlpool of Europe—Austria-Hungary and the Hapsburgs. 1907.

Has to do with the political and social life of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and incidentally with the history, dwelling rather more on that of the Middle Ages than on that of the last half-century. The book is the more important because of the scarcity of material on Austria available at the present time.—*A. L. A. Book List*.

Among the books recently added in the Department of Biblical Literature and Comparative Religion are Harnack's History of Dogma (7 volumes), the most important work on the subject; several volumes of the Crown Theological Library, including Marti's Religion of Israel, a brief but most excellent summary; Das alte Orient, a series of small German books, summarising the present knowledge of various fields of Oriental history; Montgomery's The Samaritans, the most careful study ever published of this interesting fragment of a nation; several books on the relation of Oriental study to the Bible, including Clay's Light on the Old Testament from Babel and Rice's The Old Testament in the Light of the Ancient Records of Assyria and Babylon; The Century Bible, a set of small but scholarly commentaries, well up to date; The Peasantry of Palestine, a careful original study, made during a residence of several years at Ramallah, a village a few hours north of Jerusalem, by Dr. Grant, now associate professor at Smith.—*Irving F. Wood*.

NEW EDITIONS

Evelyn—Diary.

One of the centenaries passed over this winter [1906] with little noise was the 200th anniversary of the death of John Evelyn. Yet the event did not go entirely unregarded. A London publisher took the occasion to bring out a report of H. B. Wheatley's edition of the "Diary and Correspondence."—*Nation*.

Hawthorne—Complete Works. Old Manse edition. 22 vols. 1900.

Aldrich—Complete Works. Ponkapog edition. 9 vols. 1907.

Turgeneff—Works, tr. by Isabel F. Hapgood. 16 vols. 1905.

Lamb—Works, ed. by E. V. Lucas. 7 vols. 1903-05.

Ibsen—Collected Works, ed. by William Archer. 11 vols. 1906-07.

OTHER IMPORTANT ADDITIONS

Brunetière—Honoré de Balzac. 1906.

Mitton—Jane Austen and Her Times. 1905.

Cartwright—Isabella d'Este, a Study of the Renaissance. 1904.

Lucas—Life of Lamb. 1907.

Seymour—Life in the Homeric Age. 1907.

Abelson—Seven Liberal Arts. 1907.

Tyler—Growth and Education. 1907.

Pearson—Grammar of Science. 1900.

- Hough—Handbook of the Trees of the United States and Canada. 1907.
 Pratt—History of Music. 1907.
 Cortissoz—Augustus St. Gaudens. 1907.
 Harrison—Greek Vase Paintings. 1894.
 Day—Alphabets Old and New. 1906.
 Ives—Bibliography of Oliver Wendell Holmes. 1907.
 Hauptmann—Gesammelte Werke. 6 vols. 1907.

I remember this motto on an old fireplace, "Ye ornaments of a house are ye guests that frequent it." Is not the same true of a college?

During the last month Smith College has been
Lectures and Concerts singularly fortunate in the visitors that it has entertained, or we might better say that we have been very fortunate in the visitors who have entertained us.

The rather informal visit of Professor Lutoslawski, the eminent philosopher and student of Plato, resulted in a decidedly informal manifestation of appreciation. The sight of the students, who, charmed by the personality of the distinguished Pole, followed him from class to class, to some bore the aspect of the enthusiasm evinced by the scholars of the Middle Ages for some favorite master, while to others it recalled the adventure of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Without a doubt it was a great privilege to hear Professor Lutoslawski, and the college, as a whole, took the greatest advantage of the opportunity.

Another distinguished visitor was Professor David Starr Jordan of Leland Stamford Junior University of California, who delivered an address upon certain aspects of the famous scientist, Louis Agassiz, whose favorite pupil he was. Professor Jordan is a master of exposition and possesses a gift of humor that diverted the most conscientious freshman from the theme pad, upon which she had intended to take voluminous notes. Professor Jordan spoke of Agassiz from the view-point of his own personal reminiscences. Very tellingly he brought out the infinite painstaking scientific curiosity, the boundless enthusiasm for his subject, and the inspiration of the instruction of his former professor. It would have been very hard to leave the hall without a thrill of the glorious conception of science which was Agassiz's and is most certainly Professor Jordan's.

From still another part of the world came M. Madélin, one of the most distinguished Napoleonic scholars. His lecture upon "Napoléon, professeur d'énergie," is reviewed on another page of this department.

Another eminent scholar who visited Smith College during this last month was Dr. Worcester of Emmanuel Church, Boston, who spoke upon the subject, "Mental Suggestion as Applied to the Healing of Functional Nervous Troubles."

Three concerts have been held here under the auspices of the Department of Music.

November 13 the Longy Club presented a program of Chamber Music for wind instruments. A week later followed the concert given by Mme. Marie Marshall-Churchill, assisted by M. Albert Taylor, violincellist, and by Mr. Edwin Prince Story of the Music Department of Smith College. As a pupil

of Jean de Rezke, Mme. Churchill's work presented certain characteristics of his training, among others a marked absence of tremolo. Probably one of the most remarkable concerts ever given at the college was that of the Russian Symphony Orchestra in Assembly Hall on the night of December 2d. The program was as follows:

- I. Musorgski, Introduction "Kovanschina"
- II. Tschaikowsky, Symphony No. 4, in F minor, Op. 36
Andante Sostenuto: Moderato con anima in movimento di valse
Andantino in modo di canzona
Scherzo, Pizzicato ostinato; Allegro
Finale; Allegro con fuoco
- III. Liadow, Folk Songs for Orchestra
(Pictures of Russian life.)
 - (a) 1. In a religious mood
 - 2. Christmas Greeting (Koliada Maleda)
 - 3. Plaintive (Field Song)
 - 4. Mosquito Dance
 - 5. What the birds say
 - 6. Cradle Song
 - 7. Dance
- Glazunow
(b) "Ay, Ouchnem" (Bargemen's Song)
- Rimsky-Korsakow
(c) "Dubinushka" ("Twig") (new)
- IV. Ippolitow-Ivanow, Caucasian Sketches
 - (a) In the Aul
 - (b) March of the Sardar

Probably there has been no concert given in Northampton of more unique interest than the program rendered by the Longy Club in Assembly Hall on November 13. The Longy Club, composed of

Concert by Longy Club one flute, two clarinets, two oboes, two bassoons, two French horns, and piano, has been organized for seven years. Its members, with the exception of the pianist, are all from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which is world famous for its wood wind players. The repertoire for wood wind instruments is by no means limited, but owing to the scarcity of performers is little known to the public. In the handling of wind instruments, exactness of tone and nicety of interpretation are especially requisite qualities, for in these instruments, perhaps more than in any others, deviations are particularly noticeable—even to the untrained listener.

The concert, of its kind, was excellent. The element of tediousness, which might reasonably be expected in such a program, was lacking, owing to the fact that though the program was long in numbers, the various movements were comparatively short, and the flute and horn solos and the trio were interspersed among the numbers for the whole club, with just the right touch of variety. Of the first and last numbers, the Beethoven was the more

interesting, as being a typical example of the best of chamber music for wood winds.

By far the most brilliant work of the evening, and that received with the most acclaim, was that done by Mr. Maquarre in the Mouquet Sonate for flute. Somewhat programmatical in nature, this number, so typical of the flute, was rendered with a most delicate skill and grace.

Among the lecturers which the French Department has been able to procure in past years there has perhaps been none more eminent than M. Madelin, who holds a high position among modern

Lecture by M. Madelin French historians. On Saturday afternoon, November 23, M. Madelin delivered a thoroughly interesting and instructive lecture, the subject of which was "Napoleon, professeur d'énergie."

The first and essential point which M. Madelin wished to impress upon his hearers was the fact that Napoleon was above all energetic. He entered French history at the moment when the ancient régime was dying from lack of energy, and giving way to rule based on personal vigour. The rights of king and clergy alike were acquired through heredity, regardless of personal worth, and it was because it failed in rewarding energy that it could no longer live. The Revolution was an outburst of the energetic, which doubtless was carried too far, but which from its kindred nature could and did understand Napoleon. Necessity demanded an energetic man, a man whose dominant characteristic was vigour and strength, and she found him in Napoleon. His ideal of the statesman and ruler is the man of untiring energy who should toil without rest, whose crest is the eagle with wings ever spread, and whose motto should be "Nothing is impossible" ("Rien n'est impossible").

Napoleon's contact with the Orient could not fail to develop his imagination, which was by nature constructive, but though it taught him to dream, his dreams took concrete form, each one of which identified itself with a desire and none of which failed to be transformed into immediate reality through the medium of his energy. The results of this energy were marvellous. M. Madelin cited many interesting examples of Napoleon's power to work night and day, whether in his cabinet or on the field, taking neither rest nor nourishment, and of the amount of work which he was able to accomplish in a short space of time.

Napoleon was not only endowed with extraordinary energy himself, but he was also an energizer. He preached vigor as the greatest of the virtues,—he held up to the people examples of energy exemplified in Washington and Jeanne d'Arc, and never failed to reward an exhibition of this quality in his followers. By mere contact, those who knew him acquired something of his strength and force. During the years since his death, his influence has been felt by nations and by individuals. M. Madelin mentioned several nations which have approved and sought to imitate the energy of Napoleon. America, he said, has been inspired by his example—it is through its ideal of the strenuous life the patron of energy. He who will struggle, live, and succeed, may learn the lesson at the great school of vigour—the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte, professeur d'énergie.

M. L. H. '08.

CALENDAR

- December 9. Open Meeting of the Philosophical Club. Lecture by Miss Talbot of Mt. Holyoke College.
Subject: Fichte's Conception of God.
- " 11. Open Meeting of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies. Lecture by Miss Agnes Repplier.
Subject: The Mission of Humor.
- " 14. 3 P. M. Glee Club Concert.
- " 18. Beginning of the Christmas Vacation.
- January 3. Opening of the Winter Term.
- " 11. Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.

The
Smith College
Monthly

January - 1908

Conducted by the Senior Class

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THE
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EDITORS:

GRACE KELLOGG,

MARGARET HALLOCK STEEN,

MIRIAM ALMA MYERS,

EUNICE FULLER,

FLORENCE DIXON,

FLORENCE BATTERSON,

MARGARET CLARK RANKIN,

MARY PRESCOTT PARSONS.

TREASURER,

BUSINESS MANAGER,

MILDRED WILLCOX WILSON.

HARRIET TOWNSEND CARSWELL.

ALUMNÆ TREASURER,

KATHERINE DUBLE HINMAN.

Vol. XV.

JANUARY, 1908.

No. 4

THE POETRY OF PHILOSOPHY

"No man," said Coleridge, "was ever yet a great poet without being at the same time a great philosopher." Yet Coleridge seems to have misinterpreted the wisdom of his own remark and to have understood a philosopher, as one who reads and talks philosophy. He thus laid himself open to the criticism of Hazlett, who said of him, "If he, (Coleridge), had not been a poet, he would have been a powerful logician; if he had not dipped his wing into the Unitarian controversy, he might have soared to the very summit of fancy. But in writing verse, he is trying to subject the Muse to transcendental theories; in his abstract reasoning, he misses the way by strewing it with flowers."

By philosophy, then, we shall mean not the study of the history of elaborate theories and systems of thought, but rather the attitude of the philosophic mind; as by poetry we shall mean poetic inspiration and shall not consider the accidental attributes of rhyme and rhythm. For mere form does not make poetry. By a certain power over language, a writer may compel the most fascinating and high-born words to take the places

that he has assigned for them in the expression of some trite and conventional utterance, but he will deceive none but the trite and the conventional.

In considering the essentials of poetry, imagination is given the highest place, and by imagination is meant that power which creates the world for itself. It is the blessed gift by means of which the poet is enabled to take nothing for granted, but to see unity and connection and resemblances, hidden to the mind of prose, that is content to go on its way, "calling a spade a spade" and feeling that the last word has been said upon the subject.

The highest place in the mind of the philosopher is given to reflection; not reflection upon practical activities nor upon the principles of science, but reflection directed toward the endeavor to find the ultimate cause of all things, the explanation of the universe.

Thus both poet and philosopher transcend the actual and are for this reason incomprehensible to the misdirected mind that is content to live out its daily life in the life of each day. The universal element furnishes the material for philosopher and poet alike. The poet seeks, or rather finds, the embodiment of some idea in reality, while the philosopher endeavors to secure its disembodiment, to translate it into the language of pure thought.

The influence of philosophy upon poetry can best be shown by its influence upon life; for true poetry is the expression of life in terms of the poet's soul. There is no man whose actions are not moulded by his theory of life, whether or not he has deliberately elaborated his theory into a system. There is a prevailing belief that practice and theory may be distinct. As a matter of fact, they are one and the same, and if a man does not act in accordance with the principles that he professes, it is positive proof that he has no conviction in what he says.

Byron exemplifies his own individualism, Shelley, showing the influence of Platonic philosophy, raises the Archetype of Beauty almost to the height of religion; Browning stands for the sturdy optimism "that welcomes each rebuff," a contrast to the mild philosophy of Stevenson, expressed by this one blossom, plucked from his "Garden of Verse"—

"The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

It has been asserted that Shakespeare, alone, of all the poets the greatest, has left no clue to his philosophy of life. This is too great a subject to discuss here, but is nothing shown by his breadth of sympathy in a delineation of characters so diverse and yet so real that they seem to breathe their own philosophy into their words and deeds? Do we gain no clue to the philosophy of Shakespeare, in observing the Nemesis that overtakes all those who have lost the sense of balance, those characters in whom one human faculty has outweighed all the rest? Is not this the very tragedy of human life as expressed in the plays of the great dramatist?

In the works of a poet, we may expect to find his outlook upon life—not his biography or the accurate delineation of his own emotion. For it is only when he has succeeded in abstracting himself, when he is able to see his mood in perspective, so to speak, that he can give to his poetry that universality to which it will owe its greatness. When Wordsworth claims attention for his own individuality, he presents rhythmical egotism instead of poetry.

The imagination of the poet which raises his contemplation above the actual into the world of ideals, is the gift of the philosopher as well. But what is to the poet an end, is to the philosopher only the means to an end. With poetic insight, through the force of resemblances, he reaches conclusions, which he seeks to justify by human reason. The poet strikes a vein of gold and is content. The philosopher, digging at his side, seeks to know the reason and the conditions of its appearance.

Thus philosophy has its beginnings in poetry. It is in poetry that it finds expression. Dr. Everett in speaking of the poetic imagination says, "If any system of philosophy retains its youth as the works of the imagination retain theirs, it is because it is akin to them. The philosophy of Plato rests upon the imagination. It is in its essence poetry. It rests upon the assumption that the ideal is more real than the actual. The actual things about us are only the imperfect images, the fleeting shadows of the ideal things which only the soul sees and which alone are eternal. It is this element in the works of Plato which has made them a perennial source of joy and inspiration."

The immensity and mystery of the task of philosophy is an appeal to the poetic faculty. The knowable is everywhere surrounded by the unknowable. The human mind has not attained

the knowledge that it seeks, and there is romance and poetry in the thought of the ages that have contemplated the same great, eternal problems. By removing knowledge, there is room for faith and faith is poetry. How far human reason has come from discovering the great universal truths may be judged from the fact that we have been urged to find a poetic satisfaction in the thought of the eternal relation of the three angles of a triangle.

In searching for elements of poetry in the different branches of philosophy, though I can find these elements in the subject matter of psychology, I can find no poetry in its methods. One might as well expect to find the true beauty of poetry itself through a course in poetics, where inspiration is reduced to accents and the letters of the alphabet. The psychologist does not succeed in explaining the mystery of the human mind, nor has he yet succeeded in explaining it away. He may seize the human infant and subject it to the most inhuman experiments, but the poetry of childhood is still there. He may draw a map of the intersecting brain paths and connect them by association, similarity and contiguity, but he cannot destroy the unexplainable sweetness of a single memory. And yet, in spite of its scientific methods, we cannot deny that a constructive imagination is the very life and soul of psychology.

Some one has described the study of metaphysics as "a groping about in a dark room for a black hat, which is not there." This very well illustrates the attitude of many toward the function of philosophy. They regard it as a kind of pastime for the learned in books and humor them in their fancy, by not paying them the slightest attention, much as they humor the whims of a child. There is, however, the most intimate connection between metaphysics and ethics and the work of the poet. There is no truly great poetry that is not of ethical value and, at its height, it is the inspiration of the prophets.

The relation, then, of philosophy and poetry is of the closest. "No man," said Coleridge, "was ever yet a great poet without being at the same time a great philosopher." Might we not say as well that no man was ever yet a great philosopher without being at the same time a great poet.

MIRIAM ALMA MYERS.

DREAMS

Ah ! dreams, dreams, dreams,
Ye are the heart of me !
The white ships melt in the mistland,
At the shadowy edge of the sea ;
And where they go I do not know,
Nor what their names may be,
Ah ! dreams, dreams, dreams,
Ye are the heart of me !

KATHERINE DUNCAN MORSE.

THE HUMANITY OF BYRON

Byron is not a poet whose personality can be summed up in a few phrases dominated by one chief attribute. The force and fascination of his character lie partly in this puzzling complexity. He was a man always at war with his world, "always carrying a chip on his shoulder," but he did not stand aloof from life. He plunged deeply into it, and fought out his own ideas in defiance of creed and convention. In his independence of spirit, intense love of liberty, tolerance toward other men's creeds, and in the force and vigor with which he expresses these ideas, we have a poet who makes a wider appeal in this age of ours than is found in the ethereal, lyric outbursts of Shelley, the over-sweet sensuousness of Keats, or the abstract, poetical philosophy of Wordsworth. They are not near enough to us. In this busy, hurried life, we cannot float too far away in the clouds. We like to have our minds diverted and yet keep our feet on the ground. People of the twentieth century do not naturally go to poetry for recreation, nor is it often a subject of conversation. The poets have grown dusty on the library shelf while people have gone upon their money-getting way. But for every strong movement in one direction there is a corresponding reaction, so that there is good reason to suppose that the interest in poetry will revive. The tendency toward such a revival has become noticeable during the last year through articles which have appeared in current magazines, and most of them center on one man—Byron. It seems worth while to glance at some of his ideas and characteristics which may account for this reviving interest.

Nowhere does one get a better idea of Byron's attitude toward life than in "Childe Harold," for it is the record of his inmost thoughts. The journey through Italy, with which he was whiling away his self-imposed exile from England, chiefly concerned him, and furnished him with the pegs on which to hang his reflections. So well does he describe every step of the way and every point of interest that it has been said one may safely use the poem as a guide book. Thus his poetic spirit did not lead him into a distortion of facts, even while it lent vividness and picturesqueness to what he described.

He had a passionate veneration for the relics of the by-gone grandeur of Italy. The history of the country was in his mind and heart, he knew the significance of every famous spot, and filled it again in fancy with the glory of the past. Rome he loved for the greatness of her ancient power, for her lofty institutions, for her mighty men of learning. Venice was to him "a fairy city of the heart." He was not reconciled to the passing of this splendor. The fall of Rome was intensely tragic to him. In his appreciation of the civilization of the Italy of the past, one sees Byron as the accomplished scholar, as the cultured man of the world.

He was thoroughly in earnest in his attitude toward civilization, but was he so in his views about art? He says somewhere, "I know nothing of painting. Depend upon it, of all the arts, it is the most artificial and unnatural, and that by which the nonsense of mankind is most imposed upon." He has been accused of assuming a pose here in pretending to feel little interest in painting and sculpture. It seems hardly possible that a man who cared nothing for this branch of art could describe the statue of the Dying Gladiator and the one of Laocoön as he has done in the fourth canto of "Childe Harold." These descriptions show that he entered into the conceptions with ardor, and was strongly affected by them. But whether his indifference to art were real or assumed, his *expression* of that attitude shows the dauntless vigor and independence of a mind which never sided with public opinion for lack of originality or courage. As he himself says:

"I have not loved the world, nor the world me,
I have not flattered its rank breath nor bowed
To its idolatries a patient knee—
Nor coined my cheek to smiles—nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo."

No one who reads Byron can doubt the sweeping power of his love for Nature. There was something wild and untamable in the man which answered to the fury of the mountain storms. The following description of a storm among the Alps is one of his great moments :

“The sky is changed !—and such a change ! O night
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder ! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud.

“And this is night :—Most glorious night !
Thou wert not sent for slumber ! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee !
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth !
And now again 'tis black,—and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth.”

He almost felt himself a part of Nature ; at times he longed passionately to be so. His diseased, embittered mind was soothed and made sane by the beauty of the Rhineland, which he sketched with a firm, sure touch. Some of his descriptions live in the mind because they are so unlike those of anyone else. Such a bit as this, for example :

——“parting day
Dies like a dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new color as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is grey.”

And this :

“At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still,
There seems a floating whisper on the hill.
* * * * *
Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are *least* alone.”

And again he says that to him

“high mountains are a feeling,
But the hum of human cities torture.”

Stronger and deeper than all else is his love of the sea,—vast, boundless, fathomless. Man's hand is everywhere else, he can conquer everything else; but on the ocean he can leave no trace. The poet draws it in moments of terrific storm and of infinite calm, but always with that pure, sincere, elemental love which he feels for all Nature,—not as a background for his fancy to paint pictures on, but for its great self.

One does not always find the same Byron in his poems. Sometimes one side of his varied nature predominates, sometimes another. One of his most interesting phases is that of a narrator. He has the gift of telling a story with such splendid vigor and swing, such vivid picturing, and breathless interest, that the reader cannot get away from the grip of it, even if he would. The best example of this type is "Mazeppa," of which Robert Louis Stevenson writes to a friend:

"Try, by way of change, Byron's 'Mazeppa.' You will be astonished. It is grand and no mistake, and one sees through it a fire, and a passion, and a rapid intuition of genius, that makes one rather sorry for one's own generation of better writers, and—I don't know what to say; I was going to say 'smaller men,' but that's not right; read it, and you will feel what I cannot express. Don't be put out by the beginning; persevere and you will find yourself thrilled before you are at an end with it."

He makes the people real, the tale absorbing, and the setting artistic.

The dramatic quality which enters Byron's narrative poems, finds yet fuller expression in the dramatic poem "Manfred." Here we have a story parallel to "Faust," save that here the hero has sold his everything for the indulgence of the intellect rather than the senses. The lonely, icy, mist-filled caverns, the evil spirits, the tortured, desperate man caught in the toils of his too great seeking after knowledge, fill us with a feeling of heavy, threatening suspense. Behind the story is that mood of Byron, which comes uppermost in the third canto of "Childe Harold" when he says:

"I have thought
Too long and darkly, till my brain became
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of fantasy and flame."

He is speaking out some of his own intense, passionate fevered thoughts through the medium of Manfred.

To turn from that to "Don Juan" is like being doused with cold water. A little of the endlessly long poem is a sample of the whole; an incident bald and shameless as one of Boccaccio's tales, related in a light, mocking, flippant way which repels—yet has a certain attraction. One must admit that it is a wonderfully telling exposition of human frailty. There is a something in it that reminds one of certain of Kipling's stories, and which has the same flavor that has appealed so much to our modern taste.

Surely in a poet whose works are a mine of such varied treasure, nearly everyone can find something to pay for the digging. In that he is complex yet always human, never forgetful of humanity in his poetic ideals, he will surely hold a place in the interests of men when many another poet is unread and forgotten.

HARRIETTE FRANCES ABBOTT.

SEPARATION

Good night, good night
Yet not good night, dear heart,
But rather say good-bye.
For never can we further drift apart
Than when at night, I lie
Asleep, for then my soul
May drift afar in mysteries quite new,
May reach some unknown goal
I can not share with you.
And as each night must shut us quite apart.
Good bye, good bye, dear heart.

ALICE MARJORIE PIERCE.

SONS OF THE SOIL

As an idea in the mind of Governor Rollins, Old Home Day was an inspiration; as an institution carried out in sympathy with its original purpose, it has proved a God-send to the State of New Hampshire. These reunions held in most of the country towns every summer or every other summer—the custom varies—have turned the attention of hundreds of people back

to their native places, and brought no less than one million dollars into the state through their purchase of deserted farms. But there is a deeper significance in Old Home Day, seen strikingly by the outsider,—the revelation which the occasion gives of the type of character produced in the New England country town. The man who on this day steps aside into his old surroundings from out of the wider life of the nation, stands for the powers of attainment which the New England character possesses. His fellow-townsmen who welcome him back are of the same stuff as he; their characteristics are the foundation upon which he has been privileged to build. A native of the Granite State was once scornfully asked by a Westerner, "What do you raise in New Hampshire, I'd like to know?" The answer came promptly, ringing with pride, "We raise *men*, sir!"

A recent Old Home gathering in one of the typically quiet, trim villages of the western part of the state showed the force of this reply. The stately white meeting-house, which in so characteristic a fashion stands centrally at the top of the hill, dominating the life of the little town below, was on that day filled with people. Gathered from the outlying farms or returned from cities more remote, they all of them were of the same stock; to all of them this place was home. They were listening with close attention to one of their number, the speaker of the occasion.

As he stood on the fern-banked platform, a tall, alert figure, gray with years of successful leadership in social science, his whole bearing suggested courageous energy, intellect, culture, and iron endurance, lightened by the saving grace of humor. The address he was giving was a masterly one, forceful yet tender, and he spoke to the plain people before him as to fellow-townsmen, who shared his traits and his sympathies. While he talked tears stood in many eyes, for he was giving reminiscences of his boyhood in the town, and stirring their pride in their common inheritance of high character and sturdy living. He recalled his childish awe of that stern and God-fearing parson who accomplished a sweeping temperance reform in the town; he told a story of the simple chivalry of a school-boy who at a spelling-bee deliberately allowed a high-spirited little girl, his last opponent, to spell him down; he spoke feelingly of the days when the brave little town was drilling a hundred of her best men for the Civil War, but dryly added that as he was drummer-boy, the company found difficulty in keeping

step. Pointing to different parts of the church, he called up memories of the old deacons and other worthies who in the past had sat in the pews, but as he looked into the faces of those who now filled their seats his tone showed no despair for the present. Indeed, his talk now turned with convincing hopefulness to the signs of a real future for this country town, as for others like it, and he closed with a strong presentation of the new theory of a practical education which can be worked out only in such villages as this.

"A mental training of double value," said he, "comes from the actual working-out of problems in surveying, agriculture, building, cattle breeding, and the like. These can be taught nowhere so well as in the country town, which, then, has a great future as well as a great past in producing the men who accomplish things in the world."

As the company broke up, after the address, each face wore some reflection of the speaker's loyal pride; each face showed some of the same strength of character, the same keenness and sense of humor, some with and some without his refinement. Beauty of feature was conspicuous by its absence; these gaunt, crude-looking men, with faces bronzed in the open; these thin, awkwardly-dressed women had little outward charm; and the same plainness, but little softened, showed in the faces of those others who were now city dwellers. Yet one was impelled to glance twice at each man and woman who passed by, for there was a certain individuality speaking from each face. One felt that hard-working, even narrow as the lives of most of these country people were, they all had, in common with their famous fellow-townsmen, that strength and shrewdness which have made the Yankee nature the power that it is in our national life.

Given that chance for culture which is here prophesied for them, the country people will soon be more generally recognized as the backbone of our race. Daniel Webster once said that New Hampshire was a good state to emigrate from. Could that sarcastic old statesman be present in spirit at such an Old Home Day among his native hills, he would see a new meaning in his remark. Surely, New Hampshire is a good state to come from, to claim heritage in, to return to as to a stern but loving parent, the progenitor of a people as true and as sturdy as ever sprung up among the Anglo-Saxons!

ELEANOR STUART UPTON.

TO THE PIPES O' PAN

Mad, mad, mad !
Mad as a wild March hare
I dance and sing
In a fairy ring
And shout to the rushing air.

Dance, dance, dance !
With the wind that roars at play
With a heart as free
As the open sea
I shout in the woods to-day.

Glad, glad, glad !
Glad as a bird am I,
For the woods are green
And above is seen
The blue of a cloudless sky.

Dance, dance, dance !
Never heeding of way nor plan,
As wild and fleet
To the music sweet
I follow the pipes o' Pan.

ANNE COE MITCHELL.

PARADISE REGAINED

For years he had been sending her books at Christmas and on her birthdays. To-morrow the thirtieth volume of this unique collection would in all probability arrive. For to-morrow was her birthday, and she would be twenty-five. She stood in front of the little book-case looking at her treasures. Suddenly she laughed.

"Such a ridiculous number—twenty-nine ! Why I'm getting to be a regular Methuselah. I don't think it's really tactful of him to keep on sending them at this rate. I begin to feel as if each book were a milestone, and there are such a surprisingly

large number of them. Still, I don't suppose he has ever stopped to calculate the exact size of the library he is gradually giving me. Thirty volumes! I wonder if he wouldn't be appalled at the number himself."

She stood for a moment with her hand resting upon the first one, a blue bound copy of "Alice in Wonderland," and then she let her fingers wander idly across the shining, variegated bindings of the whole twenty-nine.

"Poems for the last two years," she meditated. "Probably still more poems this year."

A pause—and then a sigh. It was rather chilling to one's enthusiasm to calculate so accurately what one's birthday gift was to be.

"Of course, I *do* love books," the girl went on as if an explanation of the sigh were demanded, "but it's tiresome to be thought clever, and literary, and capable, when at heart one feels young and frivolous and dependent. I wish he could guess how different I am from what he supposes. But he's been laboring under a delusion for fifteen years, and I suppose it would be hard to destroy it now."

She turned away and, seating herself at her desk, took up again her interrupted writing.

Fifteen years ago it had pleased a man of means and taste, and fair literary judgment to adopt as a protégé a little girl whose fairy tales appeared quite frequently in the children's page of a big New York newspaper. He had written to her and had sent her gifts, and had proved a means whereby her slender genius had been brought to public notice. She was a side issue, a very bright and pleasing one, but nevertheless distinctly a side issue, of his full and busy life. The real, throbbing pulse of it beat in a tiny circle far removed from any which his little friend had ever known. On the other hand, it was unfortunate but true, that the man himself held so dominant and central a position in a life which meant so little of positive interest to him. He was her hero and her ideal, a type by which she measured other men to find them wanting. She was not in love with him, because love had never presented itself as a possibility, but at the same time she had never been in love with any one else.

He was now forty-five and not likely to marry, but the artist in him saw much to admire and to idealize in every pretty woman whom he met. He was a man known to his friends as

an adept in the art of falling in love, and as quickly and dexterously falling out again.

A short time ago he had for the fortieth time fallen in love. This time with a mere child of nineteen, a debutante of the early season, a delicate girl with sea blue eyes and masses of soft, bright hair. She was pretty and appreciative, and for the last few weeks he had set himself to give her pleasure, which was a very simple and entertaining thing to do. He was amused at her simplicity, and flattered by her frank and open admiration of his wisdom. She was a novelty that was wearing well.

To-night he was dining out with her, and had just sent in a call for a messenger boy, for he intended to send her some roses. Suddenly a thought arrested him, and he paused in his mechanical pacing of the floor. He had caught sight of a calendar, and the date had made him pause, suddenly remembering that it was the birthday of his little newspaper friend of long ago. And he had almost forgotten it! Well, it was lucky that kind Providence had permitted him to recall it before it was too late, for he had never forgotten it in all the years that were past, and his pride in his thoughtfulness would not allow of his forgetting it now. No, she should be remembered as always this year. He seated himself at the huge center table and wrote out a second address and enclosed it in an envelope with his card. Then he debated for a moment. Well, it did not matter much, after all! So long as the book arrived on time, that was all that counted!

When the messenger boy put in an appearance the man carefully gave his directions. "Paradise Lost" in flexible leather binding to go to this first address with card enclosed, and a dozen Jack roses to the second address, to which the boy was to make immediate delivery himself. The boy pocketed his fee, touched his cap and was off.

All day long the girl had waited in vain for the thirtieth volume. It was six o'clock and growing dark, and as yet no sign of it. She got up and moved restlessly about the room. Could it be possible that he had forgotten? But no! she turned back to the book shelves where stood twenty-nine silent proofs to the contrary in the past. The thirtieth must and would arrive in a few short moments to prove the contrary in the present. There had been some delay in the delivery—of that she was certain.

Suddenly there was a sharp ring at the door bell, and her

heart slipped a beat in expectation. She had not until now realized how much she craved the knowledge that he had not forgotten her.

She went to the head of the stairs and saw the maid take a box from a uniformed boy and lay it on the hall table. All mail and packages for boarders were placed there; delivery could not be made at rooms considering the remarkably low price paid for accommodations.

The girl stood rooted to the spot gazing down from the top of the stairs at the long box lying upon the cluttered table. Suddenly the girl's eyes filled with tears. It was not the expected package after all! Yet something in the size and shape of the box fascinated her. It was a florist's box! and so few of those ever lay upon that table. She would go down and read the name. Some one in the house was to be happy, even if she were not.

She looked once at the scribbled name, then with a cry tore open the package, saw the card and the gleaming, dew-wet roses. With a half-sob and laugh she buried her hot face in their fragrance. What were books compared with this!

ANNE COE MITCHELL.

AUTUMN

Every day's a frosty day, and each chill breeze
Unkindly rends the radiant garment of the trees—
I hear them shudder as the winds pass by—
But only when the leaves have gone, the branch is bare,
I have the open vision of the sky.

MARY BYERS SMITH.

A PRODIGAL BROTHER

The sun beat down upon a broad cornfield with so intense a heat that even the grasshoppers were stilled. Back and forth through the rows plodded a heavy headed horse guided by a boy upon his back. Behind, an older boy followed holding the handles of a cultivator that grated and jerked and bounced this

way and that as its teeth struck the stones in the earth. The harness creaked to the rhythmical swing of the horse's body; now and again a locust disturbed by the workers, rose with a dry, rasping sound and alighted with a swift drop under the corn farther on. The little clouds of dust stirred by the teeth of the machine settled over the boys and their horse. Before them stretched a line of grayish white between the rows of tufted green grain that drooped sullenly nor stirred in the heat, while a strip of dark brown marked their progress up and down. The voices of the boys eager with hope seemed to cut the heavy air with vibrations of intense life. The one on horseback, who was about twelve, often slid around in his interest, so that he faced his brother and sometimes when the smart on his legs caused by contact with the sweat and grit on the horse's sides, became unbearable, he hooked his big toes into the rings on the leather collar and thus relieved his discomfort for a moment. But he thought of the horse, too, and leaning over, lifted the mane from his neck and pulled out the strands that had worked in under the pad.

Burke, the boy behind, was older. His face under the felt hat was strong, but regular, with none of the irregularity of feature that characterized the younger, and his hair instead of turning up crisply about his ears and the nape of his neck, waved heavily across the top of his head.

"Father says I can go after haying is done," he was saying. "Uncle Jason thinks I'd better go to New York and attend that school for architects. He says I can clerk in his store for my keep."

Reid half turned. "I heard Uncle Jason talking to dad last night. He said he'd showed some of your drawings to the architect that buys cheese at his store, and he said you ought to be trained. It pleased dad. They talked a long while about your going." The horse had stopped to rest. Burke flushed and worked a pebble out of the sole of his shoe.

"I'd rather be an architect than anything else," he said. Then continued, "When I git so's I can earn something you shall have your chance, Reid. What do you want?" Reid jerked the bridle sharply; for the horse had taken occasion to nip a promising hill of corn; and when he spoke it was with less precision than his brother had shown.

"I don't know that there is any name for what I want. I'd

like to know a lot about books, and to travel to find out about things, like Mr. Hall."

Mr. Hall is a professor," the other continued, "so you'd have to go to college. Then you could come and live in New York, too, and perhaps after a while we'd both be noted." He laughed contentedly and jerked the cultivator into place as they turned into a new row, going on: "Father doesn't like the city, but we could hire a man for him and a girl for mother. They both are working too hard." Then with sudden misgiving, "I don't know as I ought to go." But his face cleared almost instantly. He said, "I can help them more if I do." Care never stayed long with Burke Hardy. It was partly his easy-going nature that made him so popular in following years, and which helped to make his success.

"And we'll fix up the place for them. Mother wants a bay-window in the sitting-room and a piazza where she can sit of evenings. Then father needs a new barn floor and manger, and he ought to have a spring-toothed harrow," he planned aloud. Reid smiled absently, almost apologetically. Just then a hollow, widely echoing call came vibrating through the heat.

"Father," cried Burke.

"Dinner," said Reid.

Twenty-three years later a man with strong, clean-modeled face and gray hair waving heavily across the top of his head, was making his way through the crowd in the Grand Central station. Suddenly he brought up with a bump against a round, jolly gentleman who caught his arm and cried, "Burke Hardy! on your way, of course, to our round-up to-night."

"No, I'm going home." Then with his customary openness as he saw the enquiring look on his friend's face, "I haven't been there for twenty-three years. No, no one is ill. Congratulate Brandt for me. Glad his picture sold so well. There's my train. Good-bye."

He swung into a north-going train that was just pulling out, and settled back comfortably in a window-seat. After they had puffed beyond the limits of the city, he stared absently out over the broad, tilled fields beside the railway.

Burke Hardy had gone to New York, as he planned with Reid that day in the cornfield. And, as they had planned, he had succeeded. But his life was so full of work, of hurry, of the

excitement of success, and after the work, of gaiety and recreation, that little by little home ceased to count in his thoughts. Summer after summer when he had taken his vacation he had put off going home,—now to go yachting with Kümmer, the musician, again to go camping with the artist Holbrech, and again to tour with two friends to study important examples of architecture. At first he had sent home a part of his earnings, and once or twice he had mentioned school to Reid; but Reid had never followed up his suggestion, and easy-going Burke fell into the way of thinking that since Reid said nothing of going away, he had come to prefer farming—many people did. He himself wrote less and less frequently. When his father died, he had been in Rome, and had not gone home. After that he had worked in London five years, and went from there to Paris, still later to Budapest and to numerous other cities for short periods. Then he had come to New York two weeks ago, and one evening a chance story told gossippingly over their wine at the club,—the story of a country-born man who had not been home for many years, and whose mother making her way to him to still her heart-hunger, had been killed in a wreck,—had stirred old purposes in him. It occurred to him that his conduct might have been selfish. Several uncomplimentary interpretations of his behavior presented themselves. He preferred to see and judge for himself.

At a familiar name Burke caught up his suit-case and hurried out. No one seemed to be waiting for him; he scanned the row of horses tied to the rail fence before he remembered that old Dan would probably have died long ago. His alert, well-groomed figure showed in sharp contrast to the disarray of the farmers leaning against their wagons, who stared curiously at him and made languid guesses as to his destination, while they waited for the milk train to come in.

After a moment's hesitation Burke decided that he would walk home; it was only four miles. Perhaps something had happened to detain Reid, and they might meet on the way. He passed up the street in front of yards which contained lines of flapping clothes, barrels of ashes, loose papers and heaps of tin cans, and out upon the road which led home.

The sun had not set, but stood glowing and hot over the western hills. The heavy clouds that lay below were jaggedly fringed with gleaming gold, and the ridges of their purple

length were tinted softly with a haze of pink. The higher clouds caught more of the light and were melting with red and gold, or shading away into a soft radiant fawn color. The road which Burke was taking led up-hill almost due west, so that he stopped often to take in the beauty of the sky above.

"It looks just as it used to when we came home from school early in the spring," he said half-aloud. Once he crossed a decaying bridge over a tumbling brook, where he and Reid used always to stop and drink from their dinner-pail covers, and behind those pines he knew was a flattened, moss-grown rock where, lying on their backs, they had planned for a brilliant future; farther on he passed the pasture bars with the dusty cow-path leading through into the highway where the sand of the road-bed was cut by many hoof-marks. Now he was almost in sight of the house. When he had gained the top of the hill he stopped. Before him was his birth-place. He had not remembered it like this.

The house was weather-beaten, blindless, shutterless, and bare of porch or piazza; the clap-boards were warped and the shingles storm-eaten, the ridge-pole sagged a little and cracks were visible around the ill-fitting doors. About the building ran a winter banking of dirt and tan-bark, held in place by planks. The driveway zig-zagged untidily across the yard to a shed door, where an express wagon piled with grist stood. Burke automatically made his way to the back door. A beltless, collarless woman hurried out, saying in surprise to his question: "No, Mrs. Hardy's down in the garden putting ashes in the cabbages. I guess you'll find Reid milking."

Burke set his suit-case on the ground, and turned toward the barn. It had rained the day before and the water had drained into a puddle by the door so that he had to walk carefully picking his way on the stones. Inside the barn the air was heavy with cow's breath. The rattle of the stanchions as the cows struck them with their heads to brush away the flies, the grinding of hoofs and cuds, prevented Reid from hearing anyone enter. He sat with his head propped in the hollow of the cow's flank, holding between his knees a milking pail into which long, steady streams of milk splashed regularly. He wore blue-checked overalls and heavy shoes, misshapen and discolored by mud and wear. His sleeves were pushed far up and his blouse collar open. His tall figure was bent almost in a bow as he sat

there and the play of the muscles at the shoulders was visible through the shirt which, wet with sweat, clung close to him.

At last he raised a face, rough and seamed like some weather-beaten tree-trunk. "God! Burke!" He set the pail on the floor and started to hold out his stained, calloused hand, but as his brother's came to meet it, he drew back.

"I've been milking; it's too dirty," he said simply. "How'd you get here? We didn't know you were coming."

Burke explained that he had written two days ago, but Reid said simply, "We don't go to the village but once a week to take the butter off you know." In the old days Burke had known this, but he had forgotten.

"Well, I must go and find mother," he said, smiling to hide the strange pain in his heart. "Then I'm coming back and help milk if you aren't through by that time."

Reid watched his lithe figure, full of life and energy, and with that indescribable something that years of success had given, and a wave of bitter regret swept over him. He pushed the milking stool into place, and leaned his head wearily against the hollow of the cow's flank.

"He never told us he was doing so well. I might have been like him. He's older'n me, but look at the difference. Damn the farm."

Burke had gone back to the house and had met his mother just as she came from the garden. In the first moment she ran to him, and began to cry piteously. Twenty-three years is a long time. But Burke held her close and smoothed her hair and whispered pretty things in her ear that made her flush with joy; then he led her into the little sitting room and at her feet told her of his life, though he knew she could not understand it.

"But, Burke," she said quaintly in her blessed mother-ignorance, "Why haven't you sent your clothes home for me to mend? I'd have been so glad to do it and it would have cost less. They say things are dreadfully expensive in New York."

How could he tell her that he never wore mended clothes when he saw careful patches on her rusty black. Then she asked him if the family he lived with were nice, and when he told her that he lived with no family, "Where do you get your meals?" she continued, and of his explanation of clubs and restaurants she had understood next to nothing; so after that they talked of what had happened among the neighbors.

The little sitting-room was just the same as he remembered it. Only the rag carpet and the hair-cloth sofa with its one sofa pillow were more faded and mended and new green paper shades kept out the light and the flies humming in the kitchen. On three walls were pictures of relatives long since dead, but on the other, all by itself, hung a beautiful copy in brown tints of Jean Bérant's "Mary Magdalen and the Pharisees." Burke had sent it to his mother for her birthday, but now he understood what a puzzle it must have been to her. The odors of frying meat and hot coffee grew stronger, and soon Burke heard the splash of water from the kitchen sink as his brother washed his face and hands in the tin basin. The meal following passed almost in silence. His mother had already told him all the neighborhood news and was now content to watch him, speaking seldom; his sister-in-law was stiff and ill at ease, making painfully obvious efforts to find something to talk about; Reid hardly looked up from his plate and Burke suddenly realized that his long absence had left no common ground on which to meet them. Reid went to bed soon after to be ready for the next day's work, and so Burke, too, made the excuse of unpacking and went to his room.

He opened his dress-suit case and arranged his brushes and toilette things of heavy silver on the bureau with a moment's sense of relief to have escaped the poverty of things about him. But it all came back to him when he lifted a massive silver frame from the case, and he looked down almost guiltily.

"Marjorie! . . . I did not know but I ought to have guessed." Involuntarily he compared the woman whom he loved with his sister-in-law. "And Reid is twice the man I am. What a hypocrite I must appear to him after the plans I made for mother and father and him. Twenty-three years like this! To the village once a week to carry off the butter, no vacation, no news from the outside world, no study, no books nor papers, nothing new, just the old routine of work with his hands! My God! why doesn't he hate me?" He took to walking up and down the room, and because he was a man of concentrated habit of thought he could think only of the tragedy of his brother's life. He painted his brother's life and his mother's as one dreary monotone with no interest, no hope. He did not understand that in simple lives like theirs, simple incidents, like a flowering plant, or a neighbor's troubles, supply a vary-

ing train of interest as alive and vivid as the wider interests of wider lives. He blamed himself for his brother's failure in life, and hated himself. "I might have helped them years ago if I had thought. I shall give up getting the yacht this year, but I can never pay for the years I've let things go." He stood beside the table for a long time with his head bent. Then at last he sat down and wrote it all to Marjorie. He made no excuse for himself for he knew she would like it better without, but he poured out all he felt, and knew she would understand.

Burke slept late and heavily the next morning. The early freshness had been burned away and the air was hot and dry. He was finishing dressing when he heard heavy footsteps come up the stairs, and Reid knocked.

"I didn't know but what you was sick," he said. "Your lamp was burning when I went out to milk about four o'clock, and Susie said she heard you walking around late last night."

"No. I didn't feel like sleeping, that's all. Isn't it a splendid day for corn?" Burke answered.

"Yes, pretty good." Reid stood awkwardly by the bureau. He picked up one of the brushes and handled it curiously. "What are all these for?" he asked, simply.

Burke looked at the strong face of the other, and it came to him with a little pang that if his brother had been put beside himself at the beginning he would have been left far behind; and for answer he came and put both hands on his brother's shoulders.

"Reid, I've been a scoundrel. Think what I might have done for you! I've just been wrapped up in myself and my way of life. You remember how we used to plan and how you were going to school as soon as I could earn enough to hire a man for father, and you were to be—" he had forgotten what, so he hesitated. "I can't make any excuse. The artist Uncle Jason spoke of took me up, and I met many men who were wealthier than I, and the more I earned, the more I wanted to spend. Then you never *mentioned* going away, and I just let our plans go. I'd give anything to have the chance over again, but, Reid, you'll let me help you now!"

The younger brother spoke wearily, looking over the other's shoulder.

"It's too late, Burke. I've worked here too long to be contented anywhere else. I'm too old to learn new ways now. If—"

But Burke broke in quickly, for in his heart he knew that what his brother spoke was true, and that he could do for him only what he had planned for his father twenty-three years ago.

"You'll let me fix up the barns and house for you and hire a man?"

Reid hesitated. His pride rebelled against taking anything from the man who had neglected him so long, and he knew he could make Burke suffer by refusing. For a moment he played with the thought. But his mother and Susie—he raised his head, "Yes," he said slowly.

HELENE LILIAN FORD.

SKETCHES

AN OLD YEAR'S GREETING

Hear the bells ring out
And the people shout
 To welcome the glad New Year;
Yet the same horns blew
And the bells rang, too,
 In joy that I was here.

You are young and strong,
And you hear the song,
 And the cheers that give you birth.
I, too, heard but the rousing cheer,
I heard not the sigh of the dying year,
 In the midst of the noise and mirth.

And these words I say, you will not hear,
As I heard not the cry of the passing year.

MIRIAM ALMA MYERS.

It had been a hard day. Tony's bones ached with weariness, and the dragging weight of the hand-organ cut cruelly into his bent shoulders. People had not

The Invalid's Benefit wanted to listen to his beloved music to-day and Tony could not understand. He looked down now, his dark face very tender, and patted the organ's scarred surface lovingly. "Carissima!" he murmured, "Carissima mia!" Then he sighed again. He was glad that he was almost home. He would go through the Avenue to-night; that would save a longer walk.

The Avenue was broad and aristocratic, with tall, impressive houses drawing back from the publicity of the street and half-hidden under the sweep of magnificent elms. The shabby little figure of Tony, trudging wearily along, bent under the still shabbier hand-organ, was palpably out of place in the harmony

of the scene. To Tony, simple, childlike son of Italy, there seemed nothing incongruous in his presence there. He gazed with interested eyes around him. The white pillars of the houses, the smooth green lawns, the fountains stirred faint memories in his heart of things seen long ago beneath Italian skies. Suddenly his glance fell upon a figure on the veranda of one of the great houses and he stopped with an exclamation of pity.

"Da seek man! Allaway ees he dere. One, two, t'ree time, I com' by—aivery tim' I seea heem—so vera thin—hees eyes so beeg, so sad—"

Tony had forgotten that he was tired and discouraged. His bent back straightened itself beneath his load. Was he not strong himself—the saints be praised! What if he had to lie that way all day, never to play on his hand-organ! He shuddered. Then as he looked down at his organ, inspiration came to Tony, born of the kindness and the pity of his warm Italian heart. He would play his beautiful music for the "seek man" to hear! Perhaps, who knows, it would make his face a little glad. Tony stopped by the gate of the house where the silent figure lay on the veranda and unstrapped his organ joyfully. He would play his very choicest music. That would surely make the sick man smile a little—such beautiful music. Tony glanced proudly down at the battered old box before him. "Carissima!" he murmured softly and began to play.

From his vantage ground of the piazza the Invalid had been watching the queer little figure creeping towards him, up the street, with a faint shadow of curiosity on his pain-drawn, weary face. There was so little to watch, so little to think about! One dull, monotonous day was so like every other. Even an old Italian street-grinder with his shabby hand-organ strapped to his back was welcome as a diversion. The Invalid smiled a little cynically and closed his eyes.

"Look at that fellow," he murmured bitterly to himself. "Ragged, penniless and hungry, too. I'll wager, yet he can go about playing his wretched music, while I—"

The Invalid broke off suddenly and opened his eyes with a start of dismay, for the thin, tinkling strains of a popular street-melody played on a rattling, squeaky hand-organ was filling the quiet, aristocratic air of the Avenue.

"Well, I'll be hanged if the little Dago isn't actually play-

ing?" the Invalid muttered unbelievably. "I haven't heard a hand-organ since the memory of man." The Invalid's delicate features contracted with a spasm of pain at the sound. "Never have I heard such vile music! I can't stand much more of it—Barry! Barry!" He struck nervously on the little silver bell at his side. The noise was certainly getting worse. Why didn't Barry hurry? "*Barry!*" The Invalid's voice was fretful. "Oh, are you here? Go down there and strangle that Dago for me—for pity's sake, hurry up before I go insane, man!" he added as the other started away.

Tony looked up smilingly from his organ as Barry approached. He ground on with renewed vigor.

"I maka da music for da seek man," he explained eagerly, before the other had time to speak. "I verra sorry for heem. I seea heem dere two, t'ree tim'—ah—so verra sad! I maka da loafly music for da seek man. No," Tony waved away the money that Barry held out to him, with a queer little gesture of pride, "I no taka da mon' dees tim'. Tell heem I *prif-fer* to maka da music for heem."

Something in Tony's face silenced the words of protest which Barry would have uttered. He turned away and tramped back to the Invalid's side with them still unsaid.

"If you please, Mr. Richard, sir," he said uneasily to the questioning face in the chair, "if you please, I couldn't very well turn him away, sir—he wouldn't take any money for it—" Barry paused apologetically. "He—he seemed to think you'd *like* the music, sir. But of course, if you say so, I will send him away at once."

"Wouldn't take any money?" The Invalid's voice was curious. "Playing for *me*, is he? Thinks I like it? Great Scott!" The Invalid stared at the bent little figure at the gate for a moment in silence, then, as if half surprised at himself, he motioned his man away impatiently.

"Oh, well, I guess I can stand it this time," he said drily. "You needn't wait, Barry." After the man had gone, the Invalid lay back on his pillows with a grim little smile on his lips, while the music squeaked and wailed dismally on. It had been a good while since anyone had done anything for him out of sympathy!

"Wouldn't take any money," muttered the Invalid, cynically. "Well, good impulses ought to be encouraged—goodness knows there are few enough of 'em as it is!"

He glanced down again at the outlandish little figure at the gate, and he made a discovery. He caught a glimpse of Tony's face. It was radiant and rapt with the pride of a musician listening to the melodies born of his own soul. Usually it was a dark, commonplace enough face, but now it was alight with the joy of creation. Under his hand wailed the squeaky notes of the old hand-organ, but Tony heard them with ears made indulgent by love. To Tony the music that he made was wonderfully beautiful. The Invalid whistled softly in his throat.

"I believe to my soul," he thought, "I believe to my soul that little chap is *proud* of that indescribable music-box of his!"

The hand-organ droned on and on discordantly. The Invalid, shuddering at the sound, bore it silently with a queer, warm feeling in his heart, and when Tony had ended the little benefit with "America" and strapped up the organ again, he leaned forward in his chair and nodded smilingly. "Thank you," he called.

Tony's white teeth flashed in a sudden answering smile. He had made the sick man glad, then!

"I verra glad to play to you," he called joyously. "I com' again somtain—I *lik* to come again."

Tony swept his hat to the ground in a magnificent bow and turned away. But he was no longer tired. The sick man had liked his music—he had smiled! Tony touched the organ with dark, caressing fingers.

"Carissima!" he murmured tenderly.

That was only the beginning of many visits to the Invalid's gate. Tony got into the way of going home every night through the Avenue and stopping for a little while to play to the "seek man." And every night the Invalid bore the music in heroic silence. Once or twice when his nerves were very bad, he started to send the boy away, but the look of radiant pride on the face of the shabby organ-grinder always stopped him. Every night when Tony had gone, the Invalid called himself many scornful names and vowed that he would not endure the nuisance another time, but when that other time came, his courage always failed him. Perhaps the curious little warm feeling in his heart was at the bottom of the failure.

Still, the Invalid's music-loving soul was sorely tried and he felt that an end would have to come soon.

It came sooner than he expected. One night Tony did

not appear. As his usual hour came and passed, the Invalid became singularly restless and impatient. He found himself straining his eyes for a glimpse of the familiar little figure stooping along the sidewalk under the great elm trees. He surprised himself actually listening for the whining notes of the cracked old hand-organ.

"I must be going crazy!" the Invalid muttered irritably to himself. "Here I am actually *wishing* to hear that unspeakable old hand-organ again! I wonder where he is? Why doesn't he come, I'd like to know!"

But the Invalid did not see Tony that night nor the next. On the third night his anxiety got the better of his pride and he sent for Barry.

"I want you to find out what is the matter," he said. "I don't know where he lives, but you must find that out, too."

Barry brought back his report with a very grave face. Could it be that Barry, too, had missed the organ-grinder's music?

"He's in the hospital, sir, all banged up," Barry said soberly, "not fatal, they say. It was an automobile struck him down and it smashed his organ all into splinters, sir."

And strange to say the Invalid sighed.

When Tony was out of the hospital the Invalid sent Barry for him and he came, very pale, and with a new and pathetic wistfulness in his dark eyes that seemed to tell of something lost.

"I goin' work on da road-gang," Tony said hopelessly, when the Invalid questioned him. "I getta da place—I no care w'at I do now. I nevair, nevair maka da music no more!" The words were a cry. Tony's dark face was dazed and uncomprehending.

The Invalid felt a queer little stirring of sympathy in his heart. He had forgotten, almost, that any one but himself could be unfortunate.

"Tony," he said suddenly, "Tony, I will give you the money for another hand-organ like the one you lost—if you will let me," for Tony did not speak at once. After a moment's silence he looked up and shook his head.

"I t'ank you," Tony said slowly. "I t'ank you--you verra kind, but I nevair maka da music again. Soch loafally music! I tink no orgain mak' soch music lak da old one. She spik so soft! She seeng so high! ah, carissima mia!" Tony turned to the Invalid, throwing out his hands suddenly in a gesture of

entreaty. "Did she not mak' music da mos' beautiful?" Tony asked brokenly.

The Invalid cast all scruples to the wind.

"Yes, Tony," he answered heartily. "The most beautiful."

DOROTHY DONNELL.

ALOTHOLALA

Fainter than bells heard at even,
Sweeter than dream-music e'en,
Is the dancing of Alotholala
When she danceth at night on the green.

There are bells round her tiny white ankles,
There are wee, shining bells on her hair,
And they tinkle and sing when she dances
And sways in the flower-scented air.

They are made of the silver of moonbeams,
They were dipped in a wee laughing brook
Where it softened its chatter to music
To slip past a green fairy nook.

I ween there are many sweet fairies
Who dance by the pale silver moon,
And countless fair sprites in the flowers,
But would they grant me one boon,

I would sign not to spy on their beauty,
To see Alotholala at e'en,
But to hear that far, silver-toned music
When she danceth at night on the green.

MARGARET HALLOCK STEEN.

A short time ago I was visiting Marguerite. As we sat one morning huddled in our kimonos eating toast and drinking chocolate we discussed our plans for the

Over the Chocolate future, our great desires and fond ambitions, which were about as substan-

tial a conception of life as the toast and chocolate were of breakfast. In the next room (so late were we in rising) a diligent pianist was practicing scales, while down the hall the groans of a tortured violin (or so it seemed to my unappreciative ears) rent the air.

"O that glorious concerto!" said Marguerite. "If I can ever get such tone,"—and she gave a yearning glance at her own little violin in the corner—"I'll never want anything else in the world!"

"So you've said before; and what would you do with the tone if you got it?" said I with the wisdom gained from one term in college. "Don't you see you're merely developing emotion—allowing temperament to run away with you?"

"Now, Maria—"

"No, hear me, my dear," said I with a dangerous flourish of the hand containing the chocolate cup. "The ideal culture results from the cultivation of all the faculties after you have had the general broadening discipline of, well, for instance, of a college training."

At this impressive point, alas! the same gesticulating hand went too far and Marguerite's pretty Japanese kimono felt the "general broadening effect" of very hot chocolate. But though the chocolate was hot, the interruption was chilling, and there was some pause before Marguerite took up the argument in her own behalf. I was too busily engaged in mopping up the liquid to continue and, for the time, too chastened.

"Well, Maria, you can't understand. In the first place you haven't the temperament—"

"Thank goodness!"

"And you don't know what it is to give up all—everything for music!"

"I can't see that you live in a garret yet," I observed, looking around the artistic, big room, "or live on crusts alone—except when I'm around to upset the chocolate!"

Marguerite smiled wanly, and then said with an earnestness I could not challenge, "Mamma has told me that I've chosen my life, and cannot regret any lost social advantages. Poor Mamma! She's more than half sorry, I know, that I'm such an odd duckling. But I *will* show her it's worth while—that I'm terribly in earnest. And when I can play, *really* play, I'm going up to some little place in Canada all by myself and work up my repertoire in that wonderful air."

"How fine for Mamma!" I interrupted unnoticed.

"Now as for you," continued my friend, squinting down at me from the heights of inspiration, "you'll probably be one of these happy people," her tone was mildly sympathetic, "and

lead the average life. No doubt you'll marry and settle down to the commonplace career of domesticity."

"Stop, stop, Marguerite!" I cried, unable to bear this final insult. "You are greatly mistaken if you think college fosters such ideals. I, too, have a mission—"

"Really, my dear? Do have some more toast."

"Look here, Marguerite," said I hotly, "I may not have a temperament or a soulful soul, and I certainly would not subject myself to the daily nasty temper of that little Signor Gruboni, or whatever his name is, but I have ideals and a mission, though I have not decided yet *what* mission. I am waiting to get the general outlook on life before specializing. I am going to be great. But I am far too young as yet to decide how I am going to be great. Your art draws you away from the world, while mine shall bind me to humanity's heart. I might be a great actress"—we had been to see Ethel Barrymore the night before, which also accounted for our late breakfast—"so graceful, so beautiful. Really, Marguerite, after all, you know, beauty is everything. 'That is all ye know on earth or all ye need to know.' I shall cultivate the beautiful."

"I should!" said Marguerite with horrid emphasis. "Tell me, Maria, what about the girl we saw at the Settlement yesterday? Then you were going to be a philanthropist, and you know philanthropists can't afford good-looking gowns, even if they cared about them."

"Dear child," said I, "don't you know enough of life to realize that one's ideals change from day to day? The life of the popular actress is a much more direct appeal to humanity than that of an obscure philanthropist." And I fell to thinking how well my hair would look rolled and waved like that of the beautiful Miss Barrymore. "I once thought I should be a poet," I continued meditatively. "'The profound application of moral ideas to life,' you know, under the conditions—"

"But you didn't have the ideas, I suppose? And where, may I ask, *did* you get that last sentence?"

Then I realized that Marguerite and I had chosen different paths in life. Never, never could we hope to meet again as we were last summer. My heart bled, but there is developing experience even in blasted friendship.

"What delicious toast Justina makes!" I said with an effort.

"Yes, do have some more," said Marguerite.

VIRGINIA CORYELL CRAVEN.

JOY COMETH

Each night with tears I bury a dead self;
 Each night the dews from Heaven's heavy eyes
 Drop on Day's spent form with forgetfulness
 And muffle World's lament with hushing sob.
 Each night Heaven's tapers at its altars burn,
 And forest organs sigh the funeral chant;
 Each night Earth's children, weighed with mother's woe
 Bow down their heads to Death's great actor, Sleep;
 So I with heavy step and bursting heart
 Bear Time's dead children to the sepulchre
 Each night in endless spirit-numbing round
 And lay away with mother's agony
 The first-born hopes of each day's glowing dawn;
 Each night, each night, each night; and yet as morn
 Finds the World's face but fresher for Heaven's tears
 Just so, methinks, some golden morn will come
 When that night's tears have been so crystal pure
 That all men's haunts and weary men themselves
 Shall wake new made, eternally refreshed
 And re-created to enduring life,
 And I and thou, the sky, the stars, the world,
 Shall all forget our funeral offices
 And make the void reëcho with our joy.

LUCY EVELYN ONGLEY.

There was once a Princess who lived on a rocky hillock
 in a land near the clouds. Pines grew where the rock did not
 break through the rich brown

The Princess of the Pines earth, and spread soft carpets of
 needles for the Princess to walk
 on. From the highest rock, looking toward the east, the
 Princess could see rolling hills, curving valleys and winding
 rivers, and here and there, the spires of the fair cities of the
 earth. To the west a plain stretched away until it met the sky,
 and there the Princess used to watch for the scarfs the Sun
 King waved after him to comfort the world for his going.

The Princess was very beautiful, for the dawn-freshness was
 on her cheek and her eyes had watched the stars so much that
 they always reflected them, and the pines had taught her how
 to grow straight and tall. She spent her days watching the
 clouds become entangled in the pine tree tops, or sometimes she
 sang to the birds or made pictures with many-hued flower petals
 on the pine-needle carpets.

At the foot of the hill stood a little brown hut and in it lived another Maiden ; she was not a princess and she spun all day. The Princess never came down from her hillock to see her, for she loved her pines, and there were none in the meadows ; the other Maiden wove pictures of the Princess and her pines into her web, but the Princess knew it not. So years passed over hillock and lowland.

One day an icy wind came from the north. The Princess bent like a reed before it as it drove her down from the hillside to the plain. The north wind blew and blew. It would not let the Princess stop, but drove her on, on, along the plain where here and there grew trees which the Princess had always thought ugly, because they were so different from her pines.

First she passed the oak. The Princess looked wistfully at it as the icy wind drove her on, for she was very weary. "Ah," she thought, "how strong he looks ! If I could only rest against him ! He looks so strong !" But the north wind blew and drove the poor Princess on. She came upon a chestnut tree, and as she passed she looked longingly at the generous leaves and the branches laden with their nuts, for she was very faint. "Ah," she sighed, "he looks so warm-hearted ! If I could only stop he would give me of his fruit !" but the icy wind drove her on.

She came to a sycamore tree, and as she drew near she cried, "How unkempt and rough he looks with his patches of bark !" but as she was driven on she thought, "Ah, if I could only stop and learn of him how to stand so straight and calm against the wind !"

Suddenly the north wind stopped, and in its place came one so hot that the Princess gasped for breath. But the wind with an edge of desert sand drove her on pitilessly. The Princess came to a poplar tree and she said, "Oh, if I could only rest here and let it fan me with its little rustling leaves." But she could not, for the hot wind blew. She came to a gnarled apple tree and when she saw it she shuddered and cried, "How deformed and ugly !" but as she was driven past, she said, "If I could only stop and cool my mouth with some of its fruit !" but the parching wind drove her on. She came to a slender birch, and in her great weariness she cried out, "Oh, if I could only stop and learn what it is that makes it look so cool and peaceful in spite of this scorching wind !"

But she could not. The wind drove her on, until lo! she found herself back on her hillside where the pines seemed to touch the sky, and she thought she must have dreamed. But she felt very weary, and the dawn freshness had left her cheek. She was almost afraid to look at her pines, but as she looked up half fearfully she marvelled, for they were much more beautiful than before; the other trees had been beautiful for what they did, but the pines were beautiful for what they dreamed in their shaggy loneliness. The Princess looked down to the meadow and saw the hut. Remorse filled her heart and she ran down the hillside to the other Maiden and said, "Will you not come to the hilltop with me, for there are pines there and one can see all the countries of the earth?" But the Maiden shook her head smiling and said, "From the heights one can see in the distance, but from the lowlands one can see the heights. Look!" The Princess looked, and the hillside with its rocks and pines was so beautiful against the blue sky that she cried, "I will stay with you and help you spin!" but the other Maiden again shook her head and said: "You should have come before, but now you have journeyed through the lowlands and have come back to the hilltops. Look! the pines beckon you!" and the Maiden kissed the Princess for the starriness of her eyes, and the Princess went back to her pines.

LUCY EVELYN ONGLEY.

David Cameron had been a famous artist for several years when he discovered that he could not paint. Paradoxical as this may seem, it was true, for

The Cross Triumphant Cameron's case was like that of his great predecessor, Andrea del Sarto.

His technique was faultless, but his pictures were not inspired. The discovery came one evening when he and his friend, Irving, were discussing his latest picture. He had asked for his friend's candid opinion, and Irving had told him the truth.

Cameron was overwhelmed by what he heard. The awful suspicion which had haunted long years of labor at last assumed a definite shape, and he knew that Irving was right. The artist was a scoffer at religion, and to his atheism, his friend, who was a clergyman, ascribed the absence of power in his work. But he had never dared to open the subject with Cameron—it was

forbidden ground and he could not preach now. Cameron bade him goodbye as if in a trance, and the clergyman went out into the night, feeling that he had killed a man.

Cameron suffered terribly from the reaction. He could not go on and paint as he had done many times before in the attempt to laugh away the phantom that troubled him. And as each picture had sold and brought him a good price, he had thought that it must be all a bad dream. But now he knew. His perfection of technique was the only thing that made him an individual painter—the only thing that raised him above an amateur! It was awful. He would never paint again.

He closed his studio and lived around New York until he could stand it no longer. Then he went to France. The one thing for which he lived now was to find a soul. And, perhaps, in France, the land of sunshine and of life, some new power would come to him. But it seemed that effort in itself was defeat. He travelled from place to place, and his heart grew heavier day by day.

His longing had become almost a monomania when one day he came to the village of Avilon, long noted for its wonderful Passion Play. This French production was not like that of Oberammergau. It was much shorter, and the simple peasants were not keeping a religious vow, but merely doing something which had become a part of their lives. Every summer for ten years they had gone through the wonderful performance, and tourists had flocked to their village. Cameron happened in at the last performance of the season. He came to scoff, not even to remain, but he did remain, for as scene followed scene, the art of the production appealed to him. He knew that the thing was well done. And when the Christ came on—ah! Cameron had never seen such a face. Could such a man exist? He sat entranced, staring at the stage, and when the crucifixion came, he was so overcome with its reality that he rose in his seat and cried out in protest. But as he sank back again, his self-conscious shame gave place to the thought that here was a chance at last. He would not need inspiration from within to paint a face like that. He could copy perfectly, and nowhere else in the world could he find such expression. When the piece was over, he rushed to the actors' booths, and inquired for the man who had played the Christ. He followed the guide into the little stall, and in the man before him he knew that his life-hope rested.

"I am David Cameron, the man who cried out from the audience. I am an artist," he began in French, but the man interrupted him, extending his hand.

"Monsieur is American. I talk ze English a leetle, so we talk it to each other. Monsieur is my guest. I am Jean Roubert." He pointed to a chair. Cameron could hardly collect his senses. He knew only that the eyes before him were the kindest, most wonderful eyes he had ever seen, and somehow he had to choke back a sob before he could tell Roubert how much he had liked his acting, and how strongly he desired him as a model. He could not yet tell the man how much his answer would mean.

Never has the simplicity of greatness been so well exemplified as in Jean Roubert. There was something akin to divinity in his every word and action; he seemed to carry his divine ideal into his own life. He told Cameron that he was a cobbler; that for ten years he had taken the part of Christ in the summer play. He had originated the part, and a mist came over his wonderful eyes as he said,

"But I shall nevaire act ze Christ again, Monsieur. Nor shall I evaire work at my trade again. I go home now to my leetle house by ze river, and zaire I sit each day watching ze water flowing on, on, on."

He would give no reason for this strange decision. He told Cameron that although he could not be his model, he would gladly receive his visits. The painter resolved not to give up his dream. Roubert's personality held him as if with iron bonds which ere long were to change into bonds of love.

He went each day to Roubert's little house where he would find him sitting peacefully watching the river—always with an open Bible in his hands. These visits were the sum of the painter's life. All else was mere existence. One day he told Roubert of his disappointed ambition, and how the man himself had crushed his one hope by refusing to be his model. Roubert was astounded.

"Monsieur, I did not know," he began. "It is crime I haf done. I sit for you to-day."

At first Cameron's joy knew no bounds, but it received a slight check when he thought that the man would not have refused at first without some good reason, and his love for Roubert made him hesitate until the latter assured him repeatedly:

"My reason is nothing if I help Monsieur. I want no crime on my soul—no crime."

On that day did David Cameron begin to live. With his first new picture his former reputation was but a spark in the light of the flame that arose. Canvas after canvas increased his fame as a painter of the Saviour's life. He had no superior—not even an equal. Irving in his trans-Atlantic home wondered at the change in his friend's work, and was at a loss for the source of inspiration. His faith in the miraculous was strengthened.

Cameron toiled incessantly. He crowded the work of a lifetime into a few short months. All along, he never once conceived of his subject as the Christ—it was always Roubert that he painted. Cameron was still a sceptic.

One morning he was working on the masterpiece of his series, the crucifixion. He was so engrossed in his work that he had not noticed Roubert for fully half an hour. When at last he looked up, the sight that met his glance held him spell-bound. The model's beautiful eyes had lost their light, and a pallor, the meaning of which was only too plain, was fast creeping over his face. Roubert was dead. Cameron could not speak or move. He stood transfixed, with his brush poised in mid-air. It seemed that he, too, was dead. Finally he managed to summon a man who was working by the river, and together they carried Roubert into the little bedroom. And then was the secret of his retirement made manifest. The man was almost eaten up by cancer.

It seemed that Cameron would go mad when he thought how he had added to Roubert's torture by using him as a model—and Roubert had been so silent, so patient. This was no man. It was a saint. The line ran through his mind, "The divine in man is the only proof we have that there is anything divine in the universe." That had been his creed in the past, and he had never found any human divinity before. But now he knew that such things could be. He had seen the miracle! He picked up Roubert's little Bible, and his eyes fell upon the passage, "He died to save others, himself He could not save." Cameron choked with sobs and left the house, never to return.

A month later Irving learned of his friend's arrival in New York, and called at the studio. Cameron was not there, but Irving paused to look around. The place had resumed its air of habitation, but the atmosphere was entirely changed. He

stopped before an unfinished picture of the crucifixion, and felt that he was on sacred ground. He walked to the table. There lay an open volume of Richard Le Gallienne's poems and these marked passages caught his glance :

"Loud mockers in the roaring street
 Say Christ is crucified again ;
 Twice pierced His gospel-bearing feet,
 Twice broken His great heart in vain.
 I hear and to myself I smile,
 For Christ talks with me all the while.
 * * * * * *
 No more unto the stubborn heart
 With gentle knocking shall He plead,
 No more the mystic pity start,
 For Christ twice dead is dead indeed.
 So in the street I hear men say,
 Yet Christ is with me all the day."

Once more the clergyman went out into the night. But this time he thanked God, for he knew that Cameron had found his soul.

LEOLA BAIRD LEONARD.

THE BEAD UNTOLD

For each accustomed, petty need,
 My well-worn prayers I say ;
 Dear God, forgive the untold bead,
 That which I do not pray !

HENRIETTA SPERRY.

EDITORIAL

The Editor has at last met the College Story. It was curious that it should have happened as it did, in such an accidental, unprepared-for sort of way; except that very extraordinary events usually do happen in just that way. The Editor was present at a luncheon party given by the father of one of the girls—a very jolly affair. As it chanced, they had the Kettle entirely to themselves, and were laughing and chattering in the gayest manner possible, so that they did not notice that anybody had come in, until they had quite finished luncheon and rose from the table. Then some one noticed that a girl in brown, quite alone, was sitting in the deep corner of the window-seat there by the fireplace, eating a dish of bananas and cream.

“Well, I vow!” exclaimed the Editor’s friend, *sotto voce*, to the Editor, nodding toward the mysterious stranger. “Did you know she was there? How queer!”

“What do you mean?” replied the Editor. “Who is she?”

“I don’t know; but isn’t it queer to see a girl doing anything—here—by herself!”

The Editor stole another glance at the strange girl, who was continuing to eat her bananas and cream in the most leisurely manner possible.

“Perhaps she was really hungry,” she ventured. “Do you suppose she’s a college girl?”

“I don’t know.” The Editor’s friend hesitated. “I don’t think I ever saw her before. Wait—! Do any of you people know that girl over there in the chimney corner?”

“We were just talking about her; hasn’t she the most attractive profile!” replied the daughter of their host. “I never saw her before, did you?”

“I don’t think so,” answered the Editor’s friend, a trifle uncertainly. “I wonder if she’s in college?”

“She startled me at first,” whispered a stray Sophomore, joining the group. “I thought for a minute that she had on *my hat!*”

"As I live, the general effect is the same!" chuckled her neighbor.

"Be careful!" put in a third voice. "Don't let her know we're talking about her!"

By this time the Editor's curiosity was thoroughly aroused. So when the rest of the luncheon party filed out, she stayed behind, on pretext of an appointment. She drew up a chair before the fire, glanced again at the clock, which registered ten minutes before three, and seemed to compose herself to wait. Covertly she stole a glance now and then at the girl in the chimney corner, who was deliberately cutting her last slices of banana into segments of eight each, and eating them thoughtfully, an eighth at a time. Once or twice it seemed to the Editor that she had narrowly escaped intercepting a stealthy glance from the occupant of the chimney corner at herself. Finally she became unable to rid herself of an uneasy feeling that the stranger's gaze was fixed upon her whenever she was looking in another direction. At last, in spite of herself, she raised her eyes and indeed met the quiet look of the girl. It gave the Editor something of a shock, this experience, for she had known the stranger in the chimney corner, she knew now, a long while ago; though, thinking back, she could not place her anywhere, or say how or under what circumstances she had known her.

She realized this all in a flash; for the girl spoke almost immediately: "I'm afraid you'll think me very impertinent, but I've wanted to meet an Editor unofficially for such a very long time! I'm the College Story."

"The College Story!" Conflicting emotions almost took the Editor's breath away. "How do you do? You can't imagine how glad I am to meet you! I've been looking for you all the year! And to think that now—! But—" the Editor hesitated.

The Story, smiling encouragement, raised her eyebrows a shade.

"Are you sure you aren't the Boarding-School Story with her hair done up?"

"Very sure."

"And you aren't the Outside Story with 'local color' applied?" It was a difficult question to put delicately.

"No, indeed," replied the Story evenly, though the pink in her cheeks deepened.

"And I know you're not the Psychological Analysis!" cried the Editor impulsively. "You're a real live Story—I can see that! But ever since Freshman Year I've heard that there really can't be any you!"

"Oh!"

"Yes, I suppose it must startle you to be disposed of, so to speak, *à priori*. But honestly and truly, you know, you really can't exist! Not that anybody is to blame; it's only that the life here at college isn't mature enough; even if it could have a Story, you would be such an anæmic little thing, so unrelated to the big, bounding pulses of the 'real life' from which a hardy Literature must draw its red blood."

The Story was leaning forward with one elbow propped up on a knee, and her chin resting in her hand. She scarcely seemed to be listening, but sat there frowning and staring back through centuries and centuries past, until the Editor began to feel uncomfortable. She persisted, however:—

"You couldn't involve vital issues, you know. The 'vital issues' don't appear within the four years of a girl's college course, even though they may be determined indirectly by the influences brought to bear upon her during that period. But that throws the *dénouement* out into the real world, and what has become of you? You aren't. It's the Outside Story, with some event of a college course figuring, possibly, as the 'exciting moment.'

"And if you insist on existing, a College Story, you have got to stay on the surface of human nature. You can't get into the heart of things. I don't mean that there's not material among us for stories; some of us are children, but some of us have grown up; and you could find among us, if you looked, ambitions, passions, aspirations, follies and foibles, sufficient for tragedy or comedy, as you like it; but they are not for you. They will belong to the Outside Story of us. You must content yourself with little wagons hitched to the tiny college stars."

The Editor was warming up to her theme.

"'Mildred Makes the Team'; 'The Presidential Candidate'; 'The Reconciliation: A Tale of Roommates'; etc., etc.—these are your subjects. Do they sound to you as if they would be of vital interest?"

The Story came back with a start. "Oh, but—" she objected, sitting up straight and widening her eyes at the Editor, "there's

no argument. Here I *am*. I don't expect to outlive my day and generation ; even the 'Outside Story' seldom does that. Please don't mind about that ; I don't. I should like to be sincere, entertaining, refined, and, if possible, interesting. Must I be great or not at all ?"

The Editor blushed. "I've been theorizing again ; please forgive me ! You are everything you need to be to justify your existence, and more ! Let me tell my friends about you ! Let me introduce you !"

"No, no," said the College Story hurriedly, withdrawing further into the chimney corner. "It is not that I doubt myself, please don't think that ! But you all have such a passion for the 'jist' ! They would have my neck-chain, my bracelet, the feather in my hat, any little trick of speech or manner, identified within the hour, and the whole campus would be about my ears before nightfall."

"Oh," cried the Editor, "you misjudge us !"

But, unfortunately, at this instant the door-knob rattled, and a trio of enthusiastic "jist"-gatherers entered. They took in the whole scene at a comprehensive glance.

"Is this a 'combination' I see before me ?" whispered the first.

"Who's the strange lady in the chimney corner ?" inquired the second.

"Why, look who's here ! Don't you recognize the hat ? Of course we don't know, but we guess !" murmured the third.

While they were settling themselves about a tea-table, however, and debating whether it should be an ice or a sandwich or tea and toast or perhaps all three, the College Story hastily slipped into her coat and picked up her muff.

"Good-bye !" she whispered as she passed the Editor.

"Till we meet again !" replied the Editor eagerly.

But the Story had already vanished.

EDITOR'S TABLE

The Exchange Department is one which in some college magazines receives much attention, in others, little. It has been the policy of THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY usually to limit the work in this line to the reprinting of a little verse each month. It has been believed that, as a whole, the readers of the MONTHLY would care little to read criticisms of work to them unknown. But when in other college magazines one reads comments upon our own work (particularly when those comments are favorable) it seems almost unfriendly to say nothing in return, especially when the magazines are as good as most of the last month's numbers were.

Among the exchanges for December the University of Virginia Magazine stands out because of its excellence in both prose and verse. This magazine aims at being characteristic of the South. It seems to be successful in its endeavor. It has a flavor quite unlike that of any other exchange which comes to us. The December number contains, among other good things, a story, "The Gift of Fear," which manages very effectively a touch of Egyptian mystery; a realistic study of "Joy's Flagons" in connection with student life under title "Brink o' Dawn," and an article on St. Augustine, one of a series called "Some Charming Southern Towns." Of another series, "Vignettes in Ebony," we print:

WHAT I GWINE TER SAY

What is I gwine ter say
In de very fust o' spring,
When de new work's just beginnin',
An' de birds begin ter sing;
When dey calls me in de mawnin',
'Fo' I's fa'rly 'gun ter dream,
An' says, "You lazy nigger,
Git up an' hitch yo' team?"

I's gwine ter say I's po'ly,
 I's puny, an' I's sick;
 I jes' ain't r'aly able
 Ter lif' my walkin' stick.
 I's gwine ter fall er-groanin',
 An' tu'n ober to'ads de wall,
 An' de white folks whar I's workin'
 Won't see me none er tall.

What is I gwine ter say
 In de sizzlin' summer time,
 When de berries am er-blushin',
 An' de milyun's on de vine;
 When I hears my wife er-callin',
 "Git up an' scramble out,
 'Fo' de dew gits off dat milyun
 An' white folks stirs erbout?"

I's gwine ter say "Hab pashunce,
 Don't push an' scrouge me so;
 Jes' gimme time fer stretchin',
 An' gimme time ter blow.
 You know I's mighty weakly,
 An' onsteddy on my feet;
 I's gwine ter let dat milyun
 Git monst'us ripe an' sweet."

What is I gwine ter say
 When de 'possum's 'gin ter prowl,
 An' de nights am gittin' cooler,
 An' de houn' begins ter howl
 Lak he 'bleeged ter start er-huntin'
 'Twixt midnight an' de dawn,
 An' he calls fer me ter rus'le,
 Git my ax. an' foller on?

I'll say I's got de rheumatiz
 An' de mis'ry in my back,
 But I crawls fum out de kiver,
 An' I ambles off wid Jack;
 Fer ob all de calls dat's comin',
 Ain't none o' dem so sweet,
 Ez de call o' swee-pertaters
 An' good ol' 'possum meat.

Now what is I gwine ter say
 When de winter time done come,
 When de snow an' sleet am fallin',
 An' de win', hit fa'rly hum;

When de kitchens smell lak Chris'mus,
 An' I needs er little lif',
 An' I 'bleeged ter wake up early
 Ter git dem Chris'mus gif'?

I's gwine ser say I's scrumpshus,
 An' er-dribblin' at de mouf ;
 I's ready fer de hoe-down
 Which dey has here in de Souf.
 A nigger's jes' a nigger,
 An' Chris'mus am his time ;
 All he needs am juicy vittles
 While de holidays am gwine.

In the following poem we call attention to the clever versification. Its beauty speaks for itself.

A SONG IN WINTER

SESTINA

In years gone by, when garland-laden Spring
 With many a petal, wrought of fragrant snow,
 Provence's orchards clad, did Arnaut sing
 In that strange rhyme he wrought so long ago,
 Of love and lovers' lips that ever cling,
 Whereby his Ladye his true love might know.

And though my rhyme be faltering, this I know,
 That I may live again a bygone Spring
 And all the memories of long ago
 In song, the while of thee, dear heart, I sing,
 When Winter reigns in royal garb of snow,
 And field and stream in his embraces cling.

And yet the tendrils of the ivy cling
 Around that old dial once we used to know,
 Which in a far long-dead Arcadian Spring
 The sunny hours counted long ago ;
 Dial and ivy and this song I sing
 Remain, all else is quiet 'neath the snow.

O'er all the garden lies the winter snow,
 The trellised arbors where dead rose-vines cling
 Are bleak and bare, and never may I know
 Again in them the tender touch of Spring ;
 Their roses are all withered long ago,
 And only of a memory may I sing.

In truth, it seems but little worth to sing,
 When thou art sleeping under this white snow,
 Never again to hear the voice of Spring,
 Never again her scented air to know.
 Yet in this rhyme of Arnaut I may cling
 To a dead love, and dream of long ago.

And so of thee, and of the long ago,
 When all the world was fair, a while I sing,
 Nor heed without the weary waste of snow
 But only to thy fair dream presence cling.
 Ah! sweet it is once more in dreams to know
 That thou art with me, as of old in Spring.

Princess of Spring, who reigned so long ago,
 The snow of Winter falls, but while I sing
 Of memories that cling, no Death I know.

For originality of suggestion and the music of its verse, we give :

OF GOD'S SERVICE

Our Father God hath three red knights,
 Nor sadder thane in His domain—
 Three swift as sprites, three stealthy wights,
 Oh, Sooth-sin, Sweet-shame, Scarlet-stain—
 Sad servers in His wide domain !

*Oh. three great cats hath our high lord,
 Each sootier than grim sister—
 Silent as bats, strait as his sword!
 Oh, Sombre, Sable, Sinister—
 These unto him do minister !*

Oho ! The King haed one white maid ;
 None shrilled a song more sweet, I ween !
 Hair shadow-played, and eyes like jade,
 So lythe and sheen and soothly lean—
 In rose-ash fade and silver-laid !

*Unto our lady ministered
 An heathen fowl with carmine cowl :
 'Twas purple-green as Cyprian sherd,
 Nor pallid owl might her out-howl—
 Oho ! Escaped this silly bird !*

Thou Sorrow, tame and fetch her hame !
 Thus each on mate urged sad debate.
 Nay, would I fain send Scarlet-stain,
 Quoth One that sate in ghostly state—
 And ye to maim, Sweet-sin, Sooth-shame !

*Nor oath deterred the hunters furred,
 Nor coaxing name the feathered game.
 Her life's red curd they lapped. They purred :
 Like spilléd flame they fetched her hame !
 Oh, Sombre, Sable, Sinister !*

List, heathered hade ! and purple shade !
 Sings she no more ? By sylvan shore,
 Nor golden glade ! in Heaven's arcade,
 Full still before God's turquoise door,
 The red knights laid the King's white maid.

The Vassar Miscellany is, as usual, very good. It contains an interesting and entertaining essay on "Tramp Jargon." "Points of View" offers a timely plea for the carrying on by college girls of the Consumers' League work, of which there is a branch league at Vassar. Speaking of Vassar, there is criticism and criticism. A would-be exchange of this month criticizes, of all things, the *college-manufactured* names of the miscellany editors, deploring the lack of a "Sal" or "Mary Jane" among them. We should never dare exchange with that scornful magazine for, even as Vassar, we haven't a "Sal" on the staff.

The Harvard Monthly has a well-written story, "The Big Violin." The villain in the plot is a German Frau whose good cookery leads to the mental and spiritual enervation of all about her. The hero, who dreams of a "big" violin which he is to invent, marries her daughter. Will he succumb to "Heimatsklänge" ? The author holds out hopes that he will not, but we confess our fears.

THEM MARIONETTES

[Adapted from the Neapolitan of Trilussa]

Jes' watch them marionettes—as soon as they
 Done workin' you can see them in a heap,
 Bunched up together jes' like slaughtered sheep,
 An' they don't talk of what they had to say.

So you can find the villain of the play
 Huggin' the guy he done killed in his sleep,
 And him what scattered blows so thick and cheap
 Beside the preacher what could only pray.

Fur circumstances is what alters cases,
An' this is jes' the right kind of a show
What brings them beggars with their hungry faces
Astraddle of the guys what's got the dough.
And all them high-toned kings what puts on airs
Bunched up with laborers, thieves, and millionaires.

The Brunonian is having an interesting time. The Herald, another college publication, has risen and declared the Brunonian to be in the most critical period of its history, and the Brunonian's editor replies with considerable cleverness and force. He admits the crisis, minus superlatives, but expresses his intention to keep the magazine alive until more literary ability appear in the field. Meanwhile he urges hidden geniuses to the support of the Herald. It seems probable that one so much in earnest as this editor will succeed in his purpose. Moreover, the Brunonian, while it may not be in the zenith of its powers, is still a very good magazine. This number contains an excellent translation of verse from the Anglo-Saxon, a critical essay of merit on the "Sappho and Phaon," and a story with South American setting.

The Columbia Monthly is an unusually well-balanced magazine. One of its stories deals with a child who had an imaginary companion. "Louisa" gives her place up to a real boy. His loyalty fails, the child is left lonely, but Louisa cannot return. The subject is treated lightly and pleasantly.

The Yale Literary Monthly has an article on "The Problem of Art in Japan," which credits the Japanese with a great love of nature, but with little insight into, and understanding of, the human heart. It declares that they have produced no literature and no painting which can command a serious comparison with the fruit of our Western thought. Perhaps not—to the Western mind. The author quotes an exquisite bit of verse from the Japanese:

"Perhaps a freak of the wind—yet perhaps a sign of remembrance—
This fall of a single leaf on the water I pour for the dead."

"The Jester" is a one-act drama with an old plot done in very pleasing verse.

THE DEAD POETS

Let us salute men mightier than Kings,
 Who wrought great works and many a noble deed :
 Not theirs to spur the splendor of the steed,
 Or lift the lance in witless tourneyings.
 Nay, they were called to compass greater things—
 By them was many a prisoned spirit freed ;
 They built a faith upon a Golden Creed.
 Count him not base who only stands and sings.

And in the far Elysium, where they dwell,
 Their song goes up as resonant and clear,
 As when they felt that God was very near,
 And whispered music on their senses fell,
 And all their hearts were filled with might to tell
 The thing that men have hoped, and long to hear.

Nassau Literary Magazine for December was late in
 g. We print the following from the November number :

THE UNSEEN PRESENCE

It is the room she loved, this room so gray,
 And dimly scented by the musty rose ;
 With damasks hanging where once twilight glows
 Would stream, or dancing sun-motes steal to play ;
 And now as I with fond heart sadly stray
 Within its portals, fain would they disclose
 Her presence ; 'twas as if each object chose
 To bring her from the sad-sweet yesterday.

Books there she loved to finger, and nearby
 Some Persian jar which she with rose-leaves fill'd,
 And yonder velvets soft that felt her tread,
 And latticed windows, where she watched the sky
 With purples tremble e'er day's doom was will'd,
 All tell of her—but she, alas, has fled.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

SONNET

I love, and life is full and rich and clear,
Though yesterday there stood without my door
Blind Sorrow and unreasoning Grief and Pain
Who pleaded with pale lips, hands wrinkled, sear,
Till I had loosed for them the latch indeed
And bidden, "Enter—can ye desolate leave
This heart, or wring another tear, or force
Another blinding pulse in throat, or read
My soul on blazing brow again?"—But then
There came thy message on fleet spirit wings;
It fled into my soul and bade me smile,
Bade heart to beat, bade eyes to gleam again,
Brought me new life with cup o'er brimming fast.
Forgive the doubt—believe the love will last!

R. M. GREENE '03.

GROWTH

I would not change thee nor thy poor estate,
I would not have thee altered, mind or thought,
Except by changes the rich years may bring
To him who has all best and worthiest sought.
I would not have thee sing a nobler song,
Nor seek to picture rare and deeper pain
Than that which thou, by suffering long
In silence, found to be life's richest gain.
I would not fortune e'er should bring to thee
A friend by circumstance of affluence fine,
But only those thy friends who manfully
Their race have run—albeit theirs no sign
Of victory. Thus would I have thee grow
From each experience life on thee bestow.

R. M. GREENE '03.

When the same generation produces two writers of marked superiority, a comparison of their power is inevitable. The two greatest living English novelists are, undeniably, George

**A Comparison of George Meredith
and Thomas Hardy**

Meredith and Thomas Hardy. Each is a product of his time. Each writes of human life as he sees it; and yet

it would be hard to find, in the whole range of English fiction, two writers more diametrically opposed in thought and style.

The tendency of the present day is towards realism rather than towards romance. It is, therefore, quite natural for Meredith and for Hardy to be realists. Realism in literature is painting life as one sees it. Most of our modern writers do this. It is the spirit of the age. George Meredith and Thomas Hardy do it, but their manner of expression has nothing in common.

Meredith's style is intellectual, refined, subtle. To read him intelligently one has to concentrate one's whole mind upon each sentence. Sometimes a whole page, even a whole chapter, is baffling. The first chapter of "The Egoist," in a lesser degree the first chapter of "Diana of the Crossways," and many passages in these and in the other books elude our mental grasp. Meredith's use of figures of speech is involved and confusing. There are metaphors so "mixed" that they would wring tears from the eyes of a rhetorician. But there are also many figures so original, so brilliant that they are like lightning flashes. It is a style full of vigor and of force. Yet it is delicate and refined. We see none of the brutal downrightness of Hardy.

If a novel stood or fell by style alone Hardy's books would quite justly out-live Meredith's. Thomas Hardy's style is refreshingly simple and direct. We find no deviations of style as we find no deviations of thought. The words are simple, usually well chosen though sometimes brutal. Hardy does not spare our feelings. He seems, indeed, to delight in unpleasant descriptions. While these are only too vivid, his vocabulary is more limited than Meredith's. He has not the same power over words. His language is not figurative, as a rule, and we miss the snap and sparkle of Meredith.

In the construction of his stories, Hardy far surpasses Meredith. There is a unity and clearness, an evident grasp of plot that is admirable. As a storyteller we must concede the first place to Hardy. We are spared the wanderings from the point into a labyrinth of words that often weary us in Meredith's novels. We also miss the intellectual stimulus that Meredith gives us.

For our interest in Meredith is intellectual. He appeals to us through the brain; Hardy through the heart. Take, for instance, the best known book of each of these men, Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways" and Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Diana appeals to the intellect, first and foremost. She is herself an intellectual woman,—“a clever woman,” Meredith calls her, “astonishingly brilliant.”

Tess, on the other hand, appeals to our emotions. She is a warm, human creature, touching the heart. It is so with all of Hardy's characters, their interest is emotional. Meredith stirs the emotions too. If he could not and did not he would not be a great novelist, but he does it through the intellect.

In thought Meredith and Hardy differ as widely as they do in style. Meredith's creed is a sturdy optimism that never fails him. Hardy is a pessimist.

Meredith's optimism is a positive force and it is a more complete and a truer expression of life than Hardy's negative belief in the emptiness of existence and the futility of effort.

Hardy could not have created "Diana of the Crossways," a woman who lived down an unmerited slander. He would have let the weight of public opinion crush Diana and he would have taken the keenest delight in giving us the most painful details of her defeat, just as he has given us, step by step, the gloomy story of "Jude the Obscure."

For Hardy is a fatalist as well as a pessimist. He paints the catastrophes of his books as inevitable. Jude's struggle against fate is useless. It does not even develop and enrich his character. As his old aunt says, Sue and he are doomed to unhappy marriages, it is the fate of the Fawleys. We are reminded here of the hopelessness of Christian Cautle's reply to Timothy Fairway in "The Return of the Native": "'Twas to be if 'twas, I suppose—I can't help it, can I?"

The same hopeless and helpless resignation to fate runs through all of Hardy's novels. It is a destructive rather than a constructive philosophy. We chafe against it as we read. Our eyes fill with tears at the story of Jude's pitiful struggle for an education, at the heart-rending description of the tender-hearted boy guarding the farmer's field from the hungry birds that he pities. We mourn over Tess's dreary girlhood. Yet these things are carried too far. Life is not like that,—a long, hopeless struggle, and Hardy has no right to pretend that it is. His pictures are overdrawn, untrue. How much truer is Meredith's declaration, voiced by Lady Dunstane in "Diana of the Crossways": "There is nothing the body suffers that the soul may not profit by."

Again we see the contrast in the position of these two writers. Hardy tells of the solitary boyhood of Jude in heart-breaking words. Meredith, in speaking of the greater loneliness of women, writes: "It is due to the prescribed circumscription of their minds, of which they become aware in agitation. Were the walls about them beaten down, they would understand that solitariness is a common human fate and the one chance for growth, like space for timber."

One could go on indefinitely citing examples of the pessimism of Hardy as opposed to the optimism of Meredith. It is Meredith who is the stronger and saner. It is Meredith who, despite his involved style, is the truer portrait-trayer of human life and of human emotion. Therefore it is George Meredith who is the greater genius.

MARGUERITE DIXON '06.

Although from the point of view which she so modestly has chosen, Miss Jordan leaves nothing to be desired in her discussion of "The Persistent Problems of Philosophy," by Mary Whiton Calkins, S. C. '85, she herself suggests that the readers of the MONTHLY should know something of what has been said about the book by other critics; and the editors have decided to make room for a few such quotations.

Whether or not *Life* is to be classed with Miss Jordan as a Plain Person, may be a question as much open to discussion as the Snark's opinion about the æsthetic value of bathing machines was "a sentiment open to doubt." But at any rate, his view of this introduction to more serious subjects than he usually handles, is very much the same as Miss Jordan's; and that he should notice the book at all shows the singularly wide appeal which it makes to far-separated groups of the reading public.

"An able and, it seems to us, a very successful attempt," says *Life*, "to combine in one work an exposition of the method and uses of metaphysics with a history of modern philosophical thought, is to be found in Mary Whiton Calkins' treatise on 'The Persistent Problems of Philosophy.' The author's gift of succinctness and lucidity are exceptional, and her critical acumen strongly in evidence; while her frank underscoring of her own philosophical bias, and her clever defence of her own position, raise the volume above the level of a mere commentary. Moreover, this intrinsic value gives weight and point to a secondary, but by no means insignificant, interest which attaches to the book because its author is a woman."

The same point has been noted by critics further afield,—indeed by Critics who are spelled with a large C; and the judicious must grieve that it is impossible to share with appreciative readers certain foreign comments which by rights should not be left to wither on the virgin thorn. If *Life* has temporarily forsaken his legitimate vocation of adding to the gaiety of nations, that desirable emotion has been produced in its full flower by certain estimable people,

Qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,
Qni videt mare turgidum et
Infanes scopulos Sandihookconeyisle;

and who, beyond the towering, dark-frowning cliffs of Cape Cod and the North Shore, have discovered our modest Hypatia, who seems to them to belong, if not to the *monstra natantia*, at least to a new order of the *monstra notantia*,—

New birth of our new soil,
The first philosophress,—

and whom they have described in terms most flattering, wholly without jocose intention, but calculated to bring special joy to the hearts of everyone accustomed to contemplate that serene gravity in the face of mirth, which characterizes the race whom Mr. Howells long ago christened "those poor islanders."

However, our own Nation,—the one whose government is not a democracy administered by an autocrat in Washington, but an oligarchy resident in Vesey Street,—sternly turns its back on gaiety of every sort, and quite early in its two-column review points out how the author, had she "classified the successive systems as stages in a development rather than as stationary units, might have escaped the irregularities and inconsistencies which mar the symmetry of her work." It straightway goes on, nevertheless, to admit that "to expound the metaphysics of modern Europe is no light task, but Professor Calkins has accomplished it for the most part in a clear and scholarly manner. Beginners may read her 'Introduction' with understanding; and even those who are weary with the confusion of metaphysical tongues will be

interested in the freshness of her comment and criticism. . . . The exposition of Fichte is undertaken in such sympathy with that philosopher, that it is almost dramatic. No author writing in English has surpassed Professor Calkins in giving a clear and simple interpretation of Hegel, free from the uncouth language which disfigures most Hegelian commentaries. The least satisfactory chapter is that which treats of Kant." This last quoted opinion is maintained at some length; but the complete subjectiveness of all criticism is freshly proved by the fact that this chapter on Kant is considered absolutely the best thing in the book by the man who stands at the head, perhaps, of contemporary German philosophers.

The Nation goes on to say:—"Professor Calkins not only criticises, but constructs, and sets forth her own doctrine with such ability that she should have a distinguished place among contemporary Hegelians. Yet while her additions to Hegel's Logic are no doubt improvements, they are hardly sufficient to win adherents to the school from among those who will not follow the original teachings of the master. She calls her theory 'Personal Idealism,' and, as she frankly admits, she owes a considerable debt to Professor Royce. We cannot help thinking, however, that this speculative philosophy built upon Hegelian principles is not much better than the dogmatism of the period before Kant, from which it differs essentially only in its pronounced idealism."

The Outlook, however, in concluding an extended review, recommends the book as of great value to all serious students. "Insight, poise, and a fine blending of clarity with brevity make this an eminently serviceable book for all such. Such a work, in addition to her well-wrought 'Introduction to Psychology,' gives Professor Calkins a distinction among American women as meritorious as it is unique."

Many years ago, when Miss Calkins became the first woman to take the Harvard examinations for a Ph. D., Dr. William James said to various people that in clearness, acuteness, brilliancy and profundity of mind she had never been equalled by any man who had applied for the degree. The qualities known then to a comparatively small circle, have won a constantly widening recognition, as well as her singular ability in giving to her pupils the knowledge she has gathered for herself; and her term of service as fourteenth president of the American Philosophical Association brought to light her unusual dexterity as a presiding officer. In consideration of this record outside her written work, which includes not only her books, but many articles in the reviews, Smith women may well take pride in an alumna who bids fair to equal, through her knowledge of the human mind, the fame which her knowledge of the heavenly bodies brought to that great scholar and charming woman, Maria Mitchell.

ELLEN W. CLARK, ex-'83.

At various times in the history of the college, individual students and alumnae have felt that some record should be made of our alumnae and

Smith College Missionary Record field, but apparently no decided step in this matter has ever been taken.

At present Smith College is represented at various points around the world

by as many as thirty or more foreign missionaries, while several others have retired from the field after faithful labor. Such a cloud of witnesses we can no longer disregard, except to our own discredit. They not only represent in foreign lands the college which we love, but they represent it as a Christian institution set for a light to the nations. For this reason alone their voluntary service should be a matter of pride to every daughter of a college which is justly proud of its influence in the world, and our ignorance of their very names should give place to knowledge and interest.

It was with this thought, that our lack of interest is largely explained by ignorance, that in the summer of 1907 a few *alumnæ* began to discuss the feasibility of making a Smith College missionary record. In a very informal manner a committee was gradually formed and a plan laid out as follows: The proposed missionary record should include statistics (1) concerning all *alumnæ* and non-graduates now at work on the foreign field, together with those who have so worked in the past; (2) concerning all *alumnæ* and non-graduates engaged in missionary work in this country; (3) concerning the present work and aims of the Missionary Society at college, including the work of the Student Volunteer Band there. Upon discussion it was found that the second item of this plan must be omitted: first, from the difficulty of distinction between strictly home missionary work and similar forms of service, such as Settlement work, etc.; and second, from the practical impossibility of recording in limited space all of our *alumnæ* engaged in different kinds of charitable work in this country. For this division concerning home missionary work it was decided to substitute a comparison of Smith with other leading colleges in such details as number of foreign missionaries among *alumnæ* and non-graduates, annual contributions to missions, etc. It was further proposed to make the whole record concise, and, above all, interesting (by use of personal letters from our missionaries, etc.); and to publish the record in installments in the MONTHLY, provided the consent of the MONTHLY Board could be obtained.

The committee who drew up this plan consisted of the following *alumnæ*, the mark * indicating honorary members:

- '82. Mrs. L. M. Norton (M. Alice Peloubet).
- '83. Abby G. Willard.
- * '84. Mrs. Lucius Harrison Thayer (Helen Rand).
- * '88. Mrs. Rush Rhees (Harriett Seelye).
- '94. Mrs. Jane Wilson Bixler (Mabel Seelye).
- '02. Mrs. Ernest Harwood (Emily D. Huntington).
- '04. Mary Van Kleeck.
- * '06. Margaret Dickson Bridges.
Clara Winifred Newcomb.
Clara F. Porter.
- '07. Ruth Cowing.
Sophie Ridgely Lytle.

This committee presented the above plan to the Advisory Committee of the S. C. A. C. W., requesting that the latter, with their greater experience and wisdom, should direct the practical work of editing the record, all data, etc., being collected by the above *alumnæ*, with the coöperation of the Mis-

sionary Society and the S. C. A. C. W. The Advisory Committee, however, replied that they had not sufficient time to assume the responsibility of the work; that the students also were too busy to give more than a very little help; and that in their opinion the *alumnæ* who had agitated the plan should carry it through to completion. The Advisory Committee further expressed their cordial interest and approval, and kindly consented to assist the work in their official capacity.

The *alumnæ* committee have accordingly put their hands to the plow, and propose to leave no stone unturned in the large work before them. Letters have already been written to over forty leading mission boards, in order to procure complete lists of our *alumnæ* and non-graduates on the foreign field. From the same boards will be further collected all possible data regarding the work of our missionaries in their respective stations.

It is desired that, if possible, the record may be completed without personal appeal to our busy missionaries for information; accordingly, any letters from these missionaries to friends, or *any information whatever about them*, will be gladly welcomed by Clara Winifred Newcomb '06, who has been elected chairman and editor of the record. No item is too small or unimportant to be of value. An urgent appeal is made to *alumnæ* and friends of the college to send any notes whatever, in the shape of names, dates, etc., as it is only by such general assistance that the record can be made a success. Any details regarding *alumnæ* or non-graduates whose names are not on the following lists will be especially appreciated, as the records of the boards are so often incomplete.

It is hoped that the large correspondence necessitated may be paid for by voluntary contributions, which may be sent to Mrs. Ernest Harwood. Prompt attention to this and the above request will greatly aid the committee, as the record must be ready for publication by September, 1908.

Following is the list of our *alumnæ* and non-graduate missionaries, so far as we know at present:

Class.	Name.	Sailed for field.	Station.
'82.	Mary Bryant Daniels*	'89	Osaka, Japan
'83.	Clara Converse*	?	Yokohama, Japan
'83.	Charlotte Willard	'97	Marsovan, Turkey-in-Asia
ex-'83.	Dr. Jane Robbins	?	?
ex-'83.	Mrs. W. W. Sleeper (Mabel Allen)	'82	Sanokov. European Turkey
'85.	Mrs. Lyndon S. Crawford** (Jeanie Grace Greenough)	'86	? Turkey-in-Asia
'85.	Dr. Caroline Hamilton	?	Aintab, Turkey-in-Asia
'88.	Mrs. W. B. Adams (Anna Louise Carter)	?	Beirut, Syria
'94.	Mrs. Cameron Johnson (Belle Richardson)	?	Japan
'95.	Mrs. L. H. Beals (Rose Fairbank)	'05	Ahmednagar. India

** Deceased.

* On furlough.

'97.	Mrs. M. D. Dunning (Mary Ward)	'02	Doshisha, Kyoto, Japan
'97.	Mrs. D. J. Fleming (Elizabeth Cole)	?	Lahore, India
'98.	Mrs. F. M. Gilbert (Florence Anderson)	?	Hankow, China
'99.	Mary Fairbank	?	Jhansi, India
'00.	Mrs. A. H. Clark (Mary Sheaffer Whitcomb)	'04	Vadala, India
'00.	Mrs. Edward S. Cobb (Florence Brooks)	'04	Niigata, Japan
'00.	Adelaide Dwight*	'02	Caesarea, Turkey-in-Asia
'00.	Annie L. A. Foster	?	Yamajuchi, Japan.
'00.	Clara Loomis	?	Yokohama, Japan
'00.	Mrs. C. K. Roys (Mabel Milham)	?	Shantung, China
'00.	Mrs. Chas. Ernest Scott (Clara Haywood)	?	Tsingtau, China
'01.	Charlotte DeForest	'03	Kobe, Japan
'01.	Mrs. W. B. Pettus (Sarah DeForest)	?	Shanghai, China
'01.	Sarah Woodward	?	Shanghai, China
ex-'01.	Katherine H. Wanamaker	?	? China
'02.	Alice Duryee*	?	Amoy, China
'03.	Florence Maria Rumsey	'07	Himeji, Japan
'03.	Elizabeth H. Viles	'07	Marathi, India
ex- ?	Esther Bingham Fowler	'93	Sholapur, India
ex- ?	Dr. Harriet E. Parker	'95	Madura, India

Any information whatever, concerning the above missionaries or others, should be sent to Clara Winifred Newcomb, 31 Vauxhall Street, New London, Conn.; contributions to Mrs. Ernest Harwood, 249 Montauk Avenue, New London, Conn.

The purpose of the Smith College Missionary Record will be to further information concerning the work of our missionary alumnae, and to fan lukewarm interest into enthusiasm which shall find expression in more effectual prayers and gifts for Smith College missions.

There is one branch of work which has only lately attracted the attention of college graduates, although especially suited to them and eminently in need of them. The Young Women's Christian

The Need for Alumnae Association movement throughout this country and even in foreign fields is absolutely dependent upon the college graduate. We have found it advisable in Association work to recommend only the woman with a college education or its equivalent as secretary for local, State, National or even foreign work.

Although not affiliated with the National movement, Smith has furnished many workers to the Young Women's Christian Association. There have

* On furlough.

been at least two National secretaries, three National board members, four State secretaries, four State committee members and several local secretaries who are graduates of Smith. But this is not an adequate representation.

For alumnae who must make their life work self-supporting, the Young Woman's Christian Association offers an opportunity as salaried secretary. The secretaries, whether foreign, National, State or local, and in all departments, receive regular and in many cases adequate salaries. Here is an opportunity for the girl who cannot give her time, to make her necessarily remunerative life-work tell for the betterment of society.

For the college woman who does not need to work, but can give her time there is also need in this work. She can be of infinite help in all its departments. She is greatly needed on the State Boards, on local boards and sub-committees. In towns where there is no Young Women's Christian Association she is needed even more strenuously to organize Association clubs and circles. Several of the States, notably Illinois, are making an effort to start an auxiliary system of work for small towns too small to support a building and paid secretary, but where there are often hundreds of factory girls most in need of help and attention. These circles can be started only as some college graduate with a knowledge of Association methods will volunteer to conduct it under the supervision of the State secretary. If the college women all over the country could but realize their opportunity and would pour their enthusiasm, knowledge and training into this work, its power would be increased ten-fold. It is a fascinating work, presenting so many varied sides that it can claim any interests. There is the factory and industrial work for those interested in philanthropy, there is the educational and physical training for those interested in that line of work, there is the social and still more strenuous and needy, the financial side, ever needing the energetic, business-like woman who loves hard work.

There are the student Associations for those more interested in work among colleges. Any woman could find some line of Association work fitted to her particular tastes and interests and needing her badly. The Association will be so glad to receive your help and will repay you so generously by absorbing your interest and keeping you busy. For those planning to take up the secretaryship, there is a training school in Chicago where a year's course is required. Any questions whatsoever on any branches of the work will be most gladly answered at the office of the National Board of Young Women's Christian Associations, 541 Lexington Avenue, New York, or at the Training Institute, Ashland Boulevard, Chicago.

MARJORIE AYRES BEST '95.

Photographs of Mr. Tarbell's portrait of President Seelye are on sale, the proceeds to go to the Library Fund. Orders for the photographs may be sent to the secretaries of the local alumnae associations or to the General Secretary, Florence H. Snow, 184 Elm Street, Northampton, Mass.

All contributions for the Business Manager should be addressed to Harriet T. Carswell, Morris House.

Applications for tickets for Senior Dramatics, June 11 or 12, should be sent as soon as possible to the Alumnæ Secretary, Miss Florence H. Snow, 184 Elm Street, Northampton. An alumna is allowed only one ticket on her name, and she cannot use another person's name to procure another ticket. Payment is not made for tickets until Commencement week. Any other business communications relative to Dramatics should be addressed to the Business Manager, Helen M. Hills, Hatfield House, Northampton.

All alumnæ visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'83.	Clara A. Converse,	Dec.	5
'79.	Kate Morris Cone,	"	9
'06.	Anna Theresa Marble,	"	10
'03.	Sara Beecher,	"	12
'07.	Emma B. Bowden,	"	12-15
'07.	Helen L. Spencer,	"	13-18
'07.	Helen R. Bull,	"	14
'96.	Eliza Lord Jacquith,	"	15
'06.	Florence Louise Harrison,	Jan.	2
'06.	Hazel Cary,	"	2-5
'06.	Ruth Morrison Fletcher,	"	3
'07.	Christine Maxwell Hooper,	"	3-5
'02.	Helen Hoitt Atherton,	"	4
'06.	Helen Thomas Fillebrown,	"	4
ex-'08.	Helen P. Smith,	"	4

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Florence Dixon, 20 Belmont Avenue, Northampton.

- '00. Clara D. Loomis sailed from Yokohama by the Wahasa Maru, December 25, and is due in Marseilles, February 13. She will spend some weeks travelling in Southern Europe, and expects to reach New York about May 1. Until December, 1908, mail directed to 67 Bible House, New York, will be forwarded.
- '07. Katherine Frankenstein is in Munich this winter, studying German and Music, and will later go to Paris.

BIRTHS

- '94. Mrs. Claude Bragdon (Charlotte Coffyn Wilkinson), a son, Chandler, born December 15.
- '02. Mrs. Henry Burr (Ursula Minor), a son, John Minor, born November 24.
- ex-'03. Mrs. Abraham Lewis, Jr. (Alice Hall Jones), a daughter, Marion, born in Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, January 20, 1907.
- '04. Mrs. John Gale Hun (Leslie Stafford Crawford), a daughter, Leslie Crawford Hun, born October 21.

DEATHS

- '99. Mrs. Andrew Henshaw Ward (Margaret E. May), suddenly at Milton, December 10.
- '94. Mrs. Claude Bragdon (Charlotte Coffyn Wilkinson), at Rochester, New York, December 16.

In Memoriam

By the death of Margaret May Ward we lose one of our noblest women. Preëminently a mother, a wonderful mother, wise and understanding, and a devoted wife and helpmate. Large-minded, public-spirited and actively helpful in the life of her home town. Gifted intellectually with a splendid mind and grasp, she possessed a rare wit and most quaint humor. She was a splendid example for us all of a womanly woman, charitable, capable, lovable and strong. All who knew her and all who sorrow for her are now enriched by a sacred memory, and we know that the world is better for her having been here.

ABOUT COLLEGE

THE MADDING CROWD

I went into the library
To read up English Four,
The only place I found to sit
Was opposite the door,
My mind was more diverted
Than it ever was before.

Each time the door was opened
I felt an answering thrill,
The girl next door commented in
A whisper high and shrill,
“Now isn’t she good-looking?” or
“Just see that awful pill!”

Now there! The door swings open wide,
Phi Beta Kap walks in,
She has a broad and noble brow,
A set look to her chin,
She seeks a pile of volumes which
She soon is buried in.

Again the door is opened, and
A Freshman comes to view,
Her hair-ribbons are trembling,
Her face’s a crimson hue,
Her shoes have a persistent squeak,
As Freshmen’s sometimes do.

Now an approving murmur runs
Around the entire place,
Behold a Senior enters with
A careless, easy grace,
Which makes the awkward Freshman hide
Her red, unhappy face.

A Faculty comes after, with
A list three pages long,
A sort of studious silence falls
Upon the whispering throng,
But there follows at her exit
A buzz just twice as strong.

What's this? A gong sounds suddenly,
 I jump up in dismay,
 Is *this* all of the reading
 I've gotten done to-day
 For that awful written lesson
 That's just two days away?

Alas! that I should come here
 To read for English Four
 And find the only vacant chair
 Just opposite the door,
 Where my mind is more diverted
 Than it ever was before.

EDITH L. JARVIS '09.

CHANGING COURSES

My English I was going to drop,
 I thought I'd drop my History 4,
 I thought I'd drop my German, too,
 I did not want it any more.

But when I looked the schedule o'er
 I found I must take History 4,
 No other German could I find,
 No English course of any kind.

And so I take my History 4,
 Though I don't want it any more,
 My English and my German, too,
 There's nothing else for me to do.

MIRIAM A. MYERS '08

MORE WHITMANIA

(With Apologies)

The Ellipse! The Parabola! The Frustum!
 I exult, I strive, I wrestle with them furiously!
 And the charming parallelo "bipeds"
 Prance before me.
 O the exultation, the thrill of passing planes perpendicularly!
 O the thrills of decomposing decahedrons, of truncating prisms!
 My intellect bathes in the bliss of it,
 Yet my joy is bisected with terror,
 I move in hyperbolas of fear
 Till the end comes—Q. E. D.

VIRGINIA C. CRAVEN, '10.

FAIR PLAY

Often from a "math" room seat
 I see some freshman sit
 In Junior seats, where *I* belong,
 And I object to it.

Yet still when I'm invited there
 In Rubber Row I sit,
 And though some freshmen have to stand
 I do not mind a bit.

ELIZABETH SPADER CLARK '09.

One by one the superfluous relations of the "entering class" had gone home, leaving their charges to make their own beds and go to sleep without their customary good-night kisses.

The Line of Least Resistance Classes were no longer dismissed twenty minutes before the bell, but were kept in to the end—to the bitter end of the hour. Sweep day and prayer-meeting were old stories. College was settling down.

A freshman sat in her room struggling with a host of French verbs. She was tired, her throat was sore—and French verbs are not the most learnable things in the world. She was homesick, undeniably homesick. She even confessed it to herself. And all that alumnæ and seniors could say would never convince her that college was the best thing in the world, that the four years would be gone before she knew it, for time galloped along so fast it seemed just as though every other day was Sunday and the day in between sweep day. That was just what a senior had told her, but those were not the freshman's sentiments. When the freshman met girls who had such remarkably good times at college she wondered what kind of times they were used to at home. There was that sophomore who gushed about it so deliciously and who told her to just wait till freshman elections and if her enthusiasm didn't run away with her then—well, the freshman had waited, been bored to death, and had never seen such *unparliamentary* proceedings in her life.

The freshman picked up her grammar and began again on the verbs. But her throat was sore and she didn't feel a bit like working. She wished just a little bit that it would get a lot worse and her mother would have to come and take her home and the girls would miss her and send her violets when she went—no, she didn't really want to give up college but she had to admit at least that college was a great disappointment. A bit of song floated in from the distance,

"Merrily we roll along,
 O'er the deep blue sea."

What nonsense, thought the freshman. A crowd of girls stumbling along over the campus, bumping and joking each other and singing that time-worn old song. It was a good tune though, even if the words were senseless. Yes, it was a very catchy tune. The freshman sort of wished she were out there singing it too. Suddenly a crowd of girls rushed into the room.

"Come on and serenade. No? Too tired? Why—your *own class officers!* Come on."

The grammar dropped to the floor with a thud and the freshman flew down stairs and out of the house toward the singing, jostling crowd. They were her own class after all, and yes,

"The finest under heaven," she panted.

"Drink her down

Drink her down

Drink her down, down, down."

ELIZABETH SPADER CLARK '09.

About the house was hubbub and confusion. Fifty dollars, carefully placed in a chamois bag, and hung about the neck of our landlady, Mrs. Brown, had vanished, bag and all, as if by magic.

Theory and Practice Since the money had been placed in the bag Mrs. Brown had not left the house, nor had anyone of a

doubtful character entered it. The one maid was above suspicion, and we, the boarders, were nominally so, at least.

We had all searched diligently throughout the house, and each of us eagerly offered suggestions. Our Christian Science boarder softly and calmly assured Mrs. Brown that the money would be returned. She herself would give Mrs. Brown treatment. Mary, the maid, drew Mrs. Brown to one side and told her not to worry, that she would that night pray to St. Anthony, who would restore the property. I rushed in with alacrity. Here was an opportunity to glean the benefits of a term in Logic. Patently the house was the Universe of Thought, and the matter should be treated from the standpoint of Inclusion and Exclusion. I enumerated each article in the house, checking off those that I was told had been thoroughly investigated. By this process of elimination, I finally found that only the radiators had not been subjected to the careful probing and proding that an earnest investigator would wish. Then I summed up my results with the conclusion that the radiators must be examined minutely.

The next evening at dinner we were told that the money had been found, tucked in behind the radiator in Mrs. Brown's room. The Christian Science boarder smiled complacently. "Yes," she said, "I told you you'd find it." Mary, bringing in the soup, nearly spilt it down my neck as she furtively crossed herself and muttered, "Blessed St. Anthony!" I metaphorically patted myself upon the head. Ah, what a benefit I had accrued from Logic! What indeed were the advantages of a systematic knowledge. Mrs. Brown smiled wearily but said nothing. She had that day subjected the whole house to a genuine old-fashioned house-cleaning, and was too tired to speak.

GLENN C. PATTON '08.

DIALOGUE OF DISSENT (in three parts)

Morn

"O Mary, come down to the note room.

You've only been thrice there the morn,

We'll tell you the juiciest jist of the year,

We will, dear, as sure as you're born."

"Oh girls, I am due at the tailor's,
I simply must practice that song,
And my hair be shampooed; though I fear I am rude
I wish you would please run along."

Noon

Come, Mary," her comrades still pleaded,
"And play with us out on the green,
See here is a cart and a very good nag,
We'll wander about till the e'en."

"Oh I've got to play tennis with Ruthie,
Must take in that æsthetic tea,
And I've promised to walk with a freshman who knows
Some friend whose third cousin knows me!"

Eventide

"Come out to us, dear, in the gloaming,
We're waiting right here at the gate;
You're taking five hours of Italian,
Pray, *why* need you linger so late?"

"I'm knitting a necktie for brother
And working mama a chemise,
The "Younger Set's" out for the evening,
Come in—do—or leave me in peace."

VIRGINIA C. CRAVEN '10.

On the eleventh of December, Miss Agnes Repplier of Philadelphia addressed the open meeting of the Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies on the

Open Meeting of she writes, pointedly, dextrously and with
Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi lightness of touch. As to the mission which
humor plays, one could hardly expect it to be
presented in a missionary spirit by one whose greatest charm lies in her sense
of the fraternity that exists between age and age. "All that we think so new
to-day," she writes in her essay on "The Eternal Feminine," "has been
acted over and over again, a shifting comedy, by the women of every century.
All that we value as well as all that we condemn in womanhood has played
its part for good and evil in the history of mankind. . . . Woman has
made and marred from the beginning, she will make and mar to the end."
It is later in this same essay that she quotes approvingly Sainte Beuve's brief
description of Mme. de Sévigné: "She had a genius for conversation and
society, a knowledge of the world and of men, a lively and acute appreciation
both of the becoming and the absurd." This characterization, perhaps, as
well as any, represents the lecturer's own point of view. She is, by the bye,
a Roman Catholic. Whether this has anything to do with the case or not, it
would be unsafe to guess, but at least there is nothing of the protestant in her

disposition. It was as a wholesome and piquant observer, not as a reformer, that she touched on the foibles of our national humor, satirized the weakness in our satire, and commended some of our own wit to us as a subject for our own mockery. The illustrative jests she cited cannot be called new, but that they were old was certainly not due to any lack of resources on Miss Repplier's part. Possibly a scientific spirit made her wish to select unquestionably typical examples; possibly she got a solid joy from making us laugh with relish at old favorites and so flaunt defiance in the face of the platitude that the force of a jest lies in its unexpectedness. Certainly there was no lack of freshness in her comments,—in the parthian shots with which she closed her sentences, and the dexterity with which she turned her phrases. For proof of her knowledge and skilful use of the curiosities of literature, however, one must turn to her books. The most autobiographic of these, "In the Convent," describes with a fine relish the simple pranks of her school life. Another, on the "Fireside Sphinx," travels with the household cat from the past to the present, and from Cheshire to Hymettus, gathering up as it goes a store of anecdotes from literature and literary biography. But Miss Repplier's familiarity with the informal and intimate human moods of the past is best shown in such collections of essays as "Varia" and "Points of View," from her first "Books and Men" in 1888 to "Compromises" in 1904. And these, most of which appeared originally in the *Atlantic Monthly*, are fortunately being followed by other essays of the same sort, the latest, "When Lalla Rookh Was Young," in the *Atlantic* for December.

H. V. A.

On the evening of Monday, December 9, Professor Ellen Bliss Talbot, Ph. D., of Mount Holyoke College addressed an open meeting of the Philosophical Society on "Fichte's Conception of God." Professor Talbot, who has published some admirable studies of Fichte's philosophy, showed not merely a full knowledge of her subject, but an exceptional power of clear and untechnical exposition. While her avowed purpose was explanation and not criticism of Fichte's doctrine, she nevertheless pointed out certain problems involved in his treatment and their relation to modern philosophical views. She also sketched by way of preface the circumstances in Fichte's professional career which early led him to a consideration of this fundamental question.

E. K. A.

Prof. and Mrs. Wilder attended the meeting of The American Society of Zoölogists at New Haven, Dec. 26-28. Prof. Wilder delivered two papers at this meeting, as follows: 1) Physical Identity in Duplicate Twins; 2) The Limb Muscles of *Necturus*, and their bearing upon the question of Limb Nomology.

Faculty Notes

Prof. Story attended the meeting of the Eastern Educational Music Conference, held at Columbia University in the Christmas recess. Prof. Story's Christmas cantata, "The Saviour's Advent," was given at the college vesper service, Dec. 15.

Prof. Gardiner attended the meeting of the American Philosophical Association at Ithaca, Dec. 28-30, and delivered the Presidential address on "The Problem of Truth."

Prof. Pierce has been elected Secretary of the American Psychological Association.

Dr. Gray's thesis for the Doctor's degree bears the title: "The Laws of Rhythm in the Clausulae of the De Officiis of Cicero."

Prof. Wood delivered an address in the Jewish Synagogue on State Street, Brooklyn, Nov. 15—"What the Jew can add to American Life."

Index Patristicus, sive clavis Patrum Apostolicorum Operum was published in Leipzig in the long vacation. It is a concordance of all the Greek forms, and, for parts existing only in Latin, of the Latin forms, in the Apostolic Fathers. The editor is Prof. Goodspeed of the University of Chicago. Various parts were done by different men. Prof. Wood contributed the portion of Hermas.

Prof. Bassett presented *in absentia* a paper on "The Progress of Race Antipathy in the South," before the annual meeting of the American Sociological Society, Madison, Wis., Dec. 30, 1907. Prof. Bassett will lecture on "The History of a Colonial Virginia Family," before the Northampton Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Jan. 9, 1908.

The ballad of *Sweet William* published by Miss Scott in *The Evening Post*, of New York, March 15, 1907, from the records of an old Salem family, was reprinted in *The Magazine of History*, New York, August, 1907. No clue to its history has as yet been discovered, nor has it been identified with any known ballad. It is apparently an original New England ballad at least a century old.

Miss Adams has published the following: Review of Paulhan's *Mensonge de l'art* in *Psychological Bulletin* for Nov. 19, 1907; of an article in *Mind* in *Journal of Philosophy, Psychology and Scientific Methods* for Jan. 2, 1908.

Miss Cheever spoke at the annual (Dec. 7) Smith College Club luncheon at Hartford.

Mr. Hadzsitz attended the Classical Association of Western Mass., Dec. 7, 1907, and the archaeological Institute of America and American Philological Association at the University of Chicago, Dec. 27-30, 1907.

Mrs. Lee published "The Flute Player" in *Harper's Magazine*, Jan. 1908.

Prof. Ganong was guest of the Chicago Alumnae of Smith College at luncheon, Dec. 30, 1907, and spoke upon "What the College does with and for the Freshmen."

Prof. Ganong also attended the recent meeting at Chicago of the American Association for Advancement of Science and of the Botanical Society of America, of which society he was elected president.

Miss Smith of the Department of Botany also attended these meetings.

The well known music publishing house, G. Schirmer, of New York, has issued a History of Music, by Waldo S. Pratt of Hartford, lecturer at Smith College. The book is considered in many respects the best of its kind in existence.

The following members of our Music Faculty were in attendance at the Annual Convention of the Music Teachers' National Association, and the

Eastern Educational Music Conference, which followed the convention, at Columbia University, Dec. 27-31 : Prof. Pratt, president of the association. Profs. Sleeper, Story and Olmsted, Asso. Prof. Bliss and Miss Peers. Mr. Sleeper read a paper upon the topic, "How may the college harmony course foster original composition." Many examples of the work of students were performed in illustration.

CALENDAR

- January 20. Beginning of Mid-year Examinations.
- “ 28. Close of Mid-year Examinations.
- “ 29. Holiday.
- “ 30. Beginning of Second Semester.
- February 1. Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
- “ 3. Open Meeting of Mathematical Club. Lecture
by Prof. Pierpont of Yale.
- “ 8. Receptions by Lawrence and Wallace Houses.
- “ 12. Concert by the McMillan Concert Company.

The

Smith College

Monthly

February - 1908

Conducted by the Senior Class

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EDITORS:

GRACE KELLOGG,

MARGARET HALLOCK STEEN,

MIRIAM ALMA MYERS,

EUNICE FULLER,

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FLORENCE BATTERSON,

MARGARET CLARK RANKIN,

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BUSINESS MANAGER,

MILDRED WILLCOX WILSON.

HARRIET TOWNSEND CARSWELL.

ALUMNÆ TREASURER,

KATHARINE DUBLE HINMAN.

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No. 5

THE ORIENTAL IN SHAKESPEARE

The leading scholarship of the age is wont to consider Shakespeare a preëminently Anglo-Saxon product, the "culminating expression of the English mind,"¹ a genius typically English and, moreover, Elizabethan. It is not necessary to mention the truth and the strength with which he has painted the many sides of English life and thought; this has become a truism of modern literary criticism, but the fact that other nations, as for instance the French and the Germans, have been unable to resist changing his work in their translations, shows that only to the English is he perfectly intelligible, speaking broadly, in his entirety. He is of the English and for the English.

Should the student of race as revealed in literature be asked to give the chief characteristics of the English as these are manifested in the main body of their work, he would undoubtedly, somewhere in the list, mention common sense and humor. Common sense: that quality which implies sense of balance, of fitness. The man of sense never exaggerates the importance of one thing at the expense of another, he does not give undue

¹ Prof. Hanscom.

prominence to his feelings nor attach too great importance to a trifle. His sense of humor grows out of this fine sense of proportion. As the strange arouses mirth in all human beings, so a departure from true proportion is to the Englishman laughable or pathetic. A displacement of relations tickles the English sense of humor; it is a saving quality which, in the midst of crushing realities, allows the possessor to sit on a star and watch the "spinning midge"; he cannot but regain his true perspective, and smile.

The word Anglo-Saxon has come to win for itself almost as wide a designation as Western, and to it, therefore, it would not be far wrong to oppose the term Oriental. At the word a new world is before us. Profusion, extravagance, strangeness; the splendors of the Taj Mahal, the secrets of never-opened palace doors; the pungency of perfumes and the gorgeousness of colors are Oriental. When we term a thing Oriental we mean that it has a certain intensity or grandeur or strangeness; in other words, a lack of balance.

In a study of Shakespeare's work, one is struck by a certain similarity in the themes of the great tragedies. In Greek tragedy the great dramatists show us the passions of men played upon by the will of the gods, an obscure but certain working out of Fate's decrees in spite of man. In Oedipus, for instance, we have a hero whose tragic fate is brought upon him by an external power, a relentless destiny, not by passions arising within himself. His plea is ignorance. He is a blind tool in the hands of higher beings.¹ In a modern drama, such as Ibsen's "Hedda Gabbler," the tragedy lies in a certain deficiency on her part, an inadequacy, resulting not from passion but from weakness. In Shakespeare's contemporaries we find intimations of the law which Shakespeare worked out in his tragedies. In the Marsilius of Greene it seems to be the writer's intention, though obscurely indicated, to have Orlando's madness arise from the intensity of his love for Angelica, that is, he gives undue prominence to one part of his life, he loses his equilibrium. But Greene fails in that, instead of allowing his hero to regain his equilibrium himself and thus avert the tragedy, the aid of the enchantress is summoned. Greene's vision was not clear enough to allow him to see that such a catastrophe can be remedied only from within, never from

¹ Hegel.

without. In Marlowe's tragedies we have characters of greater intensity, passion, one-sidedness, but Marlowe was not great enough morally, he could not detach himself from the world of his characters sufficiently to let their punishment come full upon them.

Shakespeare, on the contrary, having created his world, could rise above it and keep it from dragging him down to the level of actor. The common quality of all the tragedies is that they are studies of exaggeration, of unbalance. The unfortunate hero or heroine leans too far in some one direction and loses his or her balance and the result is death. As the Oriental goes to extremes in splendor as in squalor, so the tragic character in Shakespeare goes to extremes. He never fails because of lack of vigor, but because of too much vigor ill-directed. The Oriental goes to the extreme of indulgence or the extreme of asceticism; Romeo goes to the extreme of love as Timon to the extreme of renunciation of his fellows. There is always a certain passion, a certain abundance of energy, a certain violence with which his characters welcome abnormal development of one side of life; and these men and women who take from life one part and hug it to themselves, casting aside all the rest, who place their whole selves in one emotion or thought, are lost. They are Oriental, they are exotic, they cannot live in the bleak air of morality which the Anglo-Saxons brought with them from their Northern marshes.

The Anglo-Saxon has always been able to see what it is that he wants in the long run, and has always struggled against being led away, like the Oriental, by the passionate desire of the moment. Though conscious of the veil of Maya, he has been content to suffer it because it served its purpose. The garment of the flesh, the check of materiality, seemed to him good, on the whole; not intolerable, as to the Oriental, and immediately to be torn away. To the Anglo-Saxon, the glimpse through the veil makes the veil tolerable. The Oriental cannot bear to have the slightest barrier between him and what he, half seeing, desires. The Anglo-Saxon has been aware unconsciously, through all the ages, of what he is now seeing consciously. All the parts of man are good, and one is not to be emphasized or developed more than the others. The insistence on a married clergy, the introduction of comedy within tragedy, are only illustrations of the truth that to the English-

man neither spirituality at the expense of the practical, nor sorrow unrelieved by mirth, represents the sum total of human existence. In the world about him there is a whole, and he is not to take from that whole that which he prefers and shape it at will; he must accept the world in its entirety or make of his life a tragedy.

This is just what happens in the great tragedies of Shakespeare. Romeo, to whom the whole of life is offered, takes love, will heed nothing but love, will have nothing but love, and when death seems to make a barrier between him and Juliet, whom accident has made the object of his love, he strikes boldly at death, with the inevitable result. Juliet is as passionate; there is no question of restraint, no conflict between head and heart; for she has become all heart. Romeo, impetuous, intense, from the point of view of his creator, is doomed. He has lost his footing as has Juliet, and from the first the bottom of the chasm is waiting for them both. They have done what, according to Shakespeare, no man can do and live. They have taken from life one out of its infinite number of parts and tried to live upon it, with the result that reality thrusts itself upon them. Romeo is not so much "fortune's fool"¹ as passion's fool.

This earlier tragedy is particularly rich not only in the Eastern intensity of its passion, but in the Oriental splendor of the verse. The modern writer confines himself to the figures which will give to his readers the impression he desires to create. His god is self-restraint. Not so Shakespeare. To Elizabethan spontaneity he adds an exuberance of fancy, a delight in the mere piling up of metaphor upon metaphor, simile upon simile. As Scheherezade built up tale after tale, added embellishment after embellishment, and forgot that she was playing for her life, so Shakespeare adds minaret after minaret to his structure, in the keenness of his delight, apparently forgetful of his main building, to which he always returns, however, refreshed and inspired by his play of fancy. The famous passage beginning,

"But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?"²

is a rhapsody for the pure delight of rhapsodizing; Romeo enjoys it and Shakespeare enjoyed it still more as a "potential Romeo,"³ as Professor Dowden calls him; or the passage beginning,

¹ Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 1.

² Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Sc. 2.

³ Shakespeare: His Mind and Art.

"Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging;"¹

continuing that exquisite play of fancy,

"Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in-love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun."

There is a fullness, an elaboration which we find only in Shakespeare and in certain passages of Marlowe, and in the things of the Orient.

Turning now to Timon of Athens, we have a more perfect example, though a less artistic expression of the tragedy of unbalance. Timon, whose one joy of life was to spend money, time and self on his apparent friends, by a complete revulsion of feeling, becomes transformed into the snarling misanthrope. In the Oriental form it is the lavish prince who becomes the ascetic priest. He knows no middle ground. For the Oriental it is only the self-indulgence in worldly things which brings ruin. Self-indulgence in things spiritual is the highest good. But Shakespeare saw the fallacy of this attitude. Timon, the epicure, is only one degree more unfortunate than Timon, the hermit. He could not reconcile the two natures of man; he must swing from one extreme to the other; therefore, he was not fit for life.

In Julius Cæsar's life, it is ambition which claims the whole man. In Macbeth, there is not only excessive ambition on the part of Macbeth, but excessive love on the part of his wife. Not that Shakespeare had no sympathy with passion; he himself must have been one of the most passionate of men; but he would have restraint. Professor Dowden thinks that Shakespeare cared above all to make a success of his life, and he had early learned that to achieve success he had need of the greatest restraint. He had seen the tragic results of excess in any one direction, perhaps in the lives of Greene and Marlowe, perhaps in his own. Certain it seems that he wished to make of his life a well-rounded whole, and that to him the failure on the part of any individual to do this constituted the greatest tragedy. Queen Victoria once said of a princess who played before her, that "she played too well for a

¹ Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 2.

princess." This seems to be Shakespeare's comment on Lady Macbeth as on Juliet; they loved too much for life. They made an error in proportion. Lear is another example of the man who gives himself over to passion without thought. The Eastern Lear would have spent his last days in a hermit's cell wrestling with himself as Jacob with the angel. Shakespeare saw nothing for a man so violent toward life but death.

In Othello we have not only Oriental characters and passions, but an Oriental setting. It is the passionate love, the mad jealousy, the flash of the dagger, so common in the Eastern seraglio. Othello is one-sided; he is guided entirely by passion; he will not listen to reason, and being one-sided, he is incompetent and there is nothing but death for him. Shakespeare has tried to differentiate Othello from his other passionate characters by making him more passionate; he falls into fits of rage, of madness. This may be to awaken our sympathy and to make us understand what followed, or it may be Shakespeare's concession to the popular conception of the hot-blooded Moor; but Othello differs from the other passion-driven characters only in degree. He is more widely passionate, but of the same family.

In Hamlet we have excessive development, but in another direction. Here is a case, not of passion and reckless activity in response to that passion, but of mental activity and physical inertia. Hamlet, like the Oriental, has squatted by the wayside of life and pondered on being and non-being, but when a fray occurs in the road near him, he cannot, for long inaction, jump up and terminate it at a blow. Not that Hamlet is by any means an Oriental type, but he has that quality which has been the ruin of the East. Like the Oriental, he can spend his life in dreaming, in deadening himself to external stimuli instead of cultivating the activity of the whole man. It is not so much that "the times are out of joint," but he is out of focus, out of his true relation to the world.

Such, then, is the theme of the tragedies: over-development of passion or of thought and disregard of all other claims. It is the Anglo-Saxon comment on the Oriental character. From his mountain peak Shakespeare looks down on the valley below and sees the folly, the extravagance, the sin of taking to oneself one element of the complex whole and shutting one's ears to the clamorous outcry of the rest. It is the struggle of the puny individual with the law that constitutes tragedy, in Shake-

speare's eyes : it is his arrogant assumption that he can pick out one thread from the complex web and from it spin the cloth of his life, that he can choose one color from "the dome of many-colored glass" and look at life through it alone, that for Shakespeare constitute an Oriental extravaganza tragic in its inadequacy to the manifold demands of life.

LUCY EVELYN ONGLEY.

THE CLOUD-SWANS

The blue morn brims within the heavenly lake,
And lo ! the white cloud-swans are swift awake !
With feathers ruffled by the morning wind,
Blythely they swim and leave the dawn behind.

'Tis noontide now. The swans together flock ;
All sleepily upon the sea they rock ;
And aimless drift and swing from side to side,
And lazily the quiet waters ride.

The white cloud-swans are sailing toward the west,
Rose light and gold stain bright each snowy breast,
As proudly their wide pinions they unfurl,
And gently sail across a sea of pearl.

The white cloud-swans have gathered one by one,
Into the harbor of the setting sun ;
There, softly resting on the darkening deep,
They wait the drowsy watch of night and sleep.

KATHERINE DUNCAN MORSE.

THE INANITY OF NOTES

Some years ago Miss Agnes Repplier wrote a most interesting essay¹ called "The Oppression of Notes," in which she sets forth the discomfort of "that innocent nondescript, the average reader," caused by "the oppression or tyranny of notes." "The average reader," says she, ". . . only asks that he may enjoy his books in a moderately intelligent manner ; that he may be helped over hedges and ditches and allowed to ramble unmo-

¹ "Essays in Miniature." Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

lest where the ground seems tolerably smooth. This is precisely the privilege, however, which a too liberal editor is disinclined to allow. He will build you a bridge over a raindrop, put ladders up a pebble, and encompass you on every side with ingenious alpenstocks and climbing-irons; yet when, perchance, you stumble and hold out a hand for help, behold, he is never there to grasp it."

There are two sorts of notes to which Miss Repplier objects: those which are "oppressively erudite," and "those which interpret trifles with painstaking fidelity and which reveal to us the meaning of quite familiar words."

There is, however, a third class which is vexing the average college student at the present time, and which may be termed, for want of a better name, the inane note. Now the erudite note may be oppressive, but it is stimulating; the too simple note is gratifying, since it gives us a pleasant sense of knowing more than the editor thought we did; but what excuse can there be for the explanation which does not explain, for the note that says much and tells us nothing? For instance, in the first act of Plautus' "Rudens" we have nine and a half lines of fine print explanation for two lines of the text which contain a pun, and then we are informed that the jest is "obscure and ill-timed." If this be true of the jest, surely it is doubly so of the explanation. Besides, a poor joke is bad enough and an explained one is worse, but the combination is really too much.

To read notes is sufficiently wearing, but to have questions propounded by the editor or to be commanded to explain certain constructions is even more so. The effect of such expressions as "explain reflexive form," "account for the subjunctive," "remains untranslated. Why?" is decidedly dampening. If I know why a certain word remains untranslated, I need no editorial prodding, and if I do not know, then pages of "whys" will be of no assistance.

Miss Repplier mentions the editor's failure to give aid when it is needed. This aid is particularly conspicuous for its absence in some editions of Plautus. The language is colloquial and the forms often archaic, yet the editor seems in no haste to enlighten us concerning them. To make matters worse, the ordinary sized Latin lexicon lacks many of these archaic words. I remember that once, in translating a page and a half of the "Rudens," there were seven words that I could not find. Such an

occurrence, of course, necessitates a trip to the library, and even there the words are not always to be found. It does seem as if a few notes would be more to the point than such expressions as "Observe the change in tenses," "Others have a different reading," "Bothe, the Delphin and the Bib. Class. Lat., omit 'solve' after 'tinæ,'" and the like.

Then there is that stumbling-block of Latin students — the idiom. The idioms of Plautus seem to be given very rarely in the dictionary. How, then, are we to arrive at their meaning? They cannot be literally translated, though it was not until after many bitter experiences that we arrived at this conclusion — they baffle all attempts at guessing. If, then, the dictionary fails and editors prove unkind, we are reduced to the painful necessity of stopping in the midst of a translation and remarking in a small and apologetic voice, "I didn't quite understand this part."

There seems to be something positively uncanny in an editor's knowledge of the grammars one does not possess. I have an Allen and Greenough which I have treasured for years and which I seem fated never to use. The references in the notes to Horace are to Allen and Greenough's grammar, but, unfortunately, to the revised edition. The references in Plautus are to Harkness and a mysterious "A. and S." Naturally, such a state of affairs gives one a wild desire to know what it is all about, but I have never been able to find out and even in my mind there is a vain regret for the brilliant translations I might have made if only I could have solved the problem of those notes.

Now all this, though somewhat wearing, might still be endured if it were not for one particularly irritating editorial propensity. If the editor delights to ramble on in page after page of notes, who are we that we should seek to deprive him of that innocent pleasure? If his ideas of helpfulness are embodied in such expressions as "Notice the two meanings here and in line seven," "Note the slight irony," and "Notice position of participle," we are powerless. What we object to most of all is his way of thrusting his information upon us. Sometimes he uses an asterisk, sometimes a numeral, but the effect is the same. We may translate a line or two guessing at the words we do not know, and may really get to enjoying ourselves, when we are suddenly stopped by this literary policeman. "Stop!" he

seems to say. "Here is something you do not understand." Mortified and conscience stricken we turn to the back of the book--we had thought the passage quite easy. Notes may be good discipline, but they shake one's self-confidence.

Where is the ideal note, we wonder? Does it lie in some publisher's office, or is it, like the great American novel, yet to be written? Perhaps, from the very nature of things, it is impracticable. Perhaps it is too much for one man to accomplish. Perhaps it is not to be, but if the prayers of harrassed students have any weight, and if the principle of supply meeting demand be not false, then it must come, and quickly.

HELENA FRANKLIN MILLER.

THE WHITE BIRCH

Whenever a tree has done what is right,
Be it elm or oak or beech,
Of those who have striven and done their best
A reward is given to each,

If it has sheltered the traveller,
Or children at their play,
Or has fought upon some barren hill
Against the wind each day,

If it has struggled royally,
Loving its life right well,
Then in the ghost tree, the white birch,
Again on earth it may dwell.

And once a year e'er the leaves do fall,
At the high feast of the trees,
Clad in a dress of brightest gold,
It may dance once again in the breeze.

MARGARET SEABURY COOK.

TREASURE TROVE

'Twas all on a wonderful autumn day
That we wandered, my Love and I, far away—
And never a thought of a care had we,
And we came to the land, as you shall see,
Where the gladsome fairies all live so free,
As we drove away o'er the hills so blue
'Neath arching trees of a wondrous hue.

Oh, the road was broad and the road was high,
And it led far into the sunset sky,—
Far into the golden home of the wind,
And there as we drove we trusted to find
The pot of gold that we called to mind
As we followed that road o'er those hills of blue
Under arching trees of golden hue.

But we thought to find the fairy gold
Encased in a pot of worth untold,
And wondrous was our surprise to see
That the fairies had scattered with hand full free
The gold from that pot on every tree
Beside the road o'er those hills of blue
That lay 'neath the trees of golden hue.

And glad were our hearts, for the air was clear,
And the wee brooks babbled with gladsome cheer,
And the sky was gold, and the trees were gold,
And the air was crisp, and the wind was cold,
And my love for my Love increased tenfold
As we followed the road o'er the hills so blue
That led 'neath the trees of golden hue.

MARY ALLERTON KILBORNE.

MODERN BOOK ILLUSTRATION

The first principle of book illustration is to illustrate, and yet it is a fact that few illustrations in books and magazines are to be found in their proper places in the text. The present aim seems to be to catch the eye and purse of the public, rather than to follow out first principles.

In the earliest days of this work, before movable type was invented, the illustration and the letters of a text were all engraved in wood together, and thus, of necessity, there was character and individuality on every page. The picture, rough as it often was, harmonized with the text in an unmistakable manner, and from an artistic point of view, there was a better balance of parts and more harmony of effect than in the more elaborate illustrations of the present day. The illustration being an illustration in the true sense of the word, interpreted something to the reader that words could not convey; and even when movable type was first introduced the simpler character of the engravings harmonized well with the letters.

The wood engraver in those days was apprenticed to his art, and often only after long, laborious reading mastered the mechanical difficulties. If he had the artistic sense, he soon developed into a master engraver and illustrator, and from crude and often weak, inartistic drawings produced illustrations full of tone, quality and beauty. "From very slight material handed him by the publishers, the wood engraver would evolve an elaborate and graceful series of illustrations, drawn on the wood block by artists in his own employ, who had especial training, and knew how to produce the effects required." This system often involved much care and study of details of costumes, architecture and the like. If not, perhaps, very high art, it was at least well paid for and appreciated by the public. The average illustrated book twenty-five years ago paid in the vicinity of twenty-five hundred dollars on engravings.

At the present day most of the ability of the wood engravers who survive, is devoted to hand-working half-tone blocks, which are often engraved over almost their whole printing surface and begin to rival wood-cuts in elaborate retouching and finish. It may be well to explain here that the reasons for using the present medium of wood engraving for elaborate illustrations, formerly engraved on copper or steel, are rapidity of production, and the almost illimitable number of copies that can be produced from casts of wood blocks. The broad distinction between old and new methods of wood engraving is, that in early days, the lines were drawn clearly on the wood block, and the part not drawn was cut away by the engraver, who endeavored to make a perfect fac-simile of the artistic lines. Where wood is still employed it is almost universally the custom now to transfer a

photograph from life onto the wood or to draw on the wood with a brush in tint, and even to photograph a drawing or painting on to the wood, leaving the engraver to turn the tints into lines in his own way.

The Americans outstrip all other nations in the beauty and quality of their book and magazine illustrations. Here they have succeeded in obtaining the most beautiful and delicate effects and what painters call colour, through the medium of wood-engraving. One reason for this is because much more capital is expended upon such work. The American wood engraver is an artist in every sense of the word, and his education is not complete without years of foreign study.

Wood engravings are used in America largely for advertisements. This is because the wood blocks print more easily than the mechanical process, when mixed with type, and because they are cut deeper on the block, they produce better results with the inferior ink and paper. Of course this class of wood engraving is very cheap.

Drawing for reproduction by some mechanical process brings much more strain to bear upon the artist than when his work was engraved upon wood. The artist who draws for reproduction by this means is thrown upon his own resources, and much depends upon the modern illustrator's taking the place, so to speak, of the wood engraver. The interpretation of tone into line fitted for the type-press—a work to which the wood engraver gave a life time—will devolve more and more upon him. Nevertheless, much that the engraver could not do can be accomplished in spite of limitations by mechanically produced blocks. Line drawing is the basis of the best drawing for the press and is the only antidote for the sketchy, careless methods so popular to-day. A drawing of this kind is simple and direct. Every line tells, and not one is superfluous. It requires careful thought and study.

In order to turn any such drawings into blocks for the type-press, they are first photographed to the size required and then a print of them is transferred to a sensitized zinc-plate. This is put through a photo-zinc process, immersed in nitric acid, which cuts away the paper and lines of the drawing in relief. This process requires considerable experience and attention, according to the nature of the drawing. The lines are turned into metal in a few hours and the plate when mounted on wood

to the height of type-letters is ready to be printed from, at the rate of several thousands per hour. This wonderful invention transfixes the artist's touch and turns it into concrete; by this the most delicate and hasty strokes of the pen are brought into sharp relief, as if cut in rock. This is a strong argument for doing the best and truest work possible, for the process renders the picture almost indestructible.

Mechanical processes, for many years despised by illustrators, have become the fashion, and are so universal that several thousand blocks are made in London, alone, every week. Under the present hasty conditions and methods of cheapening production, the best drawings by reproduction are those that require the least touching up by the engraver, as a block that has been touched up is troublesome to the printer.

There is another still more delicate and sensitive method of obtaining a relief block, called the gelatine process. A drawing is photographed to the required size and the negative upon a glass plate coated with a gelatine mixture. The part of this sensitive film not exposed to the light is absorbed, and when put in water swells up. The parts exposed to the light, the lines of the drawing, remain near the surface of the glass. Thus there is a sunken mould from which a metal cast can be taken, leaving the lines in relief as in the zinc. "In skilful hands this process admits of more delicate gradations, and pale, uncertain lines can be reproduced with tolerable fidelity." These blocks take longer to make and are double the price of the photo-zinc process. But there is no process yet invented which gives better results from pen and ink drawing for the type-press. These blocks also have a copper surface when finished.

The half-tone process, however, is the most practical and legitimate one for the type-press, as it reproduces wash-drawings and photographs on blocks. There are no lines to a wash-drawing or a photograph from nature, so it is necessary to obtain some kind of grain, or interstices of white, on the zinc plate. Between the drawing and the camera, glass screens covered with dots and lines are interposed, varying in strength according to the light and shade needed. All drawings in wash, chalk, or pencil, which will not reproduce by the direct line processes, are treated in this manner, and this produces the uniform monotonous dullness so familiar on the modern page.

One result of the rush and haste in the work of making draw-

ings, and the uncertainty of reproduction, promises to be a serious one to the illustrator. This is the gradual substitution of photographs from life for other forms of illustration. One reason for this is that the details of the dress are so well rendered by photography on the block as to answer the purpose of a fashion-plate, an important matter in some weekly newspapers. The influence of photography is felt besides in nearly every department of illustration.

The new methods of engraving without the aid of the engraver are most important and the invention of photogravures almost supersedes hand-work. It is adapted for the reproduction of paintings, wash-drawings and drawings where lines are pale and uncertain. This system is spreading rapidly over the world, and it should be noticed that these productions are not uniformly successful. The process has its limits and the photogravure at present has to be assisted by the engraver. But it is certain that photography will take up more and more the painter's work, and thus thoroughness and completeness are of value. During the next century we are destined to see a much more extended use of colour in books and newspapers.

We have now reviewed the most important methods of reproducing pictures for the illustration of books and magazines, and we can see how artistic interest in the result is stimulating the inventive power of the men engaged in this comparatively novel field of work.

RUTH EVERETT.

REFERENCE

The Art of Illustration, by Henry Blackburn.

JOY AT NIGHT

Up to the great white moon,
Up through the white night winging,
Up through the big-eyed stars to the edge of the world's revealing;
There's where our Joy goes singing,
Singing, singing—and soon
See! It has pierced the skies,
And with blinded eyes
Joy of our Heart to the Joy of the World is kneeling!

VIRGINIA CORYELL CRAVEN.

FLOWERS BY THE MOUNTAIN

There is a place where Faith grows high
By careful tending ;
Perchance it is the same place Hope, close by,
Low to the earth is bending.
But Love grows rank around the mountain slope
Close at the feet of Faith—surrounding Hope.

VIRGINIA CORYELL CRAVEN.

"FRESH-AIRS" AT WATERLOO

That the students of Smith College might become more personally interested in College Settlement work and regard it not so much as an institution as personal work among individuals, and that their outlook on a certain phase of the work might be broadened, a novel plan for summer work among the poor children of New York was proposed last spring.

Every two weeks, five children were to be sent out from one of the most congested districts of New York City to a little village in New Jersey, to be cared for by college girls who should volunteer their services for several weeks at a time. A small house in Waterloo was offered by an alumna of the class of 1903, provided the money for its support through the summer could be raised among the members of the college. She also promised to send the children, some of whom were members of classes at Richmond Hull House or belonged to the "Roosevelts" at 95 Rivington Street. A canvass of campus and non-campus houses was made, and friends for the Summer Settlement Home quickly presented themselves.

A week after college closed, a friend and I started for Waterloo to put the house in order before the guests should arrive. When we reached the village, we engaged the one carpenter in that region to build the out-door bedroom and porch extension which were to make the little house a comfortable habitation for our family of seven. Meantime my friend and I, having taken up

our abode at a farmhouse near by, cleaned the cottage, bought the necessary household furnishings, painted the inside of the living-room a delicate green, converted the dining-room table into a handsome piece of mission furniture, and then waited impatiently for Friday and the carpenter. But alas for our simple trust in the country "jack of all trades"! Friday and then Monday came, but not the carpenter. He had imbibed so generous an alcoholic preventive against attacks of malaria that manual labor would be impossible for some time to come.

Carpenters were in such demand that it was almost impossible to secure one, our guests were due, and there was no place in the tiny hamlet where they could be cared for, even temporarily. We were almost discouraged, when, by the greatest good luck, on a trip to a neighboring town in search of a carpenter, we learned that we could have the use of an empty club house, some two miles away. My friend and I walked over to interview the agent, who willingly agreed to give us the house, rent free, "if we wouldn't let the kids bust up the place!" We answered for the children, and closed with his offer. We drove back that afternoon in a big farm wagon to the little cottage at Waterloo, hastily dismantled it, packed all our chattels into the wagon, and drove up to the new house at six in the evening. After unloading we departed for the nearest farmhouse (a mile and a half across lots), for a well-earned sleep. Next morning we walked two miles to the village, purchased broom and dust-pan, swept the house, walked again to the village to meet the first assistant, and upon our return found some friendly callers, one of whom presented us with a funny old black dog that was to guard us against the nightly marauders (who never came). Indeed, the little beast must have realized the needlessness of his captivity, for he howled so dolefully that we were glad to loosen his chain and give him his freedom. Our two other callers were likewise fearful for our safety for the night, and wished to sit on the piazza and keep watch, but we scorned the offer.

Next morning we made ready for our first set of guests. All but one of them proved to be older than we had expected, but their joy at leaving the hot city for a visit in the wide free country, where they had been so seldom, was just as unbounded and their interest in all things just as great as that shown by the younger children. One was a bright little clerk in a depart-

ment store; one a temporary cash girl; one not only tried to fill an invalid mother's place and to keep neat and clean the four-room tenement for her father, two older brothers and a younger sister, but she also went to school and stood well in her classes. Through a Settlement teacher, all the children were very much interested in Smith and the "college ladies," and had read most of the story books written about the college; one even brought along her favorite book, "Working Her Way Through." Two hoped to become *real* teachers some day (they were bright enough to become almost anything). We can only hope that they won't be dazzled by the offer of a four-dollar-a-week job in the feather factory or the candy kitchen, just as they are about to graduate from the grammar school, and allow the dream of a broader education to fade out of their lives.

These girls had a great deal of initiative and did not need to have their amusements planned. The old gym suits, collected in the spring, were admirable as bathing suits, and the beautiful, wide brook near provided a bathing spot. Here they made a deep swimming hole by removing all the huge stones, and ducked and splashed one another to their heart's content. The "old swimming hole" was just below the bridge and the country road, and the children would wave to every passing wagon and automobile, so that in a short time those "fresh airs at Craterdale Place" became well known. We had many bushes of beautiful currants on the place, and these "cherries," as they called them, were a source of constant delight to the children as long as a single berry remained. When they were ready to go home, they would spend much time picking the fruit, so "my mamma she can make jelly—for cherries cost awful in New York, and we ain't had no jelly not since a long time yet." Also huge bunches of all the field flowers and ferns were gathered most carefully as the hour of departure drew near. The number of bundles for transportation back to the city increased greatly, but then, some crowded tenements of New York had a whiff of the country for a day or so.

The children always came out from the city on an early afternoon train, so that the conductor learned to look for us, and if he had any children in charge he would call out, "Here, Madam, here's your Fresh Airs." Then a straggling band of timid children would file out, carrying or dragging behind them the bundle, satchel or flour sack that contained their wardrobes.

Once they had met us their timidity vanished, and they were keenly alive to all that was going on about them. While two or three were shrieking in one ear that "this boy was Alice, that fellow there was Moses, that was Annie, whom they met at the station." "Where was the barn and the pigs, and please, Teacher, Annie's mama said she mustn't eat meat on Friday—" the remainder would wish me to keep the "going back" tickets, or keep a precious six cents until a candy store should be reached. "Could they really stay two weeks? because they wanted to get fat and red, and please, Teacher, couldn't Eli have something to eat, because they had gotten up at four o'clock so they shouldn't miss the train, and had come over the ferry at eleven to be at the station in time to catch the one o'clock train."

All these questions being met, the next thing to be decided was who was to ride on the front seat with the driver? That being settled, we set ourselves to answer the endless questions asked during that entertaining homeward drive. The business part of the town was *so* interesting—there was the post-office, and a barber shop, where a Jew was standing on the steps. They didn't know Jews lived in the country, didn't I know him, and why didn't I? They knew most of the people "in their block" at home. The wonderful houses—all the men out here must be terrible rich, they had so much grass. They had grass in the park at home, but here, it *was* funny, wasn't it? it was just *everywhere!* and the daisies! there really must be billions of them! Just the other day a man in Grand Street wanted ten cents a bunch—what an old cheat he was! Well, here they could pick all they wanted, and could they take some home? What beautiful cows we saw, and such *splendid* pigs and chickens—the country certainly was *wonderful*—such grand trees, much bigger than those in the Hester Street Park! Another beautiful cow, horses and more pigs—"all the farmers must be rich because they has such many pigs!"

There's our house, and a swing! "Please, Teacher, mayn't I swing first? No I, 'cause I'm the biggest. No, the littlest should have things first." But we said all must go up-stairs remove their "ball suits," and put on the jumpers more appropriate for the country. This done, the house was subjected to a tour of inspection. Their bedrooms came first. They were to sleep "under lace," why? mosquitoes came sometimes; what was that pink stuff in those little dishes on the wash stand?

tooth powder? yes, they knew what it was, for at the Settlement they were advised to brush their teeth. But a tooth-brush for each one! they didn't really need one apiece—Abie could use Mosey's and a brother and sister only needed one between them—and Ida had one of her own, very probably the Teachers used the same kind, they were fine brushes and she had gained hers by patiently saving tobacco labels. It had a funny name, Pro—something—Prophylactic, yes, that was it, and the Teacher knew *just* where they were made? near the college town? what a *wonderful* place college must be!

What was this room at the foot of the stairs? the “living room”—what was it for, to “live in”? That was funny, because they all lived in their rooms at home. Well, you could call it a “parlor,” perhaps that was more easily understood. Where'd we get all the pictures and books and the games? Could they use them? Had we fairy tales? Yes, but these were for rainy days when the wide out-doors couldn't be enjoyed.

What was this card over the fireplace? “Class Supper”? What was the “class supper”? “Was it in there?” asked one questioner as he pushed aside the improvised curtain and saw only the wide, brick cavern. No, it was simply a drawing that had been given us. And was this the room “where they ate”? But why didn't we eat in the kitchen? They always did at home. Well, the kitchen was quite small and it would be very hot through the summer. Where'd we get all those dishes if we didn't live here in the country all the time? and all the “real from silver” knives and forks, and when would they have dinner? The pictures on the walls were fine, the most popular were a beautiful puppy, some Teddy Bears and Abraham Lincoln—he was the Father of his Country, wasn't he? They were *sure* he was, and Abie proudly boasted that he was named for him. “Don't you believe him, Teacher,” said one, “he likes to lie and think he's much—anyway, Lincoln ain't no Jew, he's a Krist, an' Abie's mama, she wouldn't name him after no Krist.” Were the Teachers “Krist”? Yes, they were. Well, some Krists were nice.

The back porch was explored—there were hooks for a hammock, and what was that house down those steps—a spring house? What was that? The water that they drank was there—O, it was so cold and good! Where was the ice in it? There wasn't any ice? and the water was cold because it came

from a beautiful spring 'way up in the woods? Could they always get a drink here? Yes, of course, provided they would latch the door when they went out. The swing was now ready for wonderful rides away up in the tree, and the currant bushes with their heavy bunches of "cherries" were quickly surrounded by eager, pushing children. Those woods back of the house were probably full of "leperds" and lions and bears—well, Mosey he was big and could kill them, he wasn't afraid! There weren't any wild animals in the woods? But never mind, we'd see plenty of lively squirrels and rabbits and perhaps some deer and a red fox! Wasn't it *awfully* dark here at night? New York was always so bright and they always had a light in the room. What time did they have to go to bed? at half-past seven? Why, they never went to bed until eleven, anyway! Well, that couldn't be helped, they were in the country now and must go to bed early. No, they couldn't have a light in their rooms; if they did the mosquitoes would come in and make them very uncomfortable. They needn't be afraid, the Teachers were there, and besides they would fall asleep right away. Nothing would harm them. All these fears being allayed, nothing remained but for them to fully enjoy their visit.

We had beautiful weather the greater part of the summer and at least twice a week went off on picnics, generally going down along the brook where we could bathe after lunch, paddle in the cool water, or read in the quiet shade. We bought bathing suits for the boys and the college gym suits supplied the needs of the small girls. We initiated our guests into the mysteries of a "bacon bat," and enjoyed many an out-door meal around the low, hollowed stone that we fortunately discovered in the pasture near the water. Once we went some little distance to a lake where the children were all rowed around by one assistant whose athletic prowess was loudly acclaimed during the remainder of their stay, and that excursion to Cranberry, where they tasted the joys of riding on the "smallest railroad train in the world," and the merry-go-round, and watched expert swimmers perform astounding feats!

Some of the children also promised to be future disciples of Isaac Walton; spending much time fishing from the bridge with an improvised rod. One would have thought that a truly "leperd" had come down from the woods behind us, if

ever one of them was so fortunate as to catch a tiny "minnie" or an infinitesimal "sunnie." In that case, an advance guard of the swiftest runners would race up the road, yelling and shrieking at the top of their lungs; then the proud angler, with the other children clustering proudly around him, would follow at a slower pace. When the Teachers were reached he would carefully unclasp his clenched hands and proudly display the result of his long efforts. Hester Street has probably by this time heard many wonderful tales of these catches, and they have probably grown to be genuine fish stories.

Several knew the market value of turtles, and a future Jewish merchant brought up a huge, vicious, snapping-turtle one day, carefully deposited it in an old bucket on the front porch, and confided to me that he expected to make "as much as thirty cents off'en it." Yes, he surely would, for two other boys "in his block" had gotten fifteen cents apiece for such *small* ones, not much bigger than his hand. But alas! his dreams of gold were rudely shattered, for Mr. Turtle, when left to himself, climbed over the edge of the pail and was seen no more. Old tin cans, containing gasping or sadly defunct frogs, were frequently found in dark corners all over the house. The boys, on being questioned, said that they had caught them and were saving them to take home, some to sell, "for the Frenchies makes grand soup out'en their legs and gives t'ree cents a frog." Another said, "I takes these home for my lady cousin who's to be married in about two Sundays, and I saves money for mine auntie if I brings her dese for the wedding." However, after each boy had been told at least a dozen times that these delicacies could not be conveyed to New York, they ceased their depredations and the frogs croaked in safety.

When the brooks offered no further joys on cool, lowering days, the swing under the wide-spreading maples, and the books and games were greatly enjoyed. Once the meaning of the word "hitch" was understood, many were the rides enjoyed on the wagons of the kindly farmers and lumbermen. Each boy *drove* a team at least *once*, and is probably a hero in the eyes of his small school-mates to-day. Our neighbors did many kind things to make their stay pleasant. One fortunate set enjoyed a long-to-be-remembered automobile ride, and a business man in the village would treat them all to ice-cream whenever they appeared at the post-office. So bright and interesting were

all the children that they furnished much amusement whenever we visited any of the neighboring farms, and it was very hard to tear them away from the stables and hen-yard and that most *attractive* and *fascinating* spot of all, the pig-pen. The squeals of these unfortunate creatures who were being prodded on all sides by sticks inserted in unsuspected crevices of the pig sty, threw them into a perfect ecstasy of delight, and they never could quite understand us when we hastily relieved them of their weapons of torture, and bade them look on but not torment the poor beasts.

It was very hard to prevent the children from eating green apples and other unripe fruits, but they were obedient when told they would have to go home if they became ill through any disobeying of our orders. Nevertheless, we would find their pockets stuffed with hard, green, knobby apples, and when taken to task, they would assure us that they weren't going to eat them,—they just liked to pick them and look at them. Great was their joy when the late fruit finally became ripe, and such shouts of gladness when they found berries or apples fit to eat along the road! They, too, would carry home boxes of fruit and huge bunches of flowers picked the day before and preserved in the spring house over night. They themselves wished to retire about half-past five in the evening, so as to be ready at a correspondingly early hour the next day, when they must start for home. They were so excited that they could hardly eat any breakfast. All the various bundles, boxes and bouquets would be piled up on the wide front "stoop," and when the hack arrived the children and their respective possessions had to be packed in with great care.

All the familiar sights along the country road were noticed for the last time; perhaps a rabbit would leave his hiding place and race across the road, calling forth shouts of delight; the dog at the "last house" would bark a farewell, people all along the road would come out and wave good-byes; and with a joy, born of the anticipation of seeing their mamas again, they would dismount at the station, pile the bundles in one corner, and await with great impatience the coming of the train. Yes, the country was grand, and their mamas would "have such a glad" because they were brown, but they did want to see big brother and little Esther. But they would like to come back next summer, and wouldn't we please have a garden and pigs?

Wouldn't the Teachers write to them, and sure they would write post cards from New York ;—but goodness, they hadn't any money for the ferry ! Well, they didn't need any, their tickets took them across to the New York side, but they had to walk about ten blocks after they got off at the ferry, and they had spent all their money, and how could they carry all their bundles ! So nickels were judiciously distributed, and the "going back" tickets pinned securely on their jumpers, just as the train whizzed around the curve. Our little visitors, with the assistance of the station hands, would be helped aboard, and amid shouts and fond good-byes, started merrily back to New York.

JEAN EMILY CHANDLER.

SKETCHES

ANCHORED

A dainty wood elf clad in green
Sat on a lily-pad.
His elfin brow was puckered,
He looked exceeding sad.

"I've paddled all day long," said he,
"To get across this lake,
Yet though I pull with all my might
I can no progress make."

A bloated bullfrog, clad in green,
Sat near by, on a log,
He laughed till tears ran down his face,
This great, rude, ugly frog.

At last he croaked in utter scorn,
"How can you make it go,
You little idiot, when your boat
Is anchored down below?"

LOUISE HOWARD COMSTOCK.

Agnes Repplier somewhere observes that "there is no such help in life as an attitude well chosen and well sustained." And

I think that we must agree ; but if we
Qualitative Analysis are going to live by formula, at least,
we prefer to arrange our own. But
nowadays, as a result of the constantly increasing analytic tendency that regards human beings as problems to be solved, we are growing accustomed to the demand of our friends, that we shall live in accordance with what they have decided is the law of our being—even though our whole nature rebels against it.

For the "All-round Girl" alone they reserve the sacred right of roaming at will. She may drop her book of the Poets and

seize a basket-ball and no one will express a moment's surprise. She may enjoy rag-time and an evening of Chamber Music, and no one will doubt her sincerity. She may even close "The Dialogues of Plato," and resume the knitting of a bright scarlet necktie for Brother (never mind whose), and her admiring friends will smile with satisfaction, happy in the thought that she is living her life in accordance with the plan that they have laid out for her, which is, namely, that she shall have no definite plan at all.

But sad is the lot of those who have been caught at some inopportune moment and have been subjected to the horrible ordeal of vivisection in the light of the discerning eye of Friendship. Of course, here one might go through the entire list and mention the Athletic, the Literary, the Brilliant Conversationalist, the Most Optimistic, the Best Dressed, and the twenty or thirty other formulas, to which we are accustomed to attach unprotesting individuals—though unprotesting only because they never find out until it is too late and they have already been labelled and their cases disposed of. How is the poor Freshman to know that an English A paper upon "The Tenement House Children," published in the MONTHLY, and followed soon after by a treatment of the "Refrain in English Verse" (the result of a course in Poetics and many hours of misery)—how is this poor Freshman to know that she is thus to be branded as intellectual and literary, to the exclusion of what she frequently considers the better side of her nature? She may have in her the makings of a "jolly good fellow," but her friends soon settle that.

And sadder still is the lot of the one who, because of a certain exuberance of spirit, has been pronounced "humorous" or "simply screaming!" and has been compelled to adopt the cap and bells whenever she leaves the peace and quiet of her own room. She is never allowed to shirk her task. Paradoxical as it may seem, it becomes her solemn duty to be funny, and she tries to live up to the demand made upon her. But having been branded "funny," she labors under a disadvantage. She is frequently a great disappointment. "Yes," we say, "she *is* funny, but not so funny as a *funny* girl ought to be!" And so her little efforts are coldly and critically analyzed, but no one thinks of trying to fit her into some new scheme. She has been weighed and found wanting, and that is all there is to be said

about it. Even the successful humorist longs to cast aside her motley occasionally, but her friends are at hand, hastening to assure her that it is the most becoming thing that she could possibly wear, and so, with a smile—perhaps forced—and a merry jest, she resumes her place in “the wheel of things.”

But there is one type that baffles the sternest analyst. I do not mean to say that there is no formula to fit her. (Even mathematicians are not baffled by unknown quantities.) She becomes X and “You never can tell what she will do or say next,” her friends assure you. “Dear Julia,” they say, “she is certainly a little brusque in her manner, and she does make people most uncomfortable at times, but then—she wouldn’t be Julia if she didn’t!” And Julia immediately becomes an object of absorbing interest to her analytic friends. But as a matter of fact, it is Julia who reduces their methods to absurdity. The spell of Julia’s personality has utterly disturbed their scientific calm. When you say to them, “She is rude,” they reply, “Oh, no! You don’t understand her *at all*! That is Julia’s manner.” You hate to tell them that this is just begging the question, and that, so far as you can see, Julia’s manner of being rude is in no way superior except in its intensity and duration. Besides, you are rather pleased on the whole with their attitude toward her, for it proves in a way that human beings cannot be treated exactly like triangles. For with triangles, when we are given certain parts we can (that is, *some* of us can) construct the triangles, but it is a fallacy to suppose that because we know a few characteristics of any person, we can construct her character. The whole, in this case, is more than equal to the sum of all its parts, and even mathematically, it is more than equal to half of them.

MIRIAM ALMA MYERS.

THE MOON SPRITES

When the heart of the ancient forest
Is misty and ghostly gray,
When the shy deer glides through the twilight
Where the wavering shadows play,
O’er the tops of the giant oak trees
My Lady Moon shines bright,
Casting a wondrous silver sheen
Over the summer night.

And wherever her misty white rays
Over the tree-tops glide
The gray little fairy moon sprites
Down the shining ladder slide,
And they fly on the wings of the soft west wind
O'er the country near and far,
Wherever the sleeping mortals
Or weary watchers are.

Their touch is as soft as the breath of a rose
That kisses a maiden's lips,
And beautiful thoughts and wonderful dreams
Fall fast from their finger tips.

They carry fair dreams of her cavalier
To many a waking lass,
And babies turn in their sleep and smile
Whenever the moon sprites pass.
They carry sweet sleep to sleepless souls,
And rest to hearts in pain,
And eyes that are wet with sorrow
They kiss into peace again.

And all night long the moon mother smiles
Down from a cloudless sky,
And all night long on their errands of love
The little moon sprites flit by.
And at last when the east is rosy
With the first faint flush of the day,
The little moon sprites catch up their dreams
And fly to the forest away.

They climb up the rays of the fading moon
And vanish away with its beams,
Into Shadow Land, where all day long
They fashion their fairy dreams.

DOROTHY DONNELL.

To Alexander, as to everyone else, the opportunity for which he longed came unexpectedly. But unlike many persons considerably older, he seized it (some-

A Case of Perspective what fearfully to be sure) when it came. For three consecutive weeks, the first he had ever spent in the country, he had been possessed by a great desire to "take the cows to pasture." How ridiculous such a longing seems to one who is old, and blasé, and

able, in fact, obliged, to look down upon cows! Yet the possibility that his wish might be fulfilled never occurred to Alexander. It would be some years, of course, before he would be big enough. Then, since his visit to the country was due to some kind ladies who sent him there "to get some flesh on his bones," he had no certainty of ever again seeing the green fields, the horses and the sheep, the pigs, Tommy, the pet ram, the orchard with its delicious little June apples, its sweet apples and green peaches, or the turkey gobbler, or the cows. Of all things on the farm, animate and inanimate, the cows were to him at once the most fascinating and the most awesome. Consequently it was with great respect that he looked upon Ned, who took charge of them, morning and evening. At these times Ned, if he left the farmhouse, cut through the orchard to the old pasture where Tommy roamed at will. This pasture was nothing more than a high and rather stony hillside which sloped down to a good-sized creek. At the near end was the cow-pen, and it was about half a mile around the side of the hill to the fence which marked the good pasture. The path ran near the top of the hill, and about half way passed through a little gully where there was a spring and a watering trough. Ned, though his father's stand-by, took little actual pleasure in this particular task, and it was quite unconsciously that he played a part similar to Tom Sawyer with the white washing, to the little city boy who never failed to accompany him on these occasions, who had large eyes that seemed to see a great deal and who neither asked nor expected sympathy if he tripped and fell on an old root, or stubbed his toe, or stepped on a thorn, or did any of the other things which are always happening to new-comers in the country.

One evening Ned had gone to town with a special order of butter. Everyone else was busy with the evening work and there seemed no one to take his place. Surprised at his own daring, and yet thinking it all a dream, Alexander asked permission to fill the breach. To his overwhelming joy, it was granted. It is doubtful if he has ever again undertaken anything with such mingled eagerness and fear, though the "kind ladies" have now for many years watched with pride his daring and brilliant successes as a surgeon. A trifle importantly, yet slowly, he walked along the cow-path. And the six red and white cows preceded him, each one switching her tail and chew-

ing her cud in precisely the same way as every other one. There is a certain dignity characteristic of cows. They are not to be hurried and they resent vulgar curiosity. Once when Alexander had stood gazing up at Lucy, Lucy had unceremoniously switched her tail into his eyes. Those, and only those who have themselves felt the sting of a cow's tail, know how it felt. Since then, and on this night especially, did Alexander maintain a safe distance. Also, he had noticed how their big red sides stuck out over the narrow path. It was well, he reflected, to be out of the way in case one stumbled and fell.

When they had reached the watering trough without incident and Alexander standing on one side of the gully watched the cows drink according to their custom, and then, one by one, start up the opposite side, his spirits soared, for was he not succeeding? From that point on, however, though still keeping his distance, he yearned to test his power. So whenever one of the cows turned her meek old head to the right or left of the path, he ejaculated, "Gee, Lucy!" or "Gee, Daisy!" as he had heard Ned do. Finally Daisy, who was last in the line, swung her head clear around and gazed fixedly and it seemed reproachfully at Alexander with her large, mild eyes. Alexander realized that his experience with cows was as yet very limited. He did not know what further action Daisy might see fit to take should he again disturb her evening meditations. Nor was he anxious to discover just then. So he silently followed her around the winding path until they came near the pasture gate.

At this point it was Alexander's duty to walk rapidly past the cows, reach the gate before June, who was leading, and have it open in time for the line to pass through. Carefully had Alexander kept this on his mind during the whole walk. But just this side of the gate is a big, wild-cherry tree. He paused, it seemed only the fraction of a second, when he reached this tree, and peered up through the branches for ripe cherries. Before he knew it June had walked right on, bumped into the gate, and was patiently waiting. Unfortunately the gate is very large and opens outward. At the risk of his life Alexander forced himself up to the gate, unfastened it, and began the big semicircle in the faces of the cows. But the cows, who did not understand why they were being pushed away from the gate, turned and scattered down the hill. Just then from beneath the cherry-tree sounded a loud and taunting "Baa-a-a."

Alexander turned and saw Tommy. And from that day to this he has borne a not unnatural aversion to all of Tommy's kind. But meanwhile the cows wandered serenely yet rapidly away, trimming the short grass. A week before, such a situation would have seemed hopeless. But it is a well-known fact that sudden responsibility in great crises often ages persons wonderfully. It was so with Alexander. He tore down over the hill as fast as possible, hardly noticing the stones and earth which he started to rolling, and never ceasing his calls and shouts to the cows. It took fully half an hour of careful, patient work before he got them together again and through the gate. By this time it was almost dark. The whippoorwills were calling and the fireflies flickering through the shadows. Alexander was anxious to get back to the farmhouse.

Under the most trying circumstances, caused by his own careless neglect of duty, he had succeeded in marshalling six perfectly good cows, among them Lucy, Daisy and June; and had forced them through the gate. Experience had taught him what we all must learn sooner or later, that cows are, after all, only cows, eminently useful creatures indeed, but harmless and quite prosaic. But for all that, as he himself would tell you to-day, through some trick of imagination or memory or perspective, cows always have and always will hold for him a certain fascination and a touch of the awesome.

MARY FRANK KIMBALL.

They sat down to meditate upon the situation. To them its aspect was, indeed, dark. For two people who loved as they loved, to be so cruelly separated—it was

The Compromise hard, nay, more than hard, it was unjust. The girl turned and looked at him. She could not have told you why she loved him; all she knew was that he belonged to her and she to him, and ah, the pity of it—that they must part! She thought of the many times during those long, pleasant days which they had passed together that he had proven himself her true knight, and now to lose him, to have him go out of her life! Ah, she would not think of it! She turned her head away and the hot tears came to her eyes. She had never doubted paternal wisdom before, but now she not only doubted it but rebelled against it. She would not give

him up, she told herself again and again, for if she did—and then the little green monster entered and her eyes grew hard and keen as though she were not quite sure—well, of anything. To give him up meant that sometime, somewhere, there would be another girl who—. But the thought was unworthy of her and of his love! With a little half-contemptuous gesture she thrust it aside and again turned toward him.

He had been watching her with the sympathy of understanding. He was a man and could not show his grief, but did that make it any less poignant? He tried to conjure up a picture of his life without her and hers without him, but it would not come. All his love revolted against such an idea, calling on him to stay. For a long time—for ages it seemed to her—with bowed head he thought and struggled, yet knew that he must go. To delay the awful moment of decision he turned to happier thoughts. He remembered how once he had nobly, unselfishly sacrificed himself for her sake—and she had not known. At the time he had not understood his generosity, but now he knew that he had acted thus that there might be some little memory to sweeten the sorrow and regret of this day of parting. With a characteristic shake of the head which betokened decision, he rose and strode towards her. The look of pain on his face had given way to one of determination.

"Well," he said, "if I have to go to Grandma's with Mama I won't play with no other little girls, and when I'm seven and have a gun I'll come back and play with you."

JANET SIMON.

THE VALLEY OF SUNLIGHT

There's a nice sunny valley, out there,
A valley of light,
Where my lady lets down her gleaming hair,
And tosses the kindling tresses fair,
And dances—the woodland sprite!

And dances—under the golden branches,
Through which the summer sunlight glances,
And scatters, out of her ringlets rare,—fancies.

HELEN MAHLON SPEAR.

The Editors of the SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY wish to state that the story entitled "The New Boy," in the February issue, was wrongly attributed to Mary Watkins.

It was a typical boys' school, with boys of all types and from all parts of the country. There were good boys, bad boys, interesting boys and uninteresting boys, athletic

The New Boy boys and book worms ; but Mr. Clark, the principal, found them all worth while, and was deservedly popular in his turn. The school had just reopened after the summer vacation, and the boys were beginning to swarm back. There were groups of them about the grounds and in the buildings, and a general hubbub pervaded the place.

The new boys wandered helplessly about, not knowing what to do with themselves, and eyeing with envy the old boys, who rushed back and forth, calling to one another in a jolly, intimate way, and seeming so entirely at home. A few of them made friends with one another and walked off together down to the football field or talked in the corridors and tried to seem at home also. Few of the old boys took any notice of them, as they were too busy and had too much to say to one another. And then, besides, the football captain had ordered all candidates down to the field.

A knot of such boys were hurrying along in their togs, and all talking at once. They were big fellows, some of them veterans of the previous year. They had nearly reached the field when they saw, sauntering along ahead of them, in a nonchalant manner, one of the new boys. He wore a brown golf suit, a cap on the back of his head, and his hands were thrust into his pockets, as he walked slowly along.

"Who's this ?" asked one of the veterans, noticing him.

"New boy. Good figure, hasn't he ?" said another.

"Yes. Wonder if he intends to play in that suit of clothes ?"

"They're new. He got them to come up here in."

A general snicker followed this shot, and they all turned a little to look at the new boy as they passed him. He glanced up also, and they saw a manly face with a pair of dark eyes looking out curiously at them from under a shock of light-brown hair. He scanned them with a good-humored stare.

The crowd hurried past him, and no one spoke until they were some distance ahead. Finally Ames, the full-back, said, "I wonder how old that fellow is."

"Sixteen or so, I guess," returned Jones, the substitute tackle.

"Good looking, isn't he ?" put in Dean, who always wore a nose guard.

When they reached the field they found Goodale, the captain, tearing round from man to man, endeavoring to put some method into the confusion that reigned. One of the teachers was there also, with the old men, and punts, drop-kicks, and place-kicks were being practiced in all quarters of the field.

"Here you are at last," panted Goodale, stopping before the arrivals. "You, Ames, go down to the other end of the field and see if you can kick a goal before those new men. We're going to line up two scrubs in a few minutes." Then he rushed off again, leaving the boys to find their own places.

Meanwhile the new boy, sauntering on, had reached the field also. He climbed leisurely on to the fence which surrounded the gridiron and surveyed the proceedings with an interested air. Dean soon caught sight of him and questioned Goodale, "Has that fellow tried for anything yet?"

"What fellow?"

"That good-looking one on the fence."

"No. Who is he?"

"Don't know,—some new boy."

Just then a football bounded over the fence and rolled along the ground beyond. The boy jumped down from his perch and chased the ball. Then he picked it up, gave a lunge and sent it flying down across the fence to the other end of the field. It was a good seventy-yard punt, and drew forth a dozen exclamations of surprise and approval.

"Jove! Look at that!" ejaculated Dean. But Goodale was already hurrying toward the new boy, who had restored his hands to his pockets and was standing with an amused smile on his lips. Goodale felt, as he approached, that, somehow, he could not use his patronizing air of captain with this fellow. Still, this prize was not to be lost.

"Look here," he began awkwardly, "want to try for full-back on the team?"

The new boy regarded him a moment, and then answered with a smile, "Of course I wouldn't mind trying."

"All right; come on. I'll go get some togs for you. Oh, by the way, what's your name?"

"My name? Oh—er—Denton."

Goodale hurried off and told his tale to some of the boys, and then, with the help of Mr. Randolph, the coach, lined up two elevens. By the time all was arranged, Denton came over to

the field, looking quite distinguished, and somehow, older than when in his golf suit. All eyes were fixed on him, and no one noticed Mr. Randolph's start of surprise, nor did they understand the glance Denton directed at him.

"Come on, Denton," called Goodale. "Get down there at full-back. Now, boys, stand on your toes. Play hard and fast and let's see what the first game of the season will show! Mr. Randolph, you'll umpire, please."

The game began, and Denton was playing on Goodale's eleven. The other team had the ball. They gained five yards apiece on the first two rushes, and Goodale exclaimed, "This won't do! Come, get together! Denton, play up more. You don't get into the interference."

One more rush, and the opposing full-back skirted the end and tore down toward Denton. Goodale yelled, "Nail him! Nail him! Get down more!"

Denton waited calmly, and then reached out and caught the runner in a clean tackle. Goodale was beside himself in his patronizing approval. They got the ball by a fumble in the next play, and the quarter-back passed it to Denton. He started to the right, following the interference, when he suddenly broke to the left, and in a minute more was tearing along with a clear field ahead of him, never stopping until the touch-down was made. When he completed the feat by stepping back and kicking the ball squarely between the goal-posts, the boys' enthusiasm knew no bounds.

The game lasted only two ten-minute halves, and during the next half Goodale did not order Denton about quite so much. Immediately after the game, however, Denton rushed into his dressing-room, and that was the last the boys saw of him. When they were all dressed and had assembled in front of the building to escort the hero back to school, Mr. Randolph approached them, laughing.

"Whom are you waiting for, boys?" he asked.

"Denton," Goodale answered.

"Well, I wouldn't waste time doing that. He's gone."

"Gone where? Back to school?"

"No. He has gone back to Cambridge. Who do you think that fellow was? Tom Reade, the Harvard captain!"

At first the boys were incredulous and thought there must be some joke about it, but when they were finally convinced

Goodale said shamefacedly, "Do you think I ought to write and apologize? I was awfully flip with him."

"No, indeed," said Mr. Randolph. "It is the best joke of the year. Don't spoil it!"

MARY WATKINS.

TULIPS

Most flowers keep open night and day,
And never go to sleep,
Perhaps they once forgot the way
The proper hours to keep.

But tulips are like folks, I think,
For when they find it's night
They close their petals, "quick's a wink,"
And stay shut 'till it's light.

And when they shut their leaves up tight
I wonder if they dream
About the bees and flowers so bright,
And each glad, warm sunbeam.

And if there are such fancies fair
Within each sleepy head,
I'd like to be a tulip there,
Out in the garden bed.

MARY ALLERTON KILBORNE.

"Mother," you said.

"Yes, dear."

"Mother, why do I always see such
"Seein' Things" dreadful Things walking around in my
room, after you've taken out the light?"

You were a wee dot of a girl then, and the room seemed very big when Mother had kissed you good-night and gone away. You meant to be brave, you *were* brave, for you never cried out when the Things tormented you, but you wanted to hear Mother tell you all over again that they weren't "really true."

You understood—in the daytime—that they were all make-believe. Just as make-believe as the fairy tales which you wanted to believe in, but couldn't since you had made the three

wishes that never came true. Yes, you understood then, but when night came, and you had put away your toys, and kissed Father good-night, you became incredulous, and demanded satisfaction from Mother.

She told you again that there was nothing to be afraid of, but you had your argument ready. "Yes, but, Mother, it's in the green book down-stairs. It says," you sat up in bed and faced her triumphantly, "it says :

'I woke up in the night, and saw things standin' in a row,
A-lookin' at me cross-eyed, an' a-pointin' at me so.'

Think of that, Mother. It really says so in the book."

Mother laughed reassuringly. "Doesn't it say in one of your story-books that little girls who disobey their mothers are turned into frogs?" she asked.

"Y-e-s," you acknowledge reluctantly.

"And you know they aren't?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, then——"

That was always the way. Mother was right, and yet in your heart of hearts you wished that she saw Things, too,—just to know how it felt.

"Good-night, Mother," you said. "I hope I sha'n't see 'em to-night."

"I hope so, dear, good-night," and Mother kissed you and took out the lamp.

You lay very still for a moment thinking about her. How you loved her! She wasn't like some Mothers you knew who got cross and loved to scold. She was just exactly right, you told yourself. She could make the loveliest doll's clothes, and knew the nicest games to play and stories to tell. Your thoughts flew back to the story—or was it po'try?—in the green book. You stirred uneasily and glanced around the room. The dark shadows were all that you saw, and as yet you had nothing to fear. The window was open just a bit, and the shade flapped uncertainly in the night air. You knew it was the shade, and yet you wished it wouldn't make such a funny noise. You wanted to go to sleep,—but no, sleep was impossible. The Things were beginning to come. Silently they glided into the room in a long, unending line. You got under the bed-clothes, all but your head, and watched them breathlessly.

Once you had tried hiding your head too, but you had heard the Things hoot derisively, and you couldn't stand being a "fraid cat."

"Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong." The big clock struck eight, and still they came, some black, some white, some tall, some short, a waving, threatening mass of Things. You had heard once a charm, warranted to dispel all visions of the night. It was a long, solemn chant which, fascinated by the sound, you had learned by heart. You thought of trying it now, but then you remembered that Mother didn't approve of charms, and besides there might be something in that frog story, after all.

It didn't matter much though. They would continue to come when they liked and go when they liked, and you had to sit there and watch—powerless to interfere. It was inevitable. You gazed at them in a kind of awed wonder, as they lined up at the foot of your bed. You started to count them, but you hadn't gone very far in those days, and when you came to twenty the numbers mixed themselves up. . But you knew there were lots of them. Far too many, you thought, to visit one little girl all at once.

Suddenly there came upon you an irresistible desire to call Mother. You knew they would all go if she came, and you felt as if you couldn't stand them there much longer. Her name was on your lips, and you started out of bed, when you remembered.

"I won't be a coward," you said stoutly, as you pulled the covers over you again.

After that, it was easier. You sat for a while longer watching the shadowy forms before you, and then your head nodded, and you gradually fell asleep. As you left the Land of Things for the happier Land of Dreams, you said softly to yourself:

"It's awful, — seein' Things at night, but — I'm — glad — I — didn't—call—mother."

EDITH LILLIAN JARVIS.

EDITORIAL

I quote from a stray newspaper clipping : " Our literature is stagnant like our politics. There is a constant disposition to hark back to the days of Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Hawthorne, Longfellow and Whittier. The fact is that the vein of idealism from which their writings were mined has run out. We shall not have work of that quality again until the national consciousness, or some considerable section of it, has been recharged with deep convictions. . . . Literature that is important and reaches men's hearts, springs from profound experience and is the product of a great mood. Our whole mood has been too superficial and our emotions have been too shallow to let great literature come of them. . . . This line of reflection reminds one of George Eliot's happy expression of the case in the ' Spanish Gypsy.' There Hinda comes to Fedalma and says :

'. . . . I wish
The sky would rain down roses, . . .
Over the sea, queen, where we soon shall go,
Will it rain roses ?'

and Fedalma replies,

' No, my prattler, no !
It never will rain roses ; when we want
To have more roses, we must plant more trees. '

I am not sure that conscious tillage and a sowing of carefully labelled seeds have been productive of the fairest harvests in literature ; and yet it may indeed be that our " national consciousness " does need the refertilization of profound experience. Certain it is that literature, of some sort or other, is springing up in profusion from American soil. Is this literature the rank and sprawling vegetation to which sterile ground is abandoned ? Or is it, if none of it be great in itself, the fallow-crop which shall mellow the field and render it clean from weeds, ready for the tillage and sowing and white harvest of the coming year ? It is difficult to tell. It is difficult even to say with any surety that no one of all these unkempt green things is something bigger and finer than turnips and parsnips. So often a vagrant wind sows the seed of a tree for which the astonished farmer can in no wise account ; the like of whose fruit has never before been tasted by mortal tongue. True, it never will rain roses ; before we shall have more roses, more trees must have been

planted. The difficulty is to affirm that all our trees are of our conscious planting ; to be sure that a little innocent Hinda in the grave curiosity of childhood may not, at some time or other, have broken open a rose-hip and spilled the seed in our barren garden ; to be certain that this young ugly tree here by the sun-dial in the smother of dusty nettles may not, another season, burst into roses, and a June sky, as it were, rain down roses over all our garden.

The Husbandman, who is lord of all the gardens of the ages, rarely says, " Here have I been, and here, and I have loved this fair, ordered garden for the sweet-scented breath of its mouth, and this smooth, terraced lawn and ribbon-stream of blue that circles it, for the peace and quiet beauty of its brow " (these are the happy spirits, those radiant souls formed joyously for response at the touch of the Beloved's hand) ; or " this wild, tangled courtyard, for the riotous abandon of its gipsy-hair, or this ancient ruined Abbey for the gloom and mystery of its silence " (these are those proud, passionate souls who come with lagging step and shrill complaint, who cry afar off, " Why am I chosen, Lord, for this grievous honor ? " from whom there are, at the last, swift, fierce surrenders and as sudden fierce withdrawals with bitter lamentation and anguish of spirit). But in all, in due season, the secret bridal is revealed in living flowers ; and then men wonder.

There is much serious discussion lately as to the probability or possibility of a College-Story. If there is a College-Life, to use the hackneyed term ; a College-Soul ; an Inner College, I should rather say, which this vast complex academic activity fits as a glove fits a hand, then there can be a College-Story. I fancy that few, perhaps none, of us have undergone the Inner College ; that few of us have—in the technical phrase—"experienced" college. But I dare not assert it. Some morning we may awake and find a rose-tree all a-bloom just outside the back-campus gate.

I am not prepared to give a practical definition of this capitalized "College." Suffice it to say that I do not mean by it a sum-total of those activities so comprehensively listed in each successive Class-Book under the head of Societies, College Publications, Athletics, Musical Clubs, Committees, College Plays, etcetera, etcetera.

EDITOR'S TABLE

To use a method of classification which is pleasingly simple, and adequate for present purposes, the general college public may be divided into two parts—the enthusiastic and the unenthusiastic. The enthusiastic themselves declare that not love, but enthusiasm, makes the world go round ; the unenthusiastic languidly murmur that they find the enthusiastic wearisome. Be that as it may, there is a time to laugh and a time to weep, a time to display enthusiasm—not too noticeably—a time not to display enthusiasm, and a time to wear an interested expression, albeit a far from sincere one. One is not always polite when truthful, nor yet always strictly truthful when polite, and it is hoped Heaven does not notice occasional prevarications in the cause of courtesy. Whether or not one is conscience-bound to feel all one expresses, one is certainly not obliged to express all one feels.

Why, then, after having signified our appreciation of some performance at the Academy, why do we continue our applause long after the actor has shown us that he does not care to appear again and so put him to the embarrassment of revealing all his native obstinacy or else force him to come forth and make the “speech” for which we clamor ? Applause, after a certain point, ceases to be flattering and becomes demand. When we buy our tickets we pay for the play—nothing more. Why, then, be greedy ? Why demand to have speeches and bows “thrown in” ? The same thing is noticeable at our concerts in College Hall. We are very fortunate in being able, as we are, thus to hear good music at so little cost. The unenthusiastic would do well to pass Boyden’s by and help to fill Assembly Hall, as is necessary to meet expenses. One can always eat ; one cannot always hear a great pianist (and sit down) for fifty cents. But, having arrived, again—why be greedy ? Why demand “lagniappe”—on fifty cents ? The writer cannot speak from experience, but it looks as if it would be hard work to play

the piano for a whole evening. The musician is too used to enthusiasm to feel particularly flattered by it, and if, when he is tired, our applause forces him to come back and play again, have we thus endeared ourselves in his memory? There is room for doubt.

But occasionally we are not so charmed by the stranger within our gates. Perhaps, if he is a lecturer, we are too unfamiliar with his subject, perhaps we could not understand him in any case, but why, in the name of courtesy, should we get up and go out? Or, if we must go, why call attention to that fact by the manner of our going? Or, if we stay, why talk, laugh, pass notes, and diligently and noisily turn the pages of the hymnal? There may be persons of wider information and better hearing than ourselves who would like to hear the lecturer instead of us. Such behavior is rude enough in any case, but when the lecturer is speaking to us as a favor, the least we can do is to give him the semblance of courteous attention. If we, for any reason, are not interested, we can at least sit quietly and look in his direction while we pass into a restful, half-conscious state, there to meditate on the chief end of man or plan our Prom clothes. We have heard a great deal lately about upholding the reputation of our college. Charity is not the only thing that should begin at home, and perhaps our visitors would not mind our lack of enthusiasm in some particular case if they might go away feeling that at any rate we are well-mannered listeners. It does not speak well for us if they cannot say that.

At the Academy of Music, January 24, John Drew in "My Wife."

Another grateful oasis in the grim desert of musical comedy was John Drew's comedy-drama, "My Wife." The play was good of its kind; John Drew was especially interesting; Miss Billie Burke was charming; Gottschalk, as "Gibbie", was funny; and the cast, even to the dog, knew their parts. Result: an unusually happy production. The plot is not a new one. A vivacious girl of eighteen, who must marry to save her inherited fortune, appeals to her so-called guardian, a confirmed bachelor, for protection against a suitor whom she abhors. To

save her he marries her with the understanding that they shall be divorced in a year, when she shall marry a young Frenchman of her choice. The inevitable happens. After some amusing experiences the husband and wife fall in love, and the Frenchman, returning to confess his marriage with another, encounters happy domesticity. Drew's relaxation of his usual dignified self interested us; "Gibbie's" imperturbability amused us; Billy Burke's femininity charmed us, and the romantic touch at the end warmed our hearts.

A. B. A.

At the Academy of Music, January 29, the comic opera of "Tom Jones."

Musical comedies are rarely successes when they tour small towns. Their gay colors need the gilt frame of the metropolis to have their intended effect. Even so with the comic opera. The mere transportation of "Tom Jones" from its native environment must account in a large measure for the disappointment it caused here. The plot was slight, the usual irate parent who brings forward the distasteful suitor; the fervent lover who has the misfortune to get into complications with "another" woman; the vivacious and determined heroine with either a large faculty for forgiving, or else a practical nature; the contrasting soubrette maid, sharp of tongue, and the conventional "funny man"—in this case a barber who holds the key to the complication, but who is for three acts too busily engaged in hunting for "Lizzie" to solve his neighbors' difficulties. What the speeches lack in brilliancy is made up by the zest of the players in speaking them. The unforgiveable sin, however, is in having the hero appear intoxicated and make love to the heroine—disguised. But the hero is of the eighteenth century and not alone of his kind, like his descendant of the twentieth. We are in the time of heavy drinking and swearing; rapid love-making and runaway chaises; and the whole comedy is a consistent picture of our merry ancestors save for the startling modern utterances of the barber! The costuming and setting of the play is good; the music is much above the average of musical comedy. A succession of notes are not strung together for the purpose of introducing one "catchy" waltz; the music is a pleasing whole.

L. E. O.

THE MASKERS

There's a murmur on the housetop and a whining through the eaves,
 And a sharp and siren whistling in the trees ;
 Down the chimney drives the whirl-blast, blows the blaze within the grate,
 Where a Merry Andrew dances on the stone.
 Burn, fire, burn high, we are jokers, Harlequin,
 We are joyous fun-makers, you and I—
 Burn high, fire, burn high—high !

How the faces come and flitter midst the magic of the flame !
 And they watch us as we hold our happy game ;
 But they fade, the many faces, with their laughter and their smiles,
 And with a whisk and flaring they are flown.
 Low, fire, burn low, we are maskers, Harlequin,
 We frolic on the pageant, then we go—
 Burn low, fire, low—low !

The Brunonian.

ADAPTATION FROM THE PERSIAN OF FEZRIH HIRAZ

Being but human, I must love less well
 If I knew any longing but for thee ;
 Or hope of other Heaven, or dread of Hell ;
 Or outworn wish of immortality ;
 Or felt within my Soul that pallid Fire
 Which, earth despising, doth itself consume ;
 Leaving the bitter ashes of Desire,
 That breed fair flowers wherewith to deck a Tomb.
 These things are but the Promises of yearning ;
 Wan, white-lipped Ghosts of unattained prayer ;
 Phantoms that for a moment feign returning
 And vanish on the palpitating air.
 But now, in thy hot lips and passionate breath,
 Living, I find what others seek in Death.

Love, cry not out against my Reasoning
 That spending Life, it runs in debt to Death ;
 Regarding not the certain Reckoning
 With that grim Lord from whom it borroweth.
 That it would drain Love's wine at one sweet draught,
 Nor hoard one drop against a future day ;
 But drink with fierce delight, and having quaffed,
 Smile as it threw the empty glass away.
 Chide me not thus I pray thee, O my Queen !
 Death cannot grudge me what I steal for Thee ;
 And every Season smiles in vernal green,
 Dost Thou but smile upon it, and on me ;
 So smile, and kiss me, kiss me—till old Time
 Hath taken our Love ; or left it, in my rhyme.

Yet thou art right, my Lady Beautiful :
 God did not give thee to me for an Hour ;
 Nor God and Time together can annul
 The Law that grants our Love eternal Power ;
 But Suns unborn shall watch it, and grow cold,
 And all the restless Forces of the Deep
 The Stillness of stagnation shall enfold ;
 And even the very Winds shall fall asleep ;
 And there shall be of all the Universe,
 Only Thyself and I, and we two, One ;
 Nor shall our Love quake at the Planet's curse,
 Or wail the blackened Moon, or Star, or Sun ;
 Till God shall smile, seeing our Love still true,
 And for Love's sake create the World anew.

The Haverfordian.

AUTUMN

How bleak the rugged upland,
 How gray the star-lit hill !
 A single cricket, chirping low,
 Makes music faint and shrill.
 A silvery mist is gleaming
 Above the mountain's crest—
 O Pan, come forth in the light of the moon,
 And sing the world to rest !
 Did I hear a plaintive piping
 Far up on the stark hillside ?
 Did I hear a little sobbing sound,
 Or was it a child that cried ?
 A figure moved in the moonlight,
 A gay little laugh, wind-flung,
 Rang echoing on the frosty night—
 Answering, Pan had sung !

The Harvard Monthly.

I KNOW A WIDE WIDE LAND

Come back, O come
 And bring again the summer in your eyes ;
 Bring back the freshness to the flowers,
 The golden warmth to the cold, grey day,
 The 'witching sweetness to the hours,
 That you have ta'en away.
 And if you come, ah ! then I know
 A wide, wide sunlit land where we may go
 Forever.

Come back, O come
 And bring the quiet evening of your way.
 I loved your simple maiden grace,
 Your face, so sweetly fair and gay—
 It is a færy-princess face
 That you have ta'en away.
 And if you come, ah! then I know
 A wide, wide sunlit land where we may go
 Forever.

Nassau Literary Magazine.

A BALLADE OF DEAD GODS

Just when the golden autumn sighed and sighed
 And trembled ghostlike in the last brown leaves,
 But yet her gorgeous riot had not died
 In my fond lingering heart; as one who grieves
 With flickering wan mirth, even so I smiled
 Because I caught an ugly thought's cold gleam;
 I sought to laugh at all fond men beguiled
 Because we grope among the stars and dream.

And yet, with all my lying mirth, I tried
 To fashion from the longing that deceives
 The glory of dead gods—a Greek hill-side
 And splendid naked gods where purple cleaves
 From sunset vineyards. In the hurtling piled
 Sun-shattered clouds, I marshaled up the stream
 Of dark Jehovah's hosts. Like any child
 I still would grope among the stars and dream.

Time was—in sultry Oriental pride.
 Ormuzd the Good, with flaming helm and greaves,
 Scaled sunless peaks in heaven undescried
 In ghastly war with Demon-gods. Gray eyes
 Of dusk Valhalla roared when all the wild
 Huge dim gods drank. Time is—no longer seem
 The gods alive, nor Good Lord Christ, the mild.
 Ah, how we grope among the stars and dream.

ENVOI

The gods are dead, O mage, dead and reviled.
 Drink your cold wisdom joying. Yet I deem
 Our quenchless hope not dead nor reconciled
 For men will grope among the stars and dream.

The Brunonian.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

CONTENTMENT

A breeze, a brook, and a ripple
And a sky of purest blue—
Then my heart finds calm and sweetest rest,
And my soul contentment, too.

The breeze doth dry my tears away—
The ripple in the brook
Can teach me lessons of deepest truth,
For 'tis but an open book.

And the sky—ah ! the sky is my truest friend,
I love its every phase—
With a sky above and a heart to love
Could I pass my most joyful days.

Yes—a breeze, a brook, and a ripple
And above me a true-blue sky—
Then search ye for—the whole world o'er—
A happier soul than I.

HELEN CHAPIN MOODEY '07.

THE SEASON'S MESSAGE

There's a breath in the air
Ev'rywhere, ev'rywhere—
It caresses my cheek
Softly, as if to seek
A sweet word to impart ;
And my heart
Feels the thrill.

“ Still ! Still, oh be still ! ”

Cries my world-self—

But then

Comes the message again—

And I find I have missed

All power to resist,

And with love for all things

I respond to the words from above.

HELEN CHAPIN MOODEY '07.

Miss Estel, standing in her little sweet-scented garden, looking down the country road, watched the placid-faced cows as they wound slowly homeward. In her lavender dimity gown, the twilight softening her face, she seemed a part of the garden. A short, stoop-shouldered man, rather past middle age, stopped

to speak to her on his way home from the village.

"So you're goin' visitin', Miss Estel," he ventured.

"Yes," she replied in her curt, sharply-clipped tones. "Margret's been at me ever since she was married seven years ago to make her a visit in the city. I've 'bout come to the conclusion as I might's well, if 'twas only to shut her up."

"I'm real glad, Miss Estel, you and her was always such good friends and set such store by each other. I think 'twill do you good. Let's see, you have been right here in Hillton for nigh onto—"

"Yes, I know I ain't young," she interrupted shortly, "but there ain't no use in harpin' on it, as far's I can see."

"Oh wal, I didn't mean to offend you, Miss Estel. Goin' to-morrow? I expect you'll see a good many sights; them big cities must be mighty different from Hillton," and he added, as he turned away, a little spitefully, "Why don't you bring one of Margret's young 'uns back with you for a spell? It would be company for you."

He walked down the road chuckling at the idea of Jane Estel's taking care of a child.

"O, Lord," he said to himself, "it might scare old Thomas, or put its little foot into that garden."

Jane Estel stood for a long time, looking down the road, thinking of her intended visit. It meant a great deal to her, this leaving the little house and garden; for nearly forty years she had never been away one night. She had always said that for her part, Hillton was plenty good enough for her, and she "saw no use in galivantin' 'round where you didn't belong." Her life had been rather a sad and a very lonely one. There had been a hint of a love-affair when she was a girl, then suddenly the man left town and was never again heard of. Some thought that it was Mr. Estel, a hot-tempered, hard man, who had interfered, but none knew. When her father died a few years later, Jane was left alone. She was reticent and made few friends, and, as she grew older, became bitter and pessimistic. The village people were afraid of the sarcasm of her sharp tongue; she was known to dislike children, and the children disliked her. When her neighbor, Margaret Clinton, married and went away, she became more lonely than ever.

And now that she was going away, she thoroughly dreaded it, and wished she had not sent the letter saying she would come. She shivered a little in the night air, and felt of her skirt to see if the dew was taking the starch out of it; then she turned and walked slowly up the little path to the house. She must go to bed and rest for the next day. She wondered if old Thomas, the cat, would miss her, and she hoped that the Millers would not forget to warm his milk.

Two weeks later Hillton was struck dumb, for the moment, with amazement, to see Miss Jane Estel walk briskly down the street, her satchel in one

hand, and a little boy of about six years hopping along by her side, holding tight to her other hand. Miss Jenkins snatched her fascinator and said she would go right over, and would stop and tell Miss Hooper and Miss Conley on her way back. Miss Estel greeted her coolly, and when asked about the little boy, answered, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, that he was going to make her a little visit and get a taste of the country.

"Come here, dear, and see Aunty's friend," she said.

"Just think of her saying 'dear,' and calling herself 'Aunty'!" gasped Miss Jenkins, a few minutes later to the impatient Misses Hooper and Conley.

"I never see anyone change so in my life, I'm afraid she ain't well. She has her hair all loose 'round the sides, too, and you know how skimpy it always used to look."

"Wal, I never!" chuckled a short, stoop-shouldered man, rather past middle age. But Miss Estel merely smiled and opened the blinds of the "front parlor."

CARMEN MABIE '07.

Application for rooms on the campus for Commencement must be made to the respective class secretaries. Judging from last year's experience it will be useless for any class later than '98 to apply for the campus, as the places will all be taken by the older classes.

Mrs. J. S. GARRISON, Chairman of Committee.

The following addresses of alumnæ have proved to be unreliable. It is earnestly requested that anyone possessing information about the present addresses of these alumnæ will kindly send it to the General Secretary of the Alumnæ Association at 184 Elm Street, Northampton, Mass.

Mrs. J. B. Reynolds (Florence B. Dike ex-'84) 29 Washington Square, New York City.

Blanche A. D. Elmer ex-'00, 1818 7th Street, ? Troy, N. Y.

Mrs. Worcester (Grace Worthington Bushee ex-'02) 100 Pembroke Street, Boston.

Mary Sophia Sabin '91, East Side High School, Denver, Col.

Mrs. John Reid (Mary L. Richardson '93) 247 S. Main St., Manchester, N. H.

Edith May Reid '00, 863 President Street, Brooklyn N. Y.

Mrs. Sanford Sawin (Ellen B. Quigley '04) Kenova, W. Va.

Mary Wham '06, 963 Hamilton Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

MARRIAGES

'01. Jane Little Emerson to Mr. Thomas McMullen. Address: 486 4th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

'99. Harriet Belle Lane to Mr. Ralph Gibbs. Address: Care Mrs. H. A. Gibbs, 56 Mulberry Street, Springfield, Mass.

'00. Ethel Norcross Fish to Mr. Stanley Hall Eldridge. Address: Highland Street, Sharon, Mass.

'04. Mary Hattie Pond to Mr. Matthew Albert Hunter. Address: 45 Farman Street, Schenectady, N. Y.

'03. Alta Zens to Mr. Jesse J. Vineyard, Feb. 8, 1908. Address: 927 New York Life Building, Kansas City, Mo.

The Photographs of President Seelye's portrait are not yet ready for distribution. Further particulars, including price, size and style, will appear in this department later. Orders may be sent to the secretaries of the local alumnae associations, or direct to the General Secretary, Florence H. Snow, 184 Elm Street, Northampton, Mass.

The Lend a Hand Dramatics Club of Boston will give an afternoon and evening performance of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Northampton Academy of Music on April 11. The proceeds are for the benefit

Romeo and Juliet of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics and the Trade Training School for Girls. Further notice will be given later of the sale of tickets, but inquiries may be addressed at any time to the Chairman of the Northampton Committee, Florence H. Snow, 184 Elm Street. The cast is as follows:

Escalus.....	Winifred Rand, Smith '04
Paris.....	Emily P. Locke, Smith '00
Montague.....	Margaret C. Estabrook, Smith '04
Capulet.....	Mabel Cummings, Smith '95
Romeo.....	Esther Saville, Vassar '06
Mercutio.....	Ethel Hale Freeman, Smith '02
Benvolio.....	Helen Knowlton, Radcliffe '08
Tybalt.....	Margaret Tapley, Wellesley '07
Friar Laurence.....	Elsie H. Kearns, Smith '06
Balthazar.....	Olga Lingard
Sampson.....	Ethel Jaynes
Gregory.....	Marion Clapp, Smith '04
Peter.....	Amy Beal
Abraham.....	Rosalind Kempton
Lady Montague.....	Frances A. Wood
Lady Capulet.....	Lucy E. Shannon, Vassar '06
Juliet.....	Caroline L. Freeman
Nurse.....	Rachel Berenson Perry, Smith '02

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'06. Florence Louise Harrison,	Jan. 2- 3
'06. Hazel Cary,	" 2- 5
'06. Ruth Morrison Fletcher,	" 3
'07. Christine Maxwell Hooper,	" 3- 5
'02. Helen Hoitt Atherton,	" 4
'06. Helen Thomas Fillebrown,	" 4

'04.	Dorothea Wells,	"	6
'07.	Hortense Mayer,	"	8-14
'07.	Ethel Curry,	"	10
'01.	Ellen T. Emerson,	"	14
'83.	Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke,	"	14-18
'86.	Annie Russell Marble,	"	14-18
'95.	Martha Wilson,	"	14-18
'93.	Agnes Williston,	"	17
'95.	Florence Lord King,	"	17-18
'07.	Gertrude H. Blanchard,	"	17-21
'07.	Alice McElroy,	"	18-20
'02.	Ethel Hale Freeman,	"	18
'06.	Josephine A. Lane,	"	18
'07.	Mabel Holmes,	"	18
'07.	Cherrie E. Duffy,	"	20
'91.	Flora Hale Abbot,	"	30
'07.	Anna Quincy Churchill,	Feb.	1
'03.	Alice G. Fessenden,	"	2

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Florence Dixon, 20 Belmont Avenue, Northampton.

- '02. Ethel Ione Edwards was married October 9, 1907, at Paonia, Col., to C. Wesley Fryhofer of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Address: Ely's Lane, Rutherford, N. Y.

Margery Ferriss is teaching Calisthenics and Greek at the Mary Institute, St. Louis.

Nellie D. B. Henderson announced her engagement, on January 25, to Mr. Dewey J. Carter of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Margaret Welles announces her engagement to Mr. Roy Newton Pierson of Minneapolis.

- '05. Robina Protheroe has changed her address from Kidder, Peabody & Co., Naples, to care the American Express Co., Rome, Italy.

- '07. Helen Maxey is at home at Gardiner, Maine.

Harriet L. Smith announces her engagement to Mr. Wilfred Ernest Playfair of Kingston, Ont., Queens University, 1903.

Beatrice Tower has gone to California to be there some months. Address: 1929 Forst Street, San Diego, Cal.

BIRTHS

- '92. Mrs. G. Philip Wardener (Mary R. Rankin), a daughter, born October 26, 1907.

Mrs. F. J. E. Woodbridge (Helena Belle Adams), a daughter, born July 23, 1907.

- '96. Mrs. Lucius Root Eastman Jr. (Eva Hills), a daughter, Margaret Hills, born March 30, 1907.

- Mrs. Charles Almon Ruggles (Amelia D. Smith), a daughter, Gertrude Nukerck, born November 9, 1907.
- '98. Mrs. Harry Russell Tarbox (Louise Higgins), a daughter, Margaret, born May 3, 1907.
- '99. Mrs. Andrew Henshaw Ward (Margaret May) a son, Andrew Henshaw Ward Jr., born November 16, 1907.
- '04. Mrs. Henry Childs Warnock (Una Winchester), a daughter, Eunice Winchester, born in Holyoke, November 22, 1907.

DEATHS

- '99. Margaret May Ward, suddenly at Milton, Mass., December 1, 1907.
- '02. Deborah Van Noorden at Tryon, N. C., December 29, 1907.

In Memoriam

CHARLOTTE WILKINSON BRAGDON

The class of '94 is unwilling to let more time go by without recording in some way its sense of irreparable loss in the death of Charlotte Wilkinson Bragdon. This came so suddenly that those of us who knew her best and who had received help and inspiration from her unfailing friendship through college and as surely in all the years since, were left without words for our grief. But in response to a request from the class president, one after another has written, telling a little of what she feels, and uniting in the desire that some tribute may come from the class as a whole.

Teresina Peck Rowell writes: "My association has been very close with her through seventeen years of inspiring friendship. To me she was the dearest of companions and most inspiring of friends. She had a genius for the finest kind of friendship, friendship that made her friends more joyous and happy, and filled them with a longing to try to be some of the things that she thought them to be. Her own strong belief that all of life's experiences, whether good or ill, could be turned to good account, pervaded her every-day living and made her life a constant cheering and helpful influence. Happy gayety and joy in life went hand in hand with a constant sense of spiritual values and an uncommonly strong hold on great ideals."

Kate Ware Smith writes: "Since college days our paths have divulged widely, but the inspiration of Charlotte Wilkinson's friendship and the memory of our exultant comradeship during four college years will never fail me. She combined an almost passionate earnestness with exuberant gayety. She had exquisite discrimination and delicacy coupled with vigor of thought and action, and above all an undaunted buoyancy of spirit that made it an exhilarating joy to work or play with her.

Her ability to idealize her experiences and surroundings was almost magic, and it was like listening to a fairy tale to hear her tell of her home or friends or describe a beautiful thing. She had a veritable genius for friendship; she was intensely personal. Her radiant happiness was not without reason, it was founded on steadfast conviction, and her buoyancy was only its medium

of expression. Her happiness triumphed over great sensitiveness of spirit, and endured through anxiety, responsibility, and ill-health. It was as characteristic of the mature woman as of the college girl, and we who loved her would fail of loyalty if we could not gain comfort now from the thought of her happiness."

She was associated with interests of all kinds while in college, was a member of the first editorial board of the *Smith MONTHLY*, and took prominent part in class and college activities; yet as one of her closest friends says: "There are girls to whom the college is the greatest thing in their experience; with Charlotte it was a pleasant incident taken very seriously, as she took everything that she undertook to do, but it was only one step on life's stairway after all."

Members of other classes who were in college at the same time, speak of her pervasive charm, her energy and spontaneous gayety, which at the same time never interfered with the serious nature of her work; and her lovable womanliness.

As to her life since college days, before her marriage and after one year of sociological study—that was devoted to social work of the most helpful and generous kind; enthusiasm and reasonableness going hand in hand, sincere love for her fellow working-women, as she always considered them, being combined with a sense of justice and great tolerance.

The Executive Board of the National League of Women Workers sent an expression of sympathy to Charlotte Bragdon's family, from which we quote, as being better than any description we could give of the value of her work while with us:

"With untiring loyalty, breadth of outlook and wisdom of judgment, for three fruitful years she did the pioneer work of the League, as its first Secretary. We have missed the inspiration of her presence the past few years, but to almost every meeting she sent some suggestion or words of advice, showing how dear to her heart was the work she did so much to create.

"She welcomed every opportunity to serve the League, which was honored by having her for its President during the years of 1906 and 1907. Her clear, intelligent understanding of its needs enabled her to give aid that no other could render and whose loss will be permanently felt."

In 1902 she married Claude Bragdon and carried to her life as wife, homemaker and mother, her characteristic eager and enthusiastic devotion to the happiness and welfare of those nearest her, at the same time keeping to an unusual degree that breadth of interest which the years of social work before her marriage had brought her. And as has been said by one of her friends, the years of ill-health which she endured because of too great devotion to her chosen work, brought no failing in that spirit of loving, helpful sympathy, always a source of inspiration to her friends.

ABOUT COLLEGE

OVER-RUSHED—A TRAGEDY

"I'm being rushed. I'm being rushed," a little Freshman said,
While dreams of future greatness flitted through her pretty head.
"I'm playing on the second team, I'm pledged to Orangemen.
The big celeb at thirty said to come and call again.
I love the invitations, and I love the dizzy whirl,
It's just the finest thing I know to be a college girl!"
The little Freshman's room-mate was a grind, and very plain;
At times she shook her head, advising study, but in vain.
"I never," said the Freshman, "could forgive myself the loss
If I let the stupid lessons spoil my really college course."

With that she left her room-mate to her self-appointed fate,
And accepted invitations at a most astounding rate.
She went to dine at Boyden's and to lunch at the K. K.
She attended feasts at midnight, and she took long drives by day,
To chapel in the morning she would very often go
And sit in smiling consciousness, 'way up in Senior Row.
"I'm being rushed, I'm being rushed," the little Freshman said.
Alas! too much attention had quite turned her pretty head.

Midyear examinations swiftly came, and slowly went
And legion were the doubts and fears, and loud was the lament.
The strain told on the Freshman, who exclaimed with great dismay,
"To-morrow I'll rush round again, though I must work to-day."
"To-morrow," what a fatal word in many a tragic tale.
To-morrow brought the Freshman some official-looking mail.
The verdict there was to the point: "You lack essential knowledge."
The Freshman gave a gasp, and said, "I'm being rushed—from college!"

EDITH JARVIS '09.

In recent years within the memory of all the good people of this land there lived, in the Fairy Kingdom of All's Well beneath the Isle of Midway, two brothers named Bluff and Good Luck. These two brothers False Gods from the time they were old enough to toddle about were inseparable companions; what one did the other did, where one went the other followed. At a very early age they developed a remarkable

love for adventure and mischief. Bluff especially showed a boldness before his superiors very unbecoming in one of his age, while Good Luck was often thoughtless in words and actions. But for all their faults they were both such jolly, winsome little fellows that every one loved them and overlooked their failings.

Now one day they took it into their mischievous heads to run away and visit the world of Human Beings. The long lost passage between the two worlds had recently been rediscovered and there was a great deal of talk in the Kingdom at this time about the Race of Human Beings. They were reported to be a very conceited people. It was even said that they wrote stories describing the appearance and life of the people in the Fairy Kingdom when they had never even seen the place. Bluff and Good Luck thought it would be great fun to show these vain people their ignorance.

Now when these two little fellows once got it into their heads to do a thing they never stopped to think twice. So without making further plans they immediately set forth on their enterprise. They tripped gaily along with that delightful, tingling sensation creeping over them, common to all naughty runaways. Bluff felt especially buoyant and was much puffed up with the thought of their brave adventure. To make it clear how Bluff could literally expand when excited, I will say that to human eyes he looked exactly like a beautiful soap bubble. He was as transparent as glass and yet in certain lights the most brilliant colors played over the surface of his body. Good Luck is more difficult to describe for he appeared more like a phantom and generally kept so close to Bluff that he looked like his shadow.

The journey to the World of Human Beings was much longer and more tiresome than either had expected. Several times Bluff got quite out of breath, but he was a plucky, long-winded little fellow and would not turn back. At last they reached a place which answered to the description of the entrance to the new world. There was the great impenetrable gray wall with hideous monsters carved upon it and near the ground at their right the small, dark cave.

With a cry of joy Bluff disappeared in the blackness, followed closely by Good Luck. At the first ray of light, which indicated that they were nearing the approach of the other world, Bluff felt a queer airy sensation, as if he was being carried along by a gust of wind. The nearer they drew to the opening the more difficult it was for him to keep on the ground, until finally he found himself bounding through space—driven on by the strange new force. Terror seized him and he clutched Good Luck tightly by the hand. The next minute they rushed through the mouth of the cave—up into the new world.

For many days poor Bluff and Good Luck had a very unhappy time. It seemed at first that they could not exist in this world, for whenever Bluff held his breath in wonder and amazement at some strange sight, up, up he would float high into the air, then when he opened his mouth to speak, down he would come again. At last after many hairbreadth escapes from drowning in the sea, Good Luck had a happy inspiration.

"I believe, Bluff," he said, "that if you only breathed right you could keep on the ground. Don't waste your breath, but breathe regularly."

Bluff tried the plan and found that it worked to perfection. In a short time he was able to guide himself and Good Luck wherever they wished to go. If they wanted to fly over water or the tops of trees and houses all he had to do was to draw in his breath.

As soon as the two adventurous little creatures became accustomed to the peculiarities of this world they liked it so well that they decided to stay here and began to look about them for an attractive place in which to settle down. They did not have to contend with the difficulties that ordinary human beings would encounter in a strange world, for they were endowed with that fairy instinct which told them the name and meaning of all new objects. They also had the power to go about invisible to mortal men except when they wished to be seen.

One day not long after this the two brothers came to a hill on which stood a brick building with a tower on one corner and behind this they could see many other brick buildings. As they drew nearer they saw a throng of girls coming down the hill two by two or in groups of three or four. Attractive, fascinating girls they were. Immediately Bluff and Good Luck, although young and inexperienced, recognized that in these girls they had found a class of beings in some way superior to those they had seen heretofore. As they proceeded toward the buildings they met others in still greater numbers hurrying to and fro. These girls had no such marvelous hats upon their heads as had the ones they had just met, but they all had that distinguished air which told Bluff and Good Luck that they belonged to the same superior class. Some were carrying formidable looking books under their arms. Bluff and Good Luck were gazing upon the spectacle with a feeling of awe when two of the girls suddenly rushed together as if attracted by a strong magnet. A warm embrace followed, accompanied by exclamations of joy. Bluff and Good Luck looked at each other in great surprise at this outburst of affection. They had imagined by their air that these girls were very dignified, learned beings.

"I guess they are not so cold and dignified as they look," said Good Luck.

"Perhaps they are that conceited kind we heard about in our kingdom," replied Bluff.

"Anyway, if they can be as affectionate as that I shall like them," continued Good Luck.

"So shall I," replied Bluff. Whereupon they agreed that they would take up their abode among these strange girls and discover what they were really like and why there were so many in one place.

For the next few days they hovered about the brick buildings and whenever they noticed a particularly interesting group of girls they followed them about and listened to their conversation. In an incredibly short time they became acquainted with the workings of the little world into which they had drifted. They learned that these young women were gathered together for the improvement of their minds and bodies. They also learned that there was a great difference in these girls. Some were apparently trying to develop their bodies by carrying heavy looking books from place to place, and their minds by studying for hours, surfaces covered with strange black marks. Others were evidently developing their bodies by playing games

called basket-ball, tennis and hockey, and going off in "bats" which Bluff and Good Luck learned were long walks into the country round about. These girls developed their minds by going to the theatre and by chatting and telling jokes over chafing-dishes and tea-cups in their friends' rooms. They seemed to spend very little of their time in company with the strange books. As Bluff and Good Luck were very fond of games and jokes and general good times, they thought that these girls would make the jolliest kind of companions.

Up to this time the brothers had kept themselves out of every one's sight so that not even the girls knew of their presence in this world. But now they decided to make themselves known to some of the jolliest looking girls and ask if they might not join in their good times. Accordingly, the next morning just before the first recitation they began to watch the flock of girls, in search of the right one to accost. They had decided that they would first speak to a certain girl with whom they had already fallen in love because of her happy-go-lucky, fun-loving disposition. In a few minutes they spied her coming toward them; but instead of her usual swinging gait and happy smile, she was hurrying along with quick nervous steps and a distracted look upon her face, while in one hand she clutched with an air of desperation a fat, red book. Bluff and Good Luck immediately realized that she was in trouble. They watched her anxiously, for they were sympathetic little fellows and hated to see their friends unhappy.

"We must help her out of her trouble," exclaimed Bluff. With that they both rushed toward the girl, never stopping to question their power to help her out of her difficulty.

"Good morning!" said Bluff in his most persuasive tone of voice, as he floated before the eyes of the astonished girl, "My brother and I have come to help you out of your trouble if you will tell us what it is."

The girl stared in the direction of the voice, but instead of a person she saw only a beautiful soap bubble and a vague shadowy object beside it.

"What are you, and how can you help me?" exclaimed the bewildered girl.

"We have come from the Fairy Kingdom," replied Bluff, "and if you will only tell us your trouble we will promise to help you."

As she gazed incredulously, almost disdainfully, upon Bluff, the most brilliant, dazzling colors played over the bubble. The girl caught her breath in admiration.

"Surely," she thought, "such a beautiful creature as that must be gifted with extraordinary powers. Anyway it can't do any harm to see what he will do."

So saying she confided her troubles to Bluff, for as yet she did not think much about Good Luck; he was so far outshone by his brother. The cause of all her trouble, she said, was the horrid red book called *College Algebra*. The instructor had given them an outrageously long lesson and she had gone to the theatre the night before and had not even looked at it; and she was sure to be called upon for she had not recited for a whole week and she was "scared stiff" for she had "flunked twice" the week before and could not stand another one. If he would only help her this once she would never, never forget it.

Bluff and Good Luck had never heard of "College Algebra" or "instructor" or "flunked," but they understood, by their fairy instinct, her serious plight and her look of hopeless despair touched their hearts.

"Oh, if that is all, you need not worry any more," said Bluff with an engaging display of his colors. "We are not afraid of that instructor and if you will just let us go with you, we will make everything come out all right."

The girl eagerly assented and the three entered the recitation room together. There on a platform before a desk sat the instructor. She was such a stern, serious-looking person that Bluff and Good Luck took a dislike to her from the first glance. As soon as she began to call upon the girls to recite they were on the alert. The first girl called upon did not know her lesson and the instructor spoke to her in such a sarcastic manner that the two brothers felt a great pity for her. Now Bluff and Good Luck were no respecters of persons; instead they looked upon all human beings as a little inferior to themselves, so this stern instructor inspired within them no feeling of awe. They had entered the room with the simple intention of helping their friend, but now a spirit of mischief seized them. What fun it would be, they thought, to get the better of this person who appeared to know so much and was so self-confident. Accordingly they laid their plans with added zest. Bluff took his stand near their friend and Good Luck on the instructor's desk.

As the recitation advanced, Bluff began to feel uneasy. He could not make head or tail out of the strange words. Never before had he been in such an embarrassing situation. He glanced appealingly at Good Luck, then sighed with relief as his brother gave him a smile of reassurance. A happy thought had struck Good Luck. He saw that the instructor called the girls' names from a little book on the desk before her. Quicker than a wink he found his friend's name and completely covered it up. As he was invisible to the instructor, there appeared to her only a little blank place on her book, and as her mind was intent upon her work, she never noticed the blank or missed the name. Thus the girl got safely through the recitation without being called upon.

As soon as she left the room and the throng of girls, Bluff and Good Luck appeared to her again. She scarcely looked at Bluff, but began to overwhelm Good Luck with words of praise and gratitude. For a moment Bluff was jealous of his brother, but his good nature and self-confidence soon got the upper hand. He began to address the girl in his most persuasive way, coaxing her to try him just once more. At first she turned a deaf ear to his promises, but his brilliant colors so dazzled her eyes that she soon gave way before his bewitching influence. She then confided in him that she was going to a Bible recitation for which she was as little prepared as she had been for the College Algebra. She agreed to try Bluff once more if Good Luck would go with them.

So the three entered the Bible class together. After the first few questions Bluff gained his entire self-confidence, for he found himself once more in his element. Good Luck covered up his friend's name as before, but there was no need of it this time, for Bluff felt himself complete master of the situation. The questions seemed very simple and about all alike. He could often answer them by the tone in which they were asked. At such times he would

whisper the answer in his friend's ear and tell her to raise her hand and answer the question. He knew instinctively the professor's weakness for volunteers. At the end of the recitation the girl was so pleased with her record that she could hardly wait to see Bluff and humbly beg his pardon for her hasty judgment of him. She called them both dear little fellows, and begged them never to leave her. As both Bluff and Good Luck thought it was great fun, they agreed to go with her whenever she wanted them.

They next went to English class. Here as in Bible Bluff felt quite at home, for he was an original thinker and delighted in expressing his opinions. Early in the recitation he got his friend to lead the instructor off into a spirited discussion of some subject outside of the lesson. Before the end of the period, however, the instructor had come back to the original subject and as if by fate called upon Bluff's friend for the summary of a story neither knew a thing about. Bluff was at his wits' end when Good Luck again came to their rescue. Bluff saw him climb nimbly up the wall to the clock, and the next minute the bell had sounded for the end of the period; thus Bluff's reputation and his friend's record were again saved.

At the end of the recitation the girl could not find words with which to express her delight and gratitude for their help. She then told them that the girls were to have a dance at her house that night, and that she would not have a minute to look at her lessons and begged them to help her again the next day. Bluff and Good Luck not only agreed to help her, but offered to help her friends also.

So it happened that the next day at least half a dozen girls entrusted themselves to the care of Bluff and Good Luck. One or two doubted their power at first, but at the end of one recitation they placed full confidence in them. From this day forth Bluff's and Good Luck's popularity spread with amazing rapidity. These girls told their friends about them and they in turn told their friends, until, in a short time, nearly every girl who belonged to that fun-loving class, which Bluff and Good Luck admired, were appealing to them for help. Whenever any of these girls preferred (and when didn't they?) to play tennis or to go for a walk or to the theatre rather than to study their lessons, they only need trust to Bluff and Good Luck to help them along the next day.

For a time all went well. The two brothers worked together perfectly; where one failed, the other always succeeded. From the first, Bluff was weak in sciences, but Good Luck was always successful in them. On the other hand, Bluff never lacked for thoughts in the language classes and left very little for Good Luck to do. As the years went by they grew in body as well as in power, for they revelled in just this kind of life. But at last, after several years of success a terrible fate overtook Bluff. He had grown to such an enormous size, puffed up, as it were, by his great success that at last the inner pressure of his buoyant spirits was greater than the common air of this world. The sad result was that one day when he and Good Luck were helping a girl in a Bible recitation, without any warning whatever Bluff—burst! It was a tragic moment for Good Luck and the girl as well as for Bluff. Good Luck was so stunned by his brother's awful fate that he forgot to cover up the name or ring the gong, while the girl, when she found herself bereft

of her support began to stammer and hesitate until the instructor, with a frown, called upon someone else.

The news of Bluff's death spread like wild fire among his friends and panic seized upon them. Good Luck strained every nerve to fill his own and his brother's place, but the strain began to tell on him. He grew weak and thin until he appeared only a shadow of his former shadowy self. Little by little the girls began sorrowfully to fall back upon their own feeble resources and their former life of drudgery. But the memory of Bluff's valiant deeds and the shadowy form of Good Luck still survives in this place, and if anyone cares to visit it he will still find girls who try in vain to imitate the brilliant remarks of Bluff and who place their confidence in the now feeble and tottering Good Luck.

EVELYN L. RYDER '10.

THE LILLY HALL OF SIGHIN'S

The Lilly Hall of Sighin's—oh
But learning truth from Nature's slow !
I cannot bear to cut a beetle,
For oftentimes you see its feet'll
Wiggle and wriggle after death,
And it will try to catch its breath.
While as for Physics—(that's required,
For none to choose it could be hired)
You have to measure all the facts
(Ever avoiding parallax).

Now that which I should like to find
'S the *density* of my own mind ;
How many *ergs* of work need be—
Work always ergsome is to me—
To help me through that Physics cram ;
The *stress* and *strain* of that exam
I never, never could compute,
Nor would I care to, could I do't !

VIRGINIA C. CRAVEN '10.

PARADISE PSYCHOLOGY

Mary Lavinia Exquisite-Ease
Fell on the ice and bumped her knees ;
I've had quite enough of this skating," said she,
"Back to the firm, dry land for me."

Dora Angelica Happy-Go-Luck
Under the ice-cold water did duck ;
Quite a surprise for our Dora, but then,
Dry garments sought, she was at it again.

Fanny O'Fearful watched from the bank,
 Oh what a distance her timid heart sank !
 New were her skates, and untried was their steel,
 Little she knew what her fate did conceal.

Mary Lavinia urged her to come
 Back from her death to the comforts of home ;
 But Dora Angelica whirled her away,
 And now she can stand up alone—so they say !
 VIRGINIA C. CRAVEN.

A CASE OF PATHETIC FALLACY

Along the rows the faculty looked,
 And it heaved a heavy sigh,
 But then it smiled, for suddenly
 It saw an intelligent eye.

And to that eye it lectured
 Through the whole semester's course ;
 Whenever that eye was absent
 It felt quite at a loss.

At mid-year in perplexed surprise
 It wondered how and why—
 It had to flunk the girl who owned
 That highly intelligent eye.

- LOUISE H. COMSTOCK '09.

It was made of polished walnut with shelves that tapered up in size, and it lived in my grandmother's parlor when I was a child, and was the point of reference for all my childish dreams. It held so many

The Whatnot delightful things, though, that there was little wonder at this. Down on the bottom shelf were some ponderous books which I could hardly draw forth, but which amply repaid me when I did, for here was the "Inferno," with Doré's terrible illustrations, which often visited me in my dreams, and the big yellow book contained "The World's Famous Quotations," as it blatantly announced on its cover. Passing from one field of art to another, the next shelf held an old accordin, which was a delight to my eyes as well as to my ears, for even when I could not hear it played, I could always finger it lovingly and press its fascinating wrinkles together. A great-uncle who was a sea-captain was responsible for the next shelf, for there were shells of every description, from the heavy conch, which was such a delight to explore with one's little finger, and to hold to one's ear, to the dear little pearly periwinkles, all set in a box. But the top shelf was most to be admired, for there were some lovely little Dresden shepherds and shepherdesses, which I could barely reach on a chair, and never then, unless I happened to be left in the room to myself.

I had long forgotten this quaint old piece of furniture, and its name had almost slipped my memory until my college course was nearly finished, and then it assailed my ears from every side, no longer a simple piece of furniture as in my grandmother's day, but a weighty and unknown factor, the epitome of the unexpressible, though still laden, as in the olden days, with many things. What it meant no one could tell, it was wrapped in gloom and impenetrable darkness, it was the abstraction of abstractedness, the infinity was therein: It is the symbol of my senior course, and is hurled forth majestically from all of those whose task it is to guide the senior mind. Sometimes I have been almost on the point of grasping something—it dances elusively before my eyes, and just as it begins to penetrate I hear in thunderous accents, "or whatnot," and I am lost. Not only is it the weapon of the faculty, but grave and reverend lecturers who come to the college, carry their whatnots around with them. If, in my early days, the whatnot of my grandmother haunted my dreams, what woes has not this later whatnot inflicted on me. It goes on, impenetrable, and wrapped in mystery, ever skillfully extending its etiolated arms to gather in those whom it may destroy. For recently in a written lesson, goaded on by dense ignorance and black fear, grasping for some ray of intelligence, I found that I had ended an involved and doubtful sentence with—a whatnot! And I passed the examination, due, I am firmly convinced, to nothing but the whatnot alone. And since then doubt has assailed me more than ever. Can it be that others have also used it as an escape from uncertainty—when in doubt as to anything else to say—and that the modern whatnot, like that of my grandmother, is merely a useful bit of furniture to fill in space, and for the bestowal of cluttering odds and ends?

GLENN A. PATTEN '08.

THOUGHT AT A RECEPTION

Has anybody yet found out
 What all the buzzing is about?
 The tritest things the people say,
 And say them in the tritest way,
 And worse—before the evening's through
 You find that you have said them, too!

MIRIAM A. MYERS.

My dear, did you see Kate a minute ago? Why, she stuck her foot right through the ice and got it all wet. No, she didn't go home; it wasn't bad enough for that.

Inventive Genius Hello, Alice. Say, did you know about Kate? She stuck her foot through the ice clear up to her knee, and got all spattered up. Tragic, wasn't it?

Did you hear about Kate Milbram? She jumped on the ice and went through with both feet up to her knees. What do you think of that? I don't know how she got out.

My dear, what do you think I just heard? Kate Milbram was knocked down with a hockey stick, and she came down so hard that her feet went in,

and she was so stunned she couldn't get up for fifteen minutes. Too bad, wasn't it? Yes, of course it made a huge hole.

Jane, did you hear about Kate? She fell in the water up to her waist. Yes, through a hole the other side of the island. She had to stay there half an hour, as no one would go near her for fear of falling in, too. No she's all right, I guess.

Martha, did you hear about that freshman? What, you didn't? Why, my dear, she was skating along, and her roommate came up behind her and spoke to her, and it startled her so that she slipped and fell in a hole in the ice and stuck there. Yes, it was awfully deep. Way up to her neck. She had to stay there nearly an hour and almost froze, and then it took three men to get her out. Yes, they're afraid of pneumonia.

Queer how these little things sometimes turn out important, isn't it?

KATHERINE BURRELL '11.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES

"What is this sign that greets my eyes?"

The little book-worm said,

"For if, alas, I read aright,
Why I shall soon be dead!

"The library is to be used,"

I read in letters neat,

'By those who come to study,
And not by those who eat.'

"And must I now give up my plans

Of feasting many an hour

Upon those rare and well-done books
I long so to devour?

"And all those big, thick volumes

That I was nearly through—

I simply cannot leave them yet,
Whatever shall I do?

"Yet still there is this feeble hope—

What if perchance it be

The eating that the sign forbids
Is *not* what's done by me?"

MIRIAM A. MYERS '08.

Facts have always seemed things to be avoided. You have often heard them called "hard facts." Whenever you have come into any contact with facts you have understood what that means in its vari-

Contrary to Fact ous phases. Facts are hard to learn, hard to remember and, when they are needed at all, as on examinations, they are very hard to get along without.

For English A, B, C and D you are supposed to gain facts by individual research. First, people get facts out of books and put them on paper as notes. They do not, of course, learn the facts. That is not necessary. They begin to write their papers, and every so often they stop, glance over their notes and stick in a fact. When the papers are finished they contain the same facts the books do, very much more stupidly expressed. Why should the faculty enjoy reading such papers so much more than the books they come from? You decide that you will not inflict such papers upon the faculty. But perhaps this is not entirely through consideration for the faculty. What a dreadful bother it would be to look up all the facts! You carefully choose topics which require individual thought instead of individual research. It seems strange, but the faculty often do not like this sort of a paper so well as you do. They sometimes hand it back saying, "This is practically a blank!"

When it comes to a choice of courses, you follow the same principle you followed in choosing subjects for papers. History courses are all facts, so history courses are to be avoided. And in contrast to these are philosophy courses, which are especially desirable, for philosophy is all theory. In it there is no certainty about anything. Therefore there can be no facts. Thales could not prove that the world was water any more than Heracleitus could show that it was fiery flux or than Plato could show that it was a mixture of what is and what is not. It is easy to give individual theories about what these men probably meant. It even becomes possible, after a moderate acquaintance with any philosopher and his jargon, to tell fluently, and sometimes correctly, what he would say on phases of his doctrine which you have not read about at all.

But suddenly philosophy goes back on you and turns out to be not entirely theory after all. There is a paper to be written on Plato's relation of pleasure to the good. This sounds very much like an English D topic for individual research. It seems a case where it would be hard to get along without facts. You spend a great deal of time uninterestingly in reading Jowett's translations to discover what the facts were, what doctrine Plato probably did hold about pleasure and the good. When you have discovered this, you decide to proceed for the rest of the paper without any more facts. You will not need to read commentaries. So you spend a great deal of time thinking out the similarity between Plato's relation of pleasure to the good and a modern philosopher's theory of the same thing. You know about the modern philosopher from another philosophy course. This idea works out satisfactorily and you are proud of it. Then you happen to glance over a few pages of a commentary. There, unfortunately, you find your idea. It is a true one, to be sure, but it is simple and as much to be taken for granted as an axiom. There is no point at all in using it in your paper.

Now Plato's relation of pleasure to the good seems a hopeless subject. Everything is hazy. You have almost forgotten what Plato said about it. It may be the good for you to write this paper (because you have to). But if it is, you are sure that you are different from Plato, for you find no relation between the good and pleasure. In your distress you ask help from a kind member of the faculty. She arranges an outline for you, saying after each

point, "Authorities cited." "Authorities cited" means facts out of books. It takes very hard work and many more hours to find enough facts to cite.

When at last the paper is finished, you think back and find that you have spent thirty-five or forty hours on it. "Never mind," some one says, "it will count for a lot of English Thirteen." This is not so consoling as it is meant to be. If you could have spent the time on something you wanted to do for English Thirteen it would have been interesting to you anyway. But in this Plato paper there is no interest, either for you or for anyone who reads it. Of course it is in no way your fault that the paper is not good! It only goes to prove how true it is that "hard facts" should be avoided.

MARY P. PARSONS '08.

College courses may be divided into two classes of classes, the leisure classes and those in which the students never seem to be at rest. The leisure classes have, in reality, plenty to do, only they may

Class Distinctions do it at leisure and in a leisurely way. The others lead a strenuous life, both in and out of the class-room.

There can be no doubt to which division the sciences belong. The student of chemistry may not lean back in a Morris-chair and accomplish her allotted task. She must stand over simmering test-tubes and boiling compounds of Goodness knows what—that is for her to find out. Her quietest moments are spent in writing up a note-book, in which she computes and analyzes the results of her harrowing experiences. The life of the physics student is very similar, but not quite so sensational.

The botanist's life is decidedly not one of leisure. She is hurried not only from pillar to post, but from Lilly Hall to the Lyman Plant House. There is no rest for the weary classifier. When she is given a book to read and reasonably expects that she is to live for a few moments the life of her leisurely sisters, she soon finds that hers is not, like theirs, a book with a beginning and an end. It is a book to be used for reference. Ominous word! Every plant or part of a plant opens up a new chapter or an old chapter over again, depending on the discretion or indiscretion of the student.

As for the zoölogist, she must not only refrain from counting her chickens before they are hatched, but must watch them through every stage of the process. Nor is her attention confined to such highly developed forms of animal life. No animalcule is too small to escape her notice, and no diagram is too large to represent it.

The follower of the stars cannot, as a matter of course, choose her own time for her work. And alas for the geologist! Bleak winds may blow and the storm clouds may gather overhead, while, bearing the signs of her profession, she tramps over the surrounding country, the wonder, if not the scorn, of her less energetic friends.

But it is not the out-of-door scientist alone, whose method is opposed to that of the leisure class. One of its members would never consent to a course in advanced mathematics, nor would she consent to the freshman course, if she were asked. The use of compasses, rulers and measurements of all kinds is abhorrent to her.

After the sciences come those studies which stand midway and may be

adopted by either class, depending entirely upon the individual temperament. Languages ought to be a study of the leisure classes alone, but the use of a dictionary is an objection. A member of the leisure classes never handles more than one book at a time. But as progress is made in this branch of study, the student passes from mere translation (which is, to speak *very* figuratively, a dog's life) into the realm of literature, and this is preëminently the domain of the leisure classes. History, too, is on the borderline. One would be inclined to hand it over to the leisure classes altogether were it not for the atlases, dates and other ill-favored connections that are likely to appear at any moment and reflect discredit upon it.

In the study of literature, the members of the leisure classes are at their ease—and this is their forte. Long lists of references do not daunt them—for where is the spirit that would quail before an indefinite assignment? “To be read anytime during the next three weeks!” And not only any time, but anywhere and anyhow and by anybody. Before the fire, you may do *this* work, or in your Morris-chair, or at the library, or even, yes, even in bed. Think of this, O weary follower of the sciences!

Poor Chemist! The only way that she can collect gas after ten o'clock is a very disastrous one, as has so often been demonstrated. The zoölogist may keep turtles and frogs and grasshoppers in her room, and frequently does, to the terror of her leisurely room-mate, but she would never dream of seizing one capriciously to dissect it at some odd moment of the day or night. Nor can the geologist find her materials at hand. The dust in her room is not quite deep or ancient enough for her purposes. One and all, the scientists must succumb to the spirit of unrest.

Contrast with this the work of the philosopher. His world is in his own mind, or at least, so he is inclined to believe at times. There are other times when he doubts its very existence, and then, of course, he can't be bothered looking for it. The study of philosophy has always been considered, and rightly so, the possession, the natural birth-right of the leisure classes. For who else has time to determine the infinite capacity of the infinite and to give due attention to the thing—in—itsself, in its relation to Universal Truth?

But just here, we are brought to a realization of the evil results inevitably arising from making class distinctions, for the merits of one class are bound to be lost sight of in the interests of the other. And as usual, there is something to be said on both sides, for there are those, we must believe, who long to compute and analyze and dissect and bisect, who enjoy the restless scientific search, even in winter, and who, in short, prefer the courses that they have chosen.

MIRIAM A. MYERS '08.

A departure from the usual run of house plays was made by the members of Washburn and Tenney Houses in the choice of Bernard Shaw's “You Never Can Tell.” It was a novel selection

The Washburn-Tenney Play and a novel play, and it has been subjected to much criticism, both favorable and unfavorable, as all novelties are, especially when they are productions of Bernard Shaw. The adverse critic says with a bored expression, “It was so unsatisfactory, you never got anywhere; did it mean *anything* to you?”

"Yes, indeed," replied the enthusiast with a twinkle in her eye. "You never can tell! And my dear, you can't say that it promised to do more, and you certainly *had* to laugh!"

The play was entertaining and witty and devoid of an atom of the sentimental. From the time when the youthful upstart of a dentist says "Open!" to his aged and honorable landlord, to whom he owes several weeks' rent, to the time when the same moth-eaten old gentleman goes capering off to the masquerade, the play—to quote a member of the faculty whose enthusiasm for the production is one of the best recommendations I can give it—was delicious.

Elsie Riker and Elizabeth Davidson as Philip and Dolly Clandon were the stars, although they had but minor parts. Elsie Riker had all the slim, agile grace of a boy, and her manner and voice suited the part admirably. Betty Davidson as Philip's twin sister interpreted her part almost equally well. Gladys Wingate made a sweet, perhaps too sweet, a Gloria. To Ruth Clark and Lucretia Massey belongs credit for their skill and originality. The part of Mr. Crampton, the irascible father, was consistently acted, but his personality was made a trifle too disagreeable. The stage setting was unusually good and the costumes were well-planned. But especially are the Washburn and Tenney Houses to be congratulated on their choice of a play, and we trust that their good example will be followed, which does not mean necessarily, that it is hoped that an epidemic of Bernard Shaw will take the place of the Nursery Drama of the preceding year. The cast of the play was as follows:

Mr. Valentine, Dentist,	Sidney Baldwin
Mr. Fergus Crampton,	Elsie Briley
Philip Clandon,	Elsie Riker
Finch McComas,	Lucretia Massey
William, the Waiter,	Ruth Clark
Bohun, Lawyer,	Anita Burleigh
Mrs. Clandon,	Ellis Abbott
Gloria Clandon,	Gladys Wingate
Dolly Clandon,	Elizabeth Davidson
Parlor Maid,	Delia Partridge
Second Waiter,	Elaine Croston

To those alike, who have heard Harold Bauer in other years and who heard him on the evening of January 13th for the first time, the program was one of unusual interest first, because of its great

Concert by Harold Bauer variety which was met by a corresponding variety of interpretation and tone-color, and second, because of its distinctly modern character. It is interesting to observe that there were no examples of the strict "classical style" as represented by the Viennese school. Many of the numbers were not familiar to the majority of listeners, who enjoyed them with the peculiar enjoyment one feels in fresh sensations. The Sonata Eroica, one of MacDowell's most important works, based on the Arthurian legend, was particularly fine. It is gratifying to see the recognition MacDowell's music is receiving from world artists. Mr.

Bauer is pre-eminently an intellectual player. Everything that he does is thoughtful. Depth of feeling there is, now tender, now fierce and passionate, but never sentimentality. His playing is manly. His technical certainty, ease of execution, freedom from mannerism or individual eccentricity create a sense of calm,—a forgetfulness of the artist in his art. It is for such qualities that Harold Bauer is unquestionably counted among the world's great pianists.

PAULINE SPERRY.

The Harvard Chapter of Delta Upsilon will present "Bartholomew Fair," by Ben Jonson, in the Academy of Music, on Monday evening, April twentieth. This play was first acted in London, in 1614, and, for several years afterward, was one of the popular pieces on the stage. It is thoroughly "Jonson" in its style, full of humor and burlesque. It shows not only the customs and manners of the people, but also gives a very vivid idea of a country fair of those days. The plot consists of a series of incidents in which strikingly individual characters play all sorts of tricks on each other.

The aim of the Harvard Chapter will be to portray the Elizabethan life in an authentic, educative and highly amusing way. An Elizabethan stage will be used and everything will be done to make the performance unique. Tickets will be on sale by March 1.

CARLISLE W. BURTON, Business Manager.

CALENDAR

February 15. Junior Frolic.

" 19. Open Meeting of Current Events Club. Lecture by Professor Alden of Packer Collegiate Institute. Subject: The Approaching Presidential Election; its Political Aspects.

" 22. Holiday. Orator: Hon. Theodore Burton.

" 22. Meeting of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.

" 26. Open Meeting of the Greek Club.

March 7. Open Meeting of La Société Française.

" 11. Glee Club Concert.

" 14. Basket Ball Game.

" 14. Meeting of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.

The
Smith College
Monthly

March - 1908

Conducted by the Senior Class

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EDITORS:

GRACE KELLOGG,

MARGARET HALLOCK STEEN,

MIRIAM ALMA MYERS,

EUNICE FULLER,

FLORENCE DIXON,

FLORENCE BATTERSON,

MARGARET CLARK RANKIN,

MARY PRESCOTT PARSONS.

TREASURER,

BUSINESS MANAGER,

MILDRED WILLCOX WILSON.

HARRIET TOWNSEND CARSWELL.

ALUMNÆ TREASURER,

KATHARINE DUBLE HINMAN.

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THE EDUCATIONAL VIEWS OF ROUSSEAU AND
TOLSTOI

"The modern Rousseau," says Francke in his History of German Literature, "is Tolstoi." Rousseau led the literary revolt of the middle classes against the aristocracy in the eighteenth century. Tolstoi, to-day, leads the revolt of the working class against the power of "a bourgeoisie which has ceased to be the representative of the whole people."¹ Both writers long for freedom and a return to nature, but both are typical of their periods and differ greatly in individual character, coloring their work with their personality. Tolstoi is straightforward, earnest, hard working, with the interest of the people at heart. Rousseau is dominated by the love of nature, artistically expressed, and is at the same time the victim of circumstances and sensuous emotion. "He had but little reason and much imagination."² Tolstoi advocates freedom for the individual considered as a social unit. Rousseau requires an absolute,

¹ Franke History of German Literature, p. 555.

² S. Weir, Educational Review, vol. 16, "The Key of Rousseau's 'Emile,'" pp. 61-63.

individual freedom from all social restrictions; and when at last Emile is allowed to develop a social interest, it is merely a love of self, extended to a love of mankind.¹

Their educational views have much of importance in common, though they differ in details. For both of them, the aim of education is fundamentally, preparation for life, the better the education, the more full and perfect will the life be.² The "learning to love and hate correctly" of Rousseau is a parallel to Tolstoi's whole theory of love as set forth in "My Confession" and "The Spirit of Christ's Teaching": life and its source are infinite love, and to understand life is to do good.³ That this is a social standard is shown by the emphasis he put on the quotation, "Let us love one another in unity."

There can be no mistake about Tolstoi's estimate of duty, and Rousseau, although he makes contradictory statements, implies that though duty should be a part of education, a child should not be expected to understand such complexities or feel such obligations. When he comes to a consideration of life itself, Rousseau says, "The man who has lived most is not he who has numbered the most years, but he who has the keenest sense of life,"⁴ who is best able to overcome its difficulties. Tolstoi, also, sees in the capable farmer, merchant or artisan, unable to read and write, a man of far better education than the one of mere impracticable book learning.⁵ When he visited Marseilles, he was struck "by the intelligence and cleverness of its citizens," which he considered to be due to their education outside of school; in the streets, cafés, theatres and in the reading of such books as the novels of Dumas.⁶ "Education," he writes, "is the sum total of all those influences which develop man, give him a broader outlook and new knowledge."⁷

Especially strong is their plea for freedom in education. The first sentence of the "Emile" is, "Everything is good as it comes from the hands of the Author of Nature; but everything degenerates in the hands of man." Education should first be natural. Tolstoi says, "Education perverts a child, it cannot

1 A. E. Street, *Educational Review*, vol. 5, p. 289.

2 J. J. Rousseau, "Emile," p. 89.

3 L. N. Tolstoi, "Spirit of Christ's Teaching," p. 251.

4 J. J. Rousseau, "Emile," p. 10.

5 P. Birukoff, "Leo Tolstoy," p. 330.

6 E. Crosby, "Tolstoy as a Schoolmaster," p. 44.

7 P. Birukoff, "Leo Tolstoy," p. 332.

correct him. The more he is perverted, the less must we educate him, and the more does he need freedom. . . . the child is much nearer than I am, or any grown man, to the true, beautiful and good to which I undertake to raise him."¹ "The sole basis of education," he asserts, is freedom—the freedom of the people to organize their own schools, and of the pupil to make up his own mind as to what he will learn and how he will learn it."² Both authors agree that the first duty of the teacher is to "study the subject you have to act upon."³ Rousseau warns us that children are not merely little men and cannot be treated as men, their thoughts and conceptions are not the same.⁴ Tolstoi likewise studies his pupils and finds that they are tiny peasants as well as children and that this fact must be taken into account. He says, "the only method of education is experiment and its only criterion freedom."⁵

This method and criterion were employed practically in his own school at Yasanya Polyana with unique success. Rousseau never made any practical use of his theories, having proved himself far too deficient in self-control for a teacher. He lays great emphasis on the undue importance of the written word and ideally would abandon books altogether. Finally, however, he gives Emile, after the age of twelve, a knowledge of reading and writing and an intellectual education beginning with "Robinson Crusoe."⁶ Tolstoi, while condemning the university education, its lack of freedom and poor preparation for an active life, uses the book for his young pupils as opening to them a great field of art and knowledge.⁷ But they are saved from its possible harmful influences because there is absolutely no compulsion in Tolstoi's school. A large number of foreign languages is advocated, but only when the children enjoy them. In the schoolroom at Yasnaya Polyana there were no set hours of attendance, no home work, no required order of silence.⁸ It was a happy, pleasant place where the children came because they liked to. This freedom in study was much like the third

1 E. Crosby, "Tolstoy as a Schoolmaster," pp. 30 and 45.

2 Ibid p. 24.

3 R. H. Quick, "Educational Reformers," p. 269.

4 J. J. Rousseau, "Emile," pp. 75-9.

5 P. Birukoff, "Leo Tolstoy," p. 329.

6 J. J. Rousseau, "Emile," pp. 162-164.

7 L. N. Tolstoi, "What to Do," p. 232.

8 E. Crosby, "Tolstoy as a Schoolmaster," p. 48.

requirement of Rousseau,¹ that education should be negative as well as natural and progressive, but with Tolstoi the waste of time depended on the children's own inclinations.

In that schoolroom all the teaching was carried on to interest the children. Geography began near home and spread out over the world; history, taught for its artistic and human values, not as a series of statistics, began with their own time and went back to the more and more remote, and was told, not read. Such education was the very soul of Rousseau's theory of object teaching and self-instruction. Drawing and music were taught for art and cultural value, and because of the educational importance of the use of the hand, rather than for imitation or skill,—again a reflection of Rousseau's principles. The class, a living unit, so potential humanly and artistically, worked together, wrote wonderful compositions, gave and took from one another in common, not individual recitation, even enjoyed the wild love and fear of the snowy woods together in their evening walks. It was an ideal community life for children and pupils entering into their heritage of learning, art and human comradeship.

What a contrast it formed to the education of the lonely Emile! A "mental athlete" of wonderful accomplishments; self-taught by a beautiful modern system; inured to heat, cold, pain and danger but without human sympathy and love except for a conceited, priggish tutor. He thought himself free, natural and his own master, but on the contrary, the "moral victory over the passions was diverted rather than faced,"² and he was caught in an unperceived web of deception and artificiality. Coöperation is unknown to him, and social life, so long delayed, seems forever impossible.

In accordance with his theory of freedom in education, Tolstoi condemns absolutely all punishment of his pupils. An early attempt to punish a young thief was bitterly repented after he realized its cruelty, injustice and uselessness. Rousseau believes in punishment but not for its own sake; rather as nature punishes, as a necessary consequence of wrong doing. It is a moral force.

All Rousseau's moral teaching is along this same line. Children, according to his view, have no moral sense; they should be forced to do right; but he adds, they should not suspect that

1 J. J. Rousseau, "Emile," Intro. W. H. Payne.

2 A. E. Street, *Educational Review*, Vol. V., p. 289.

authority is being exerted over them,—a rather difficult condition. Tolstoi, on the other hand, depends on natural, innate goodness and the children's power to reason. There is a beautiful story of his influence over his own little girl in inculcating the doctrine of returning good for evil.¹ He persuaded her to present a saucer of raspberry jam to a boy who had struck her, though her first demand was that her father should whip him. When Rousseau's pupil becomes older he is to have temptations removed from him rather than be taught to overcome them. His system falls far short of Tolstoi's in the power to create independence and an ability to live well. Rousseau's theory of religious instruction is also weak. Until he has reached an age capable of understanding the full idea of divinity Emile is not to be allowed to hear of God, lest he should receive a wrong impression. This age is supposed to come with young manhood and then the idea is to be inculcated through the heart rather than directed to the head—a reflection of Rousseau's emotional religion as the Savoyard confession of faith is of its substance. Tolstoi, also, considers that "the ordinary instruction in religious matters perverts and demoralizes" the child, who "has by nature an instinctive knowledge of his relations to the mystery of life."² He condemns instruction in creeds as a substitution for the love of neighbor. He would give the child a working religion of love and helpfulness and a faith in the ultimate wisdom of life and death, while confessing ignorance in the mysteries of existence and religion.

As with religion, all life and activity is to Tolstoi valuable only in so far as it can be used. All of Rousseau's elaborate physical freedom and training, as also the training of the senses, he takes for granted. The children of peasants naturally grow up strong and healthy, since they are forced to work and live out-of-doors a great deal. Rousseau was struggling against the unnatural conditions of French society in his day, and his pupil was confessedly a gentleman and not a peasant. Rousseau provided no scheme of education for the peasants, considering them educated by their accustomed activities (understanding education in the broad sense of Tolstoi) or else feeling them beneath the notice of the educator. He was the champion of the middle, not of the working classes. Again, training of the body and

¹ E. Crosby, "Tolstoy as a Schoolmaster," ch. 7.

² *Ibid* p. 50.

senses received great stress from Rousseau because of his progressive system of education, which Tolstoi would not make so strict as to exclude intellectual and moral training at any time. But both educators agree on the necessity of manual labor. Tolstoi advocates it because it is natural; leads to the greatest personal happiness, and is necessary. "They" (the children) "should learn to do things for themselves, and not to have everything done for them. The first condition of a good education," he says, "is that a child should know that all he uses does not fall from heaven ready-made, but is produced by other people's labour."¹ Rousseau advocates a trade as leading to what is universal in human life and therefore natural; as manly, as affording a sure maintenance and because "there is no honor without utility."² But Rousseau's opinions do not seem to ring as true here as Tolstoi's; his pupil did not need or apparently intend to ply his trade, and the personal contrast between Rousseau and Tolstoi in their attitude toward work comes to mind.

As a final difference in their characters and the opinion of their times, we have Rousseau's and Tolstoi's positions in respect to woman. Rousseau would give a woman an entirely different education from a man's. She should be weak and dependent, obedient and submissive and expend her energies in learning to be pleasing, especially to men. In short, woman is a mere complement to man, and though thoughtful men are admonished not to marry women incapable of thinking, yet "a woman of wit is the scourge of her husband, her children, her friends, her servants, of everybody."³ Woman, so situated and so estimated, can have little influence for good, and this slight, possible influence is considered of no importance by Rousseau. Tolstoi believed in the liberal education of woman and had some peasant girls in his school who were educated with the boys. He lays stress on woman's domestic duties and chiefly on the obligations of motherhood; but in so doing he elevates woman to the most influential position of society. Man has given over his birthright and duty of labor for less worthy pursuits of learning and leisure, but the woman who fulfils her duty to society, sees the meaning of life, the duty and contentment and

1 E. Crosby, "Tolstoy as a Schoolmaster," p. 49.

2 J. J. Rousseau, "Emile," p. 180.

3 Ibid p. 303.

pleasure of loving service, and receives life's full gifts. "Having fulfilled their destiny," they "reign over powerful men," and "fix public opinion."¹

"Yes, ye women and mothers, in your hands, more than in those of all others, lies the salvation of the world!"² With these words Tolstoi closes his essay, "To Women."

Thus, according to the character of each writer; they agree on the essentials of an education that is directed towards a fuller life and must be based on a study of the nature of the pupil. The over use of the book is condemned, and natural methods advocated. They differ somewhat in details, especially of method. Rousseau goes so far in the theory of nature and freedom that he becomes extremely artificial in some respects, especially in educating the child alone, rather than in social contact. Tolstoi, on the other hand, is eminently practical and natural, guided continually by common-sense and experience.

HILDA BROWNELL MANSFIELD.

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1 L. N. Tolstoi, "What to Do?" p. 273.

2 Ibid pp. 265-273.

LAY COMMUNION

The twinkling lights and the crowded street,
The muffled sound of a thousand feet,
The turmoil of traffic, the roar overhead,
My heart feeds full for this is bread.

The golden silence of waning day,
The shaded path in the leafy way,
The world of a thousand dreams is mine—
My soul drinks deep for this is wine.

MARY ELIZABETH LUCE.

A FORGOTTEN NOVEL — "HORACE CHASE."

I was spending an idle half hour in the library looking over the books with no particular object in mind when suddenly the title sprang to meet my eyes from the shelf—"Horace Chase," and in a moment I was back ten years, with the delightful feeling one has on meeting some half-forgotten childish playmate.

I have never understood why certain books one has read become a part of one's life, while others, better written, better in every way, are quickly forgotten. So I turned with interest to "Horace Chase" to see if my more youthful enthusiasm would be verified, or if like some others of my early loves it would only awaken wonder at what could have so charmed me previously. But the charm still held for me, I found, despite my endeavor to view the book from a purely critical point of view. Reason showed me its flaws;—I could not help noticing the crudeness and exaggeration in the character conceptions,—the errors of style and the commonplaceness of the book that would ever prevent its being more than an obscure hanger-on of a library—as it was now fourteen years after its first appearance. Ruth Chase, the heroine, is a study of an impulsive, undisciplined character, charming and wild with the wildness of a squirrel or a bird. There has been for her no soul awakening, and we feel that there can be little. Her unrestrained impulse is

part of her, and like the birth-mark in Hawthorne's story would not be uprooted without taking her very life itself. Horace Chase is a strong man, big and generous, with a wonderful broadness in his very narrowness. In Genevieve Franklin, we find a prototype of May Sinclair's "help-mate"—a woman whose very goodness and virtue are so narrow as to cause untold harm. But these characters are neither so unusual in themselves nor so well delineated as to give them especial merit. The charm of the book lies elsewhere, and after re-reading it I knew wherein, and grew homesick for a charm quite lacking in most of our contemporary fiction. Horace Chase has an atmosphere of home and family which has no place in modern novels. From their birth, we know that our heroes and heroines are subjected to a strictly scientific treatment. The trained nurse is ever present, and either father or mother is standing by, pencil and pad in hand to record any unusual psychical manifestations, and the family life—is there any one tie to hold them together? No. From babyhood we are made to feel that each is a complete little unit in himself, we have given so much attention to the individual and his development that the larger unit, the family, is lost sight of. The members of our modern families in literature view each other with psychological interest. There is no glamour in their eyes, they are hampered by no tie that blinds each to the other's defects, and makes each sink his own interest in those of the brothers and sisters about him. Sympathy with one's family and mutual interest in it, the blind clinging to one's nearest and dearest before all others, are qualities rather lacking in our present book acquaintances,—and are they not a little missed! The modern heroine is such a complete person in herself that she needs no family. She is often an orphan, or, at any rate, motherless, and frequently a "companion" is sufficient for all her needs as far as family goes. But even when her parents are mercifully spared is the family any more than a group of individuals living together in a communistic spirit? When we view the novel baby brought up hygienically and in the interest of a psychological record that brooks no interference from others than its own particular nurses; when we see Johnny at four attending kindergarten, with his own particular coterie, and fully occupied with his own budding possibilities (also an object of psychological interest to the rest when they turn their attention to him at all), Marguerite at

boarding school, where she spends all her time writing in a diary and playing pranks, the older brother and sister either at college and engrossed in their lives there, or else undergoing strange and interesting love affairs of their own, when we are presented with such a picture we certainly get no idea of family life as a whole. Mother too, is so busy, when she is permitted to survive, that she has little time outside her clubs and parties. She has, it is true, a keen, speculative interest in her children, and occasionally gives them good advice, but being a highly sensible soul, she feels that they must work out their problems for themselves. Sometimes too, we find mother is frivolous—and alas!—at the age of forty often taken up with Platonic friendships and love affairs of her own! Father is rather a nonentity. In the first place the highly desirable older masculine product of fiction doesn't appear often, and when he does come in, he is either completely engrossed in Wall street, or else is a college professor with the never-failing scientific zeal. Grandmother is busy with her past life. There are no more any binding ties, such as common interests, a happiness in each other's society, than as if each member were in truth, the product of a different author's brain—such as the twelve portraits that some of our modern novelists are now presenting to us in the pages of a fashion book under that much abused title, "The Family."

This then is our literature. Does it truly mirror the conditions of our life? Are our young people all so absorbed in their own interests that the old feeling pictured by our departed novelists is now lacking? Such a home atmosphere George Eliot depicted, such did Jane Austen. Poor Maggie Tulliver found something stronger than her outside interests, something stronger than her love to hold her back. Such an atmosphere I found in "Horace Chase." There is an old fashioned homeliness about it, a delight of the characters in living with and for each other, that somehow clutches at our heartstrings and makes us feel a lack in our modern fiction.

Perhaps it is the feeling of the amplitude of time that helped out our former novelists. People were not formerly so rushed as we are; they had time to get acquainted with each other, —time in which to take their comfort. They had not the many interests that we have, so they would spend more time on the ones that they had. For instance, in "Horace Chase" the Franklins remained long at the table whether they had guests or not, and

they took time to eat. "A serious rice pudding, Genevieve, no doubt is enough for the body, as you call it," says Dolly Franklin, "but we think of the mind also. No one ever scintillated yet on codfish and stewed prunes." Has the modern fiction family, each breakfasting separately on predigested cereal, time or inclination to scintillate for its own benefit when there are no guests? I doubt it. So the Franklins, are not only on terms of good fellowship, but have also a deep-lying feeling for each other apart from any psychological interest. They instinctively feel each other's moods and thoughts with that intuition which comes only from great affection and true companionship, and so when crises arise, they stand the test unflinchingly. They never fail each other, and what they have to offer is the very best in them.

Of course we can realize the dangers of isolating one's family from the rest of the world, and putting them on a pedestal above humanity in general, but is there not another danger besides? The family is a unit that has been recognized as of the highest importance from the most primitive times, one to which the great thinkers of all times have assigned a high place in the development of the race. Within this recognized unit there must be a kinship of interests and feelings, else the relationship loses its meaning—and the divorce court looms up menacingly.

Are our modern families brought up to respect this tie, to devote themselves to each other's interests, and to realize that kinship brings with it one of the deepest obligations in the world? Modern fiction would seem to witness otherwise, and our fiction usually is the mirror of our life. So when a mediocre book of the vintage of '94 has the power to make us conscious of a deficiency in our modern fiction, even while we realize the step forward that our age is taking, we can only hope that we may be allowed to retain our oldfashioned family feeling along with all the new ideas which our modern novelists are so busily presenting to us.

GLEN ALDA PATTEN.

THE HOME CALL

Spring time !

Home time !

Home to an open door by a Balm of Gilead tree,

Home to their magic leaves that rustle, and comfort me,

Home to the open fields, and a river that seeks the sea,

Garden of waving woods, and pastures, oh so free !

Garden to me the sweetest, wherever I may be

My garden of all the world !

FLORENCE HOYT COLEMAN.

INTERNATIONAL RECIPROCITY.

Martha was barefoot, and she liked it. She had experienced the sensation before, on the smooth sand in the summer, but, to walk out of her own house into her own yard, without shoes and stockings—! She looked at her little bare feet and was almost embarrassed. For this was her house and her yard, for a long time, if the air helped her mother as it was supposed to. Martha looked with pride and delight at the green stretch of grass in her yard, and wondered how many miles it was to the back fence, through the trees beyond—Christmas trees, and Pussy Willows, and other delightful trees, growing just as they pleased, short ones symmetrically tapering upwards, and tall ones with scraggly branches, and uneven growths of bushes.

Martha wondered if she would ever dare enter that wood alone. She wished that the little girl who lived next door in the city, were there to go with her, and she grew unhappy at the thought. But the grass was cool and soft ; she smothered it with her bare foot and ran the long blades between her toes. Then she gave a skip or two and broke into a run ; as fast as she could she flew towards the trees, half fearful of approaching them, yet delighting in the queer feelings she had. Suddenly she felt a sharp pain in her foot. She limped automatically a few steps and then sank down to examine the hurt. There was a little dent

made of course, by something hidden in the grass, in so far unlike the smooth carpet of the lawn in the city—what a place that would have been for bare feet!

As she sat there tearfully stroking the injured foot, there was a movement in the trees near her, the bushes were parted, and a little sun-burned tow-head emerged, a dirty brownish apron, long and straight, and below, two tanned and hardened feet, that dug their toes nervously into the ground. Martha noticed with surprise that there was a path through the bushes there.

The youngster giggled shyly. "Name Georgie," he said. Martha started a little at his voice, but she remembered her manners.

"How do you do?" she said, and then, laboriously enacting scenes of her mother's drawing-room, "I'm so glad to make your acquaintance."

"Huh?" said Georgie, and his jaw dropped, giving him a very silly expression, Martha thought.

He stepped boldly into the open and Martha rose politely. Georgie turned and motioned to another little head that peered out from the path. Presently three more little white-haired, brown-aproned figures stood before Martha. Two of them had long, straight hair; these, Martha guessed, were girls. One of them, a very small one, with a very dirty sun-burned face, clasped in her sticky little hands a honey jar. Martha approached her.

"What is your name?" she asked.

In answer, the youngster wiped a dirty finger inside her jar and presented it to Martha, who though unfamiliar with such courtesies, surmised that she was to lick it. Martha was shocked.

"No, thank you," she said coldly.

The little girl's lip quivered; Georgie bristled angrily, and the two others turned grieved eyes upon Martha. She felt that something must be done, and quickly, too. Georgie was accepting the proffered finger and murmuring strange words of appreciation to the little one. Martha disapproved decidedly of his attitude towards such a misdemeanor, but she recognized the necessity of immediate action on her own part, even at the sacrifice of her principles.

"Honey always makes my tooth ache," she ventured tremulously, "and, besides, I'm not allowed to eat between meals."

Martha considered herself sufficiently restored to grace to risk continuing the conversation, and she chose her subject with tact worthy a member of an older circle in society than her own.

"Are you the Little Swedes?" she asked graciously.

Georgie grinned.

"We can English," he beamed, immediately, placated.

"Here is Lily," indicating the small one with the jar, who gurgled with pride at mention of her name, "an' Norah an' Chris."

Norah and Chris smiled broadly and curled their toes in the grass watching them with interest. Martha looked at her own little white feet.

"I hurt my foot running," she said, "See?" and she vainly tried to discover the place to show him.

"I have been broken my nail," said Georgie, magnanimously overlooking her difficulty.

He exhibited the mangled member with pride.

"He don't hurt when I strike him," he boasted, as he pounded it vigorously with his fist.

Norah and Chris and Lily were soon busily engaged in finding their many and interesting wounds and scratches. At each discovery Martha was pressed for approval. Thus several minutes were passed entertainingly and Martha felt that her social triumph was assured.

"What have you got in your mouth?" she asked nonchalantly, as she noticed a white something appearing and reappearing between Chris' shining rows of teeth.

He chewed noisily and with evident relish for several lingering moments and then produced a large wad of white wax gum, which he graciously offered to Martha.

"You, you now!" he urged generously.

Martha found herself in a dilemma. She had profited by the experience with the honey, yet she could not bring herself deliberately to go against the precepts of her bringing up. She panted, and her whole frame trembled with conflicting emotions. Still her presence of mind was not lacking, and, as Chris' cordial smile was gradually developing into something akin to a snarl, she precipitated matters by a compromise.

"Wait till I run and wash it," she faltered, and, seizing the gum, she sped towards the house to a hydrant.

The Little Swedes stood aghast and watched her flying from

them, too much dumfounded to be indignant at first. But wrath was not long in coming, and it seized them with a violence that was terrible. To be sure, theft was not beyond their ordinary conception, but such open spoilation, and by a trick!

It was insolence! Georgie and Chris had a short consultation, in which immediate action was decided upon. The method was to be desperate, as circumstances warranted. The Little Swedes swiftly and quietly retreated into the woods.

Martha started back, gum in hand, resignation on her face—where were the Little Swedes? Not even a stirring of branches marked their exit or answered her look of surprise. Martha's tender heart was filled with remorse. She had been rude, she had wounded them—and she had tried so hard to be considerate, polite, and entertaining. She must think it over. Despondently she sat down and looked at her gum, the occasion of these strained relations. She looked at it with bitter reproach, then squeezed it together, rolled it into a ball, and threw it high into the air. She watched it fall, a white spot on the green. Then she felt better. She looked at the matter sanely and calmly. How better, she considered, could the Little Swedes be taught the rudiments of civilization? It was evident that they were lacking along that line. She jumped up and laughed—she was glad she had done it!

As if in challenge, there came a shrill shriek like a war whoop from the woods, followed by a chorus of feebler echoes, and presently Georgie appeared before the path through the woods, bearing aloft a tall dead sapling. He was supported by his three companions in line. Martha, profiting by experience with the barbarian temper, wondered if this were not an embassy of peace, but she only held her head high up and watched. Her doubts were soon dispelled. She saw the four halt and turn their eyes in her direction. Their warlike intent was soon apparent.

"Now your head go break!" screamed Georgie ferociously, and the line moved significantly forward.

Then there was another yell, and the onset began. Martha's heart sank for a moment, and she took a faltering step back; but there was fighting blood in her, and it was not long in asserting itself. Should she allow herself to be downtrodden by these Little Swedes? No, never! She clenched her fists and moved forward with stately stride.

"You look out now!" she cried with valour and vocabulary that surprised her more than anyone else.

Already the line of the enemy wavered and lessened its speed, and presently the three aids fell off, leaving the chief antagonists to meet in single combat. Georgie, glancing scornfully behind him for one short moment, charged boldly, tree towering erect above him. Martha charged, too, and the trial was at hand.

Then it was that the strategy of civilization was victorious over the muscle of the barbarian; for, as Georgie summoned his somewhat spent strength to fell Martha to the ground, he was suddenly and emphatically seized by the ankles and precipitated headlong, tree and all. Before he could recover himself, Martha was over him, shaking the tree at him. She looked at him triumphantly, as he sprawled there, for one brief space, and then, taking a step aside, she dramatically cast the tree from her. She gave her hands to Georgie and helped him to his feet. He was looking rather sulky; his white hair was on end, his face stained with grass. Martha, with a laugh, half breathless, half hilarious, applied her apron to the grass-stained cheek.

"Oh, you look so funny!" she cried.

Georgie smiled sadly at her, and the three deserters cautiously drew near. Martha heard a mumbled syllable from Chris—"Gum ——" faint but distinct it came to her.

"Well," exclaimed Martha, "what in the world—" and, at the same time, standing on one foot, with an easy grace, she peeled from the heel of the other a flattened white lump.

"Here's your old gum, Christopher!" she laughed. "You have it now!" and she presented the disputed property to its owner.

As Chris put it into his mouth they all joined in a loud and joyous laugh.

From then on Martha and the Little Swedes played in the woods, and found the tender roots of salmonberry bushes to eat, and fresh flowers to pick, and damp rotten wood to dig in, and trees to climb, and trees to fell. Martha grew brown and strong, and the Little Swedes learned English and clean faces—but the rule was to Martha.

LUCILE PARKER.

THE HEART'S ABODE

Oft has it chanced, as I with careless step
Passed down among the wonders of the road,
That I have looked through bar and barrier bough,
And caught far glimpses of the heart's abode.

To one a citadel ; to one a shrine ;
To one a wildwood where the sunbeams play,
To some I have won access, and the rest
I have but marvelled at—then turned away.

One day I found you,—in the dusty noon
The highway lay behind me like a scar,
Before me were cool gardens of delight,
An unseen hand let down the noiseless bar.

I wandered in, and through long, pleasant ways,
Beneath the shade of blossom-buried trees,
And saw the butterflies go blowing by—
The playthings of the perfume-laden breeze.

And gnomes were my companions on the path,
And woodland fairies clad in gold and red,
And there were elfin shouts, and music wild,
And laughter in the low boughs overhead.

Upon a rosebush sat a scarlet bird,
That with a strange song cried unto my heart,
Ah me ! its sweetness thrills me even yet,
Though with the transient sound the ear must part.

And then I knew this was your heart's abode,
No narrow confines closed in well-wrought stone,
But regions broad and lovely to the sun,
Where there is peace—and where is peace alone.

And always now beside the dusty road
I find you,—strangely dear and very fair,
And I,—with every barrier removed,—
As one the kind gods love, may enter there.

Thou art a garden where I softly go,
And walk among the fragrant old-time flowers,
And there, where sings the red bird on the bough,
In you, with you, I dream away the hours.

HENRIETTA SPERRY

STILL-WATER BEACH

"Large, airy rooms and all conveniences; wide piazza with bay view, tennis, golf and boating — bathing beach $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, still-water beach bordering on hotel property." Alice read it aloud; then tossed it across the breakfast table to her husband. He held it in his left hand and looked at it seriously, and went on eating his oatmeal in silence.

"That must be the old Seaview fixed over, don't you think so?" Alice continued, "We were there one summer—I don't know what happened that we didn't have a cottage. Oh! I guess it was when mother was abroad.—Anyway there weren't any large, airy rooms and conveniences *then*. The air is perfect, though. I'm crazy to get Tommy up there. It's the loveliest spot in the world—really—for children—dry, hot sun and wind and plenty of sand to play in—and *safe*. I never had a nurse from the time I left the go-cart. Now—James, you *will* remember, won't you, to ask Mr. Stevens about that place he went to last year? It's getting so sultry, I think we ought to get away as soon as we can on Tommy's account—and it is so hard to find a place."

"I should think you'd already decided—"

"On the Cove? Why, no! I don't suppose we really could go there, it would be awfully far for you to come and—I just got excited the way I used to at the thought of it. We never went anywhere else, you know. I guess it's the *one* thing the Brown family agree on—we do love the Cove."

"Don't think about me. If it's a good place for Tom, go there. I'll have my two weeks in August. Why do you worry about finding some other place? You *know* about the Cove. If you say so, I'll write and engage rooms to-day."

"Will you really?" Alice's gray eyes were at times wonderfully expressive. Just now they surprised her grave husband into an unwonted caress—he put his arm around her as they went out of the dining-room, and as he kissed her good-bye he smiled at the excitement and pleasure in her flushed cheeks.

"You need the rest, child," he said as he started down-town. "It's not far, and I'll come when I can." So it was decided.

* * * * *

The water was coming in over the parching flats. It had been a hot day even for the Cove ; but now with the turn of the tide the wind, too, had shifted and was blowing fresh from the sea. The hush of mid-day, when sails had hung limply on the pale horizon and no one had stirred from his shaded piazza, that was over and all seemed now to be awakening. The waves rippled and splashed as they came in past Lobster Rocks, and every minute they grew more blue. The dogs which had panting all day under the shadow of the rocks, raced the beach madly, barking at the children and at the sea-weed they trailed behind them.

Alice roused herself. She, too, had felt the resistless weight of that quiet day, and with her eyes half closed, she had lain still, letting handfuls of shiny sand slip through her fingers, and half lost the while in a fugitive, intermittent day dream. Still-water Beach ! How beautiful it was, and how peaceful ! The gray sand curved from one rocky point to another, it was ablaze with light, and down near the water the children were playing. What matter that they were not the same children ? It was all as it should be. That last happy summer—Alice remembered it all. There were Belle and Dan and all the younger ones. Belle always had to take care of so many of them ! And Alice, who had no younger sisters and brothers, used to delight in sharing the responsibilities—wiping their teary, dirt-streaked faces, and lifting them round over the rocks. Belle was delicately pretty—so strange a type for a fisherman's daughter. Her coloring might do for a Dutch sea picture. She had the blue eyes and the light hair, but instead of a full mouth hers was small and sensitive, and her eyes even then had anxious shadows in them. Alice wondered vaguely what had become of her. That summer together had been so full of good times for them both. She looked down at the familiar rocks—she had played stumps and follow-the-leader over every inch of them. O ! and the day Neil burned himself with gun-powder and, afraid to go home, had spent the day on the beach, his hand immersed in an old tomato-can filled with salt water—the worst thing he could have done, his mother told him afterwards ! And the hours that Alice had lain flat on a rock in the baking sun in order to appear at least *rough*-dry after precarious water stumps. O, how they had all laughed when she fell in ! And how mad it made the boys that she could always beat them at a standing-jump !

As the wind turned the grass back over the cliff and gathered the lazy mist into long, straight clouds in the west, and the afternoon grew live and bright again, Alice's reverie lost its vagueness and became more and more a reality. Here she was lying in the sand and she could almost see Belle there too. They had been making a house, outlining the rooms with smooth round pebbles and furnishing them with shells. The dining-room was in blue—mussel-shells made a very good substitute for Canton—and the library hearth! pieces of real brick set with winkles—the brick was soft and porous, at least it looked so, and the corners were all washed away. How long it used to take to match the stones and the shells! And how careful Belle was that the sand was swept smooth and the house left in good order. As Alice looked back these hours with Belle had a kind of charm which she did not at all appreciate at the time. She had always preferred noisy, rampant amusements. But Belle had liked playing house and Alice liked Belle—that, after all, explained it—why it had contented her then and was now so pleasant a scene in retrospect. She had always felt that way. There had never been a game nor an interest in her life equal to the joy of being with those whom she loved. Then she could play *their* game and do *their* work, but not for herself, oh, no! Even though she was alone—and she loved that, she must yet have some companion to share her solitude. She thought swiftly through her four years of married life, the worrying economies, the anxiety of sickness, yet through it all she had not been uncompanied, and she could look back at it now and smile. So she had known it long ago! And she had Belle's friendship for a witness. For they had felt, immature as they were, a real and lasting sympathy. They had always talked about Dan—he was Alice's hero, as she had confided to Belle. He was so brown and strong and so indifferent! Alice surprised herself into a laugh—that type of person had *always* appealed to her. She found herself comparing James, her own husband, with the long-ago fisherlad! O, it was too funny! Yet they distinctly had certain points in common—Dan's obstinacy! she called it *will* in James—and their overwhelming seriousness that would have been a grave fault if not relieved by the same trick of humor that gleamed out unforeseen when the clouds were darkest.

Dan was going to sea, of course. He had already begun to

talk about it that last summer—and Belle said his father would probably sign with Dan and take him up to the banks. How she and Belle had worried and planned about that first trip! And at home in the winter, if she woke up ever in the fury of a storm, she would think always of the wild yell of the wind clutching hold vindictively of an anchorless schooner—and the boat was always Dan's. Alice shuddered even now. It was too vivid a memory. She turned over and looked about for some better form of amusement than the terrors of her childish imagination.

A woman in a blue calico wrapper had come down on the beach and was sitting with a child in her lap a little way off. As she saw Alice glance over at her she turned her head away. She was very slight and she sat all huddled over as if she aimed to attract as little attention as possible. Yet Alice did not look away—that hair and coloring and she *was* pretty! The sickening conviction crept over her that this might be—that it *was* Belle! But she was so old, and so sort of unkempt! Alice found herself walking over to her.

"Belle!" she said in an excited, trembling voice.

The woman turned a pair of dull, wondering eyes, and the baby, frightened, struggled in her arms.

"You don't know me, do you!" Alice went on in a gay, accusing tone. Then seeing a spasm of awkwardness and discomfort pass over the other woman's face, she sat down on the sand, and waited a minute. "Don't you remember Alice Brown?" she began again, very gently. "We used to play together right down here, years ago; you haven't forgotten?"

"Is it Miss Brown, now! The same that used to have the Goldthwait house!" Belle spoke in drawling tones and very wearily. "You're lookin' well. Is your ma down, too? It's ben some time since you was here last, ain't it? Ben here long?"

"Only a week, and—my husband is coming to-night for Sunday."

"Then—you're married, too." Alice involuntarily dropped her eyes to the child, and with a shock she had not at first felt, she noticed how white and sick he looked, and how unnatural were his bony little arms and fingers. Belle, too, was very worn and tired and she expressed a kind of patient reticence—the strange result of extreme sensitiveness and extreme self-control.

"He has been sick?" Alice said.

"Yes—most every day since Dan sailed."

"Dan?" Alice exclaimed.

"Yes—we were married eight years ago. We ain't been real lucky. What with me bein' sick and all, and Dan's had his family to look after—his father, Cap'n Ab, ye know, didn't sail but once with him—died off t' the Banks—stroke, it was. Dan felt awful t'he couldn't have him buried here—and then they was all the young ones—it was too much for anybody. An' Dan tried t' take it all—an' he ain't so strong's he was. There ain't no finer sailor anywhere than him," she hesitated. "Dan ain't always himself on shore—but's ben all right. If we've only got a good catch this time 'till take us through the winter somehow. See that schooner just turnin' Gooseberry Island? That's him—Dan!"

Alice's feelings were in no simple state. The thought of her strong, stern, browned hero, *her* Dan coming home—she had often pictured it before and it was just like this—at sunset with a fair breeze bearing him triumphantly to his moorings. She tried to reconcile the thought of this hero colored by all her childish fancies with the thought of Belle's husband. She was evidently fond of him, and might she not after all be worthy of him? more than worthy perhaps, for there was much fineness and delicacy in Belle's face. Her attitude, which Alice had mistaken for slovenliness, was merely the result of weakness and ill health. She was far more at ease than she had been at first, and little nervous movements and subtle changes of expression were beginning to suggest the Belle she used to know. Her eyes had changed least, for they had held the shadow in her childhood of the years that were to come.

Tommy was dragging a small yellow dog up the beach at the end of a piece of sea-weed. He came deliberately, yanking and puffing at his end, the dog growling but apparently as obstinate at his. The boy's will finally conquered, for the yellow dog flew off to chase a sand peep, and Tommy was thrown violently upon his back. He squirmed to his feet and slapped his trousers once to remove the sand, and gravely resumed his walk up the beach. "Come and say 'How-do-you-do' to Mrs. Tarbox, Tommy!"

Tommy did so. He was stocky but not fat, and tanned, freckled and brown in spots. He had Alice's gray eyes and his father's mouth. Alice respected and rather dreaded its firm-

ness. He wandered away in a minute and Alice was vaguely glad. It enforced the contrast too much between his ruddy health and the paleness of the baby in Belle's lap. That *he* should be the fisherman's son! Belle had apparently had the same thought, for when Alice looked up, her eyes had in them a sadness deeper than tears. Alice instinctively put her hand into Belle's, and she did not draw it away. Their sympathy *had* been a real one, Alice was sure of it now, and it was growing and deepening in the silence of mother-love.

James found them so—sitting together in the sand. Alice tried to make Tommy's rapture at sight of his father a little less noisy and effusive. Perhaps she hurried them away a trifle abruptly. And they left Belle there in the twilight crouching over her child, and looking with a kind of wistful hunger out over the bay.

She had forgotten them already. But for Alice the meeting was more than a chance one; the haunting memory of it came to her more than once during that otherwise perfect Sunday. It was no more to be forgotten than were the early happier play days.

MARY BYERS SMITH.

THE PERFECT DAY

In the morning when I dream,
The Angels of Anticipation seem
To gather at my head all round about,
Sweet, ah sweet!
But in the evening when the light goes out
Serene the Angels of Fulfillment gleam
In troops about my feet,
Complete, complete!

VIRGINIA CORYELL CRAVEN.

THE GOLDEN GARMENT

Fate sat smiling before her loom and wove golden threads, across and across.

"A perfect pattern," she mused, as she worked, and the youth is worthy of it."

For the web she wove was destined for a fair-haired child of noble parentage whom she had chosen for a favorite. When all was done, and shining silver strands showed among the gold intertwining with red and blue and blue and green, Fate hummed a little tune and fastened firmly to a single stake the knotted ends of all the cords.

"All lead one way and he must follow," she sang, "to wealth, to high position and such fame as all men dream of and so few attain."

Then tenderly she lifted her handiwork and slipped it about the Youth's form like a garment, binding it closely about him.

"Its fit is snug," she commented, "and he shall wear it so till death."

The sun's rays danced on the sparkling threads and was reflected back from them with dazzling brilliancy—the web seemed indeed, a good garment.

So sure was Fate of the efficiency of her work that it was several years before she looked again at the youth and considered his ways. He was beautiful to look upon; tall, broad and straight, with clear bright eyes and gladly smiling lips. He had many friends and was already recognized as possessing singular talents. But what made Fate turn away satisfied was the growing bond she saw between the noble youth and the young Prince of the realm.

"He has already seen the place he is to occupy," she murmured. And through all the following time as she spun other less gorgeous robes, she kept the fair-haired youth continually in her thoughts and wove for others in such a way that it would aid his fortune.

Then once again she looked to see how far he had come on his

way. She saw him in the palace talking to the prince. The light that shone from his blue eyes was not quite as clear and direct as it had been in the old days.

"But he is a man now," said Fate.

The smile that was on his lips was a little less happy, a little less frank than that she had noticed years ago.

"He must think first of himself in order to accomplish his ambitions," Fate made excuse. She fondly touched the stake which marked his aim. "It is a rare thing to be given riches, a kingdom and limitless power in the little moment of a life," she reflected.

Years passed on and gave place to other years and at length Fate looked once again at the Youth she had cherished.

"For he is near the goal of his ambition now," she triumphed.

She saw him walking toward the gates of the city with the Prince now become a King, and as they walked down the crowded streets people cheered them enthusiastically, but they spoke *his* name more loudly. And Fate, smiling, saw that those who bowed to the King and said, "Long live your majesty," did so as though from habit and mild respect, while those who praised the other prostrated themselves in abandon and called his name with loving fear.

And Fate watched their progress with pride in her eyes. They passed outside the city and came to the high bank of a river. In the river were rapids. The Man and the King paused and watched the mad tumbling of the water and as they looked the eyes of the former narrowed and darkened and the smile that curled his lips was sinister and cruel.

Fate held her breath and watched eagerly for him to take the chance she had spun for him out of golden threads.

The water was foaming and boiling and making much noise:—the man slowly raised his arms and placing his hands on the King's shoulders, swung him round so that his back was toward the river. Over the King's face a look of deadly fear had spread and his fingers sought nervously to loose the hold on his shoulders and then—one quick contraction of the muscles in the other's arms, a mighty shove, and the King went sprawling through the air and down into the troubled water. Alone on the banks the man stood erect.

And Fate sighed with relief—it was done at length, and her

favorite could now go back to the palace, explain the "accident," and be accepted King of all the land. She waited for the triumph of realized ambition to flush his face, and was impatient to see the squaring of his shoulders and to hear the ringing laugh of pleasure that should acknowledge to her his gratitude. But he was not laughing—he did not seem to understand—something was wrong. He was writhing, and jerking at the gayly colored garment which he had always worn and none had ever seen. The muscles stood out on his legs and arms, the chords in his neck swelled and he bent his back in a mighty effort. Snap, snap went the blue threads and the red as they parted violently from the gold and the sun shone on the glittering ends of broken strands. The stake to which all were fastened rocked unsteadily and finally as the man groaned in a last endeavor, came bodily out of its foundation and lay upon the ground.

Brushing away the last fluttering bits of clinging web, the Man swung his arms above his head and dove into the one quiet spot in the river below. Ripples started in little circles where he disappeared and swept out in wider rings to the tossing spray of the rapids. Fate looked in dazed and wide-mouthed wonder at the glinting ruin of her work, and then covered her face with her hands. When she dared look out again, in the rapids she saw a swimmer, bruised, bleeding, beaten about but struggling still and with something in his arms.

ANNABEL HITCHCOCK SHARP.

SKETCHES

THE FIRST OF APRIL

I play the fool
In the sad cool
Season of autumn ;
In the soft warm,
In the sweet calm
Season of summer ;
In the drear cold
Hoary and old
Season of winter ;
But in the spring
Loud do I sing,
Happy am I.

MARION LUCAS.

Barrows stood with an ice cream plate in each hand, gazing stupidly at the corner of the piazza. There was the settee with

the green cushions ; there was

The Man

the moon just peeping through

Who Changed His Mind

the pine trees ; there was the sail

boat bobbing up and down on

the waves below—she had pointed that out to him—but where was she ?

It couldn't be the wrong corner, still he marched anxiously the length of the verandah quite unconscious of the trail of melted ice-cream that he left in his wake. As he came to the turn, there was not a moon peeping through the pine tree, there wasn't a sailboat with white sails glimmering in the moonlight, but there was a settee and there was a girl. His heart beat faster. Pshaw ! she had fair hair. Peroxide ! He couldn't abide blonds.

He strode away to the next corner, but all in vain. Faster and faster he went forgetting everything in his anxiety until a

firm hand was laid on his shoulder and a voice called in his ear.

"I say, Harry, what's the matter? Your ice cream isn't made for watering the piazza."

Harry looked at the intruder blankly, but his face lighted up as he saw the girl standing close by.

"Oh! I say where is she?" he demanded.

"She?" queried Miss Marble lifting her eyebrows in feigned surprise, though Barrows knew that she knew all about "she" and was the only one who did.

"Your friend you know. She was to have supper—"

"Oh, I meant to tell you. Miss Ware had to leave early. College habits, you know," she added rather lamely.

"Then she's not staying with you? Where is she—"

But her companion interrupted with a laugh. "Ha-ha, disappeared just on the stroke of twelve. A second Cinderella you know."

Barrows ground his teeth and inwardly cursed a man who could make a stale joke and then laugh like a monkey over it. And Miss Marble laughed too and what was worse she put an end to their conversation by turning quickly to join a group of young people.

There was nothing to do but to wander back to the settee with the green cushions; but it was so different somehow. He hated the sight of the moon and in a childish fit of anger he shied the ice cream plates at the waves where the sailboat still bobbed up and down, up and down.

The music had begun again but he wouldn't have danced for a kingdom, not with any of those girls. How she had glided along—she hadn't danced. It had all been so fascinating, the music, the lights, the girls in their fluttering dresses. Funny that he had never liked dances before. It was all like a fairy-story, and she was the princess, a princess with dark glossy hair with purple lights in it, a princess with blue eyes, not doll blue but blue like the sky, like the sea and with the depth of the sea in their calmness.

She hadn't talked about the latest novel and the tournament at the hotel and she hadn't giggled.

"Barrows," said a voice behind him. "We can't get a room here for love nor money. The man says there's a good hotel two miles farther on and we'll have to try it. Awfully sorry to leave but we ought to get the machine running right away."

As Barrows followed his friend he glanced critically about among the people on the verandah, hoping in vain to catch a glimpse of his lost partner, for he couldn't get her out of his head. As the auto sped over the dark road and when they reached the little hotel in the woods he was thinking of the way she had tilted up her chin making the curved line of her neck, carry out artistically the piquancy of her profile.

Even at breakfast he found himself dreaming of her when he became conscious that James was indignantly pounding on the table.

"Confound you, man!" exclaimed James, "What's the matter? I have told you four times that the repeater isn't working and you pay no attention. We can't get out of this hole, not unless you will come down from the clouds."

"I'll fix it as soon as we're through eating," Barrows said calmly and added after a pause, "You're going to call on Miss Marble this morning aren't you?"

"Miss Marble? What for?" demanded James. "I'm not going back to Wianno at all. I thought you were in a hurry to make Boston."

"Oh, yes, I was. I've got to be there to-morrow morning, but I thought we might stop there on our way."

"Of course, we will," said James sarcastically, "since we're going in exactly the opposite direction. But if you could stay over a day or two——"

"There's no question about it," Barrows interrupted, "and besides I wouldn't stay in this slow place for worlds."

"I don't know what's the matter with that repeater; I can't get the machine started at all," James pursued as Barrows sat gazing absently down the dining room, only half listening to his friend. He watched the swinging door and saw a waitress appear there. As she came swiftly toward him the sun from the bay window shone on her dark hair and made it glow with purple lights.

James was saying, "Do you think we'll have to get a new one or——" and then "Jinks, man! What are you doing?" for Barrows with a start of surprise had pushed a cup of coffee into his friend's lap and was staring fixedly over his head. James followed his gaze but all he could see, as he mopped up the coffee, was a waitress busily taking orders at the next table.

But Barrows had seen the girl look up, startled by the crash

of the falling cup, and blush scarlet as she glanced at him with big blue eyes, eyes that had in them something of the depth of the sea.

He pulled himself together with a jerk.

"I'm mighty sorry old fellow," he said, tardily coming to the rescue with his napkin.

"James," he continued after a pause, "I've been so nervous lately. I think I ought to take a rest. How would you like to lie off here for a week or so?"

BEATRICE CONANT.

A WINTER GARDEN

The wee birds have all flown away
Far to the sunny South,
To bask and sing in the sun's ray
Far from the cold, cold North.

The roses, too, have dropped their leaves—
So all the gardeners say,
And their kind hearts it sadly grieves
To see no posies gay.

But I can find some flowers bright,
And little birdies, too—
Some lovely roses pink and white
And blooms of clearest blue.

These flowers are growing on a wall,
And fair they seem to me,
And high up in the arbors tall
The pretty birds I see.

For climbing up my nursery walls
Are truly lovely flowers,
And I can hear the birdies call
When I am building towers.

So I don't see why people say
They hate all winter weather,
They might have summer, too, each day,
And be glad altogether.

MARY ALLERTON KILBORNE.

Crimson and blue everywhere—fluttering streamers and flying banners of blue and crimson! Sidney leaned forward in her seat and looked at the eager faces around

The Gordian Knot her with thoughtful eyes. Below her, a stout gentleman with a knot of blue in his buttonhole was relating tales of his college days to an admiring circle of daughters.

"We had *football* in those days," he was saying impressively. "Nothing like it since—"

An excited youth wearing a blue sweater and an air of profound importance came leaping up the grand stand and began to shout out indistinguishable directions through a huge megaphone. Over on the Harvard side crimson banners curled and uncurled in the breeze.

Sidney sat back in her seat with a little sigh. Blue and crimson everywhere and she was wearing neither! She smiled somewhat unwillingly when she thought of the two knots of rival colors she was carrying about with her, safely hidden in her muff. Then she sighed again. Was ever anyone in such perplexity before?

A group of laughing college girls brushed by her, carrying their banners in their hands. Two alumni, gay with buttonhole streamers, started a lively discussion of the Yale team behind her, while over beyond the football field the short, sharp cheers of the Harvard men rang out. Sidney sighed again, this time a little deeper than before. Why couldn't she choose, once for all, and put an end to this uncertainty? And yet they were both such *nice* boys! She liked them both so well! It was hard to tell which one she liked better.

Sidney slipped her hand into her muff and felt of the little knots of ribbon in it impatiently. To-day must decide it. She must know to-day.

"The game will show me just how I feel," she thought to herself. "I shall know to-day which one it is. It's the only way to tell."

It was a good way, Sidney thought a little complacently, unusual of course, but then, the whole situation was unusual. She had tried every other method of choice known to the author of "Side Talks with My Girls" and "Advice to Young Ladies," with no success. She had weighed each of her suitors in the scales of her mind, and the balance swung even between them.

Dick was tall and broad-shouldered and good-looking, so was Stanley. Stanley had money and position, so had Dick. Dick played on the Harvard eleven, Stanley on the Yale. She liked them both tremendously ; but which one the more she could not decide.

"But I shall know before the game is over to-day," Sidney said firmly to herself.

The cheers on the stadium grew still louder. The whole grand stand became one waving mass of color as patriotic arms shook the rival banners wildly out into the breeze. Sidney, standing eagerly on tiptoe to see over the shoulders of the stout gentleman in front, felt her heart beating wildly. One of her friends seized her arm.

"Oh—oh—look, look, Sidney ! There are the teams ! Aren't they just splendid !" she shrieked above the roar of voices. Sidney hardly heard her. Her eyes were straining eagerly for the sight of two familiar faces among the confused mass of figures in battered uniforms that were swarming out into the field beneath her.

They all looked alike in those awful things. No, there was Dick over by the Harvard stand, in a white sweater with a crimson H. There was Stanley, too, looking exactly the same, thought Sidney with a little laugh, except that his sweater had a Y upon it. The quarter-backs were putting their men through a last series of manœuvres. The cheer leaders, quite hoarse already, were speedily becoming speechless in their efforts to be heard above the general uproar of enthusiasm.

"Rah—rah—rah—Harvard ! Harvard ! Harvard !" came the rhythmic chorus across the field.

"Yale—Yale—Ya-le !" boomed the answering roar of defiance from the mass of waving blue. Sidney sat back in her seat half-deafened with the noise. She wished they would begin to play. She wished that they would not play at all.

Behind her the two blue-buttonholed alumni had resumed their conversation, apparently quite undisturbed by the confusion around them.

"What's the chances, d'y'e think ?" Sidney heard one ask.

"Oh, Yale on a walk, easy," the other answered enthusiastically. "I've got five hundred on it—easy money—it's like stealing candy from kids. The betting was six to four last night. Harvard's got good stuff in her line-up, but it won't go before

our half-backs. Sandy Smith and Stan Lincoln are a swift team of beauties, nothing like them since '94—"

Sidney's heart jumped at the sound of the familiar name. The battered uniform and dingy sweater with the blue Y took on a new dignity in her eyes. The swinging measures of the Yale "Boola" filled her ears. Then the shrill shriek of the umpire's whistle rang through the cheers of the spectators, and a breathless hush succeeded the noise. The girl with the blue streamers next to Sidney gripped her arm nervously. Then the dull thud of boot against leather told that the great game had begun.

The pent-up enthusiasm of the watching thousands burst out into a ringing shout. The cheering started up again with wilder vigor. The crimson and blue banners waved frantically over numberless fair heads. The game was on. For the first few moments Sidney found herself trying to analyze her sensations; then the spirit of the game seized her, and she stood up in the grand stand, following the progress of the battle as excitedly as the rest. The tangled mass of struggling bodies on the field below resolved itself into muddy figures that crouched upon the slippery ground awaiting the signal. A rush—then a single figure broke through the line with the ball hugged desperately under its arm.

"Yale! Yale! Yale!" shrieked the chorus frantically, "Ya-le!"

The stout gentleman in front was dancing ponderously up and down like an excited elephant, waving his tall silk hat above his head. The girl next to Sidney clutched her arm in a frenzy of nervousness and shrieked unintelligible things into her ear. Behind her the two alumni added their voices to the general uproar.

"Good work! By George, he's going to make it! Look out for that man there, he's got him! No, he hasn't! Good work, old man! Get a move on, there! By George, a touch-down! Rah! rah! Yale! Yale!"

"Stan Lincoln! Stan Lincoln!" shrieked the chorus. Sidney's heart was thumping wildly. Stanley had done it, they were all cheering Stanley!

"By Jove, that was a pretty one!" The stout gentleman was shouting enthusiastically.

"Oh, isn't he *splendid*!" the girl next to Sidney was crying. "Isn't he too perfectly *dear* for anything!"

"Yale! Yale! Lincoln! Yale!" howled the cheering sections joyfully.

Sidney felt a distinct stirring of pride. It meant something to be the friend of the hero of the day. Down on the field she could see the teams lined up again for the play. There was Stanley on the end—how big he seemed, how strong and heroic in his muddy football suit. The Harvard men looked discouraged already, Sidney noticed. After all, Stanley was rather the handsomer of the two. She had always thought so, she decided. She fingered the two ribbon knots in her pocket thoughtfully. The plucky cheers from the Harvard stand were completely drowned by the triumphant strains of the Yale Boole in her ears. The game went on. In the second half Yale scored again. Voices hoarse with shouting burst forth anew in a roar of joy.

"Harvard's down and out all right," Sidney heard behind her. "They can't do a thing."

Sidney echoed the words over to herself rather scornfully. Poor Harvard! Her question had solved itself, she thought with satisfaction. The game had shown her how she felt. She was glad Yale was winning. She was proud of Stanley down there in the battered football suit. As soon as the game was over she would pin on her rosette of blue.

A sudden commotion beneath her in the field caught her attention. A group of players was gathered about something lying motionless on the ground. A small boy tugging a huge pail of water staggered importantly across the field, and a professional looking man with a doctor's case was hurrying forward. Some one was hurt. The girl next to Sidney turned very pale and clasped her hands tightly together.

"Oh dear," she gasped, "I hope it isn't Yale, oh, I *hope* it isn't."

A break in the group of players disclosed a still form stretched limply on the ground. Sidney found herself shuddering wildly. What if—it might be—

"Oh, it's only a Harvard fellow," she heard one of the alumni behind her saying carelessly. Sidney felt the color leave her cheeks. Only a Harvard man, indeed! Why, then it might be *Dick*! The thrill of joyous excitement and pleasure died down in her heart. She sat silently looking down with straining eyes on the group below her on the trampled football field. Suddenly the group scattered. The doctor went back to the

side-lines, the players crouched over the ball again and the game went on.

"Only a little knocked out," one of the alumni was saying carelessly. "Time's almost up—only a half-minute to play. Good again that! Harvard's putting up a stiff fight, but it's a little late in the day. Ah! ah! Time's up! Yale! Yale! Yale!"

The grand stand became a jumble of shrieking maniacs. Undergraduates embraced each other fervently, tossing their caps and hats into the air, slapping each other's shoulders and filling the air with howls of triumph. Below on the field the victorious team was being carried off on the shoulders of its admirers. Sidney suddenly, to her own surprise, felt a hot resentment against the cheering throngs about her. Harvard had played *well*, she told herself indignantly. Poor Harvard! How disappointed they must feel. How disappointed Dick must feel. A great wave of pity surged over her for Dick. What if they hadn't beaten? It wasn't his fault. If the rest of the team had played as well as he, Harvard would have beaten, Sidney reasoned. With the triumphant swing of Boola in her ears, with the laughing shouts of victory on every side and the joyous march of the Yale men below on the field, Sidney's eyes sought on the other side of the stadium for a tall, broad-shouldered figure in a white sweater decorated with a crimson H. There was a weary droop to his shoulders, Sidney fancied, and he limped a little when he walked. The crowd swept her along in its path, jostling, laughing, shouting. Below the victors were borne aloft on sturdy shoulders to the chorus of cheers and college songs.

With an air of decision, Sidney drew a knot of ribbon from her muff and pinned it upon her coat.

DOROTHY DONNELL.

QUESTING

They said if we would a hunting go,
Dorothy Jane and I,
We should find at the tip of the bright rainbow
A pot of gold as pure as the snow,
Dorothy Jane and I.

They said if we listened and listened well,
 Dorothy Jane and I,
 Within the heart of a pink sea-shell
 We might learn the wisdom the sea-shells tell,
 Dorothy Jane and I.

So we looked and listened for we were bold,
 Dorothy Jane and I,
 And we searched all day for the pot of gold,
 And we feared no tale by the sea-shell told,
 Dorothy Jane and I.

'Twas Dorothy Jane found the pot of gold,
 Dorothy Jane not I,
 For I who looked till the day grew old
 Learned the empty tale that the sea-shell told,
 Not Dorothy Jane but I.

MARY ELIZABETH LUCE.

Mr. and Mrs. Tracy Hardington sat in their sumptuously furnished little flat. This was the first Christmas of their married life and with the glitter

The Way of the Transgressor of their wedding presents in their eyes, they were trying to decide how best to meet the demands of an increased circle of friends with a diminished pocket-book. Mr. Hardington leaned thoughtfully back in his arm-chair and blew smoke rings to the ceiling. Mrs. Hardington knit her brows and chewed her pencil. At last she burst impetuously forth with a sentiment which had long been concealed in both their hearts. "It's all Aunt Maria's fault," she said. "She always sends me a huge check at Christmas because she's my godmother, and the family have always given her some little trifle for me, a cut glass punch bowl, or a silver tea pot, or something like that. But it's very different when one's providing for one's self. If we give Aunt Maria an expensive present then we've got to leave out entirely lots of people that we really want to give something to, like Kitty, and the postman and your little newsboy, and people like that—people that really need what we give them. And even if we do leave out all the others we can't afford to come up to her former standard of Christmas presents, and she'll probably be hurt and think we're slighting her. It's an awful muddle and I'm sure I don't know what to do."

Mr. Hardington slowly removed his cigar from his lips and allowed his chair to assume the perpendicular once more.

"I have it! I have it!" he cried. "A splendid plan, the solution of all our difficulties. We won't send your Aunt Maria any present at all!" With uplifted hand he calmed his wife's ejaculation of impatience and compelled attention for his further utterance. "We won't send her anything. Instead, we will write a neat note informing your dear aunt that having looked around upon all the suffering among the poor incident to the Christmas season we have felt it our duty to devote all our slender means to alleviating what we could of it and she will have our good wishes and nothing more. That the money which we had intended to devote to the purchase of a magnificent Sèvres vase which should accompany our good wishes, we have felt it our duty to devote to making home happy for those less fortunate than ourselves. How's that? Doesn't that make you bow down before my superior intellect! Your aunt being a religious lady will, of course, rejoice at this chance given her to do such a good deed even though her share will be a bit indirect. And it won't be a lie, either," he said catching sight of a disparaging gleam in his wife's eye. "We can send out some jolly baskets with turkey and mistletoe and really do some good besides getting off easy."

It was three days later at breakfast. The maid brought in a letter. As Mr. Hardington opened it, a blue check fluttered out into his plate.

"Oh," said Mr. Hardington. "See here! see here! See what it is to have an intellect like mine in the house! See what I have done for the family finances. A check for two hundred from your Aunt Maria."

"Two hundred dollars!" gasped Mrs. Hardington. "Why, that's lots more than she usually sends me."

"Of course it is! She ought to give us more when we are so noble in giving up our Christmas to charity. Here." He pocketed the check and tossed the letter over to his wife. "Read what the dear old lady has to say."

Mrs. Hardington opened the letter. After a due time spent in the perusal, she laid her head on the table and burst into a gale of hysterical laughter.

"What's the matter? What's the matter with you?" asked

Mr. Hardington, slightly alarmed for his wife's sanity. "I didn't know the old lady was so humorous in her correspondence." He reached across the table for the letter. His wife poked it feebly towards him. The sunlight fell on the open sheet and the black ink unblushingly conveyed Aunt Maria's Christmas greeting.

"Dear Niece and Nephew," it ran, "I was much interested in hearing about your plans for Christmas, and I heartily approve of them. A young couple can not begin too soon to realize their responsibility to others, less fortunately situated than themselves. I wish you a very happy Christmas, and I am enclosing a check for two hundred dollars which you may devote to your charitable work."

MILDRED WILLCOX WILSON.

THE COBWEB

My house of white is fair to see,
'Tis built of finest tracery,
Most delicate and fragile light;
My house of white.

My house of white with lamps is hung,
Of softly gleaming dewdrops, strung
On silver threads, and making bright
My house of white.

My house of white within is spread
With fabrics sheer, and carpeted
With satin. Ah! 'tis rarely dight,
My house of white!

But, ah, my house not long doth stay!
As mystic castles fade away
In legends old, so takes its flight
My house of white.

KATHARINE DUNCAN MORSE.

It was at a faculty reception for the junior class that I met him. He was very tall and very thin and very nervous. Even

his frock coat did not have that air of comfortable complacency one expects in frock coats. I stirred my tea uneasily. My one ambition was to drink it as rapidly as possible (even at the risk of death from

scalding) before either he or I spilled it; as left to ourselves, I saw that one of us inevitably would. He folded his arms and frowned at me fixedly for a moment. "Miss Conklin," he said reminiscently, and paused. Then his face brightened hopefully. "You are—from Cincinnati!" he said.

It came over me in a flash. It was so funny that I even forgot my anxiety about the tea. The poor professor had *learned* us from the catalogue—our names and our homes! I had always heard of his wonderful memory. "No," I said, "no. Possibly you're thinking of Miss Conover"—she was next in the catalogue. "I'm—"

"Oh yes," he interrupted triumphantly. "Then *you're* from Cambridge!"

I choked down my smile in boiling tea. "Yes," I echoed, "from Cambridge."

"Ah, yes," he said, his eyes alight with relief and satisfaction. "Then you must know Miss Durham. Her father, the famous Sanskrit student, is a great friend of mine—great. A most remarkable young lady I believe—has helped her father in his labor in a really intelligent manner. A most distinguished honor to our institution to have her among us—most distinguished!" He shot out his hands and rubbed them nervously. I rescued my tea by snatching it up and swallowing it.

"Of course, I know Helen," I exclaimed warmly. "I know all the Durhams very well at home." Then my conscience smote me. Poor little Helen Durham—spectacled, with impossible hair combed tightly back in an impossible manner, young and probably homesick! I *did* know her at home and I hadn't been to see her since the Freshman Frolic!

"Indeed, indeed," the professor was saying nervously. "Now, Miss Conover—I—I beg pardon—Miss *Conklin*, I wonder if you would be willing to do me a great favor. You see I am, as it were, in a quandary. Professor Durham honored me by asking me to aid his daughter in selecting her course. He wrote me that it was impossible to get her to take an interest in anything but etymology and the allied subjects. His reason for sending her here was to give her the 'broad and liberal culture,' mentioned, as you may remember, in our catalogue, so that she might have a good general education on which to base her later specialization in the languages. Excellent, excellent idea. I agreed with him perfectly."

"I see," said I. "You were to pick out an all-around, intelligent-gentlewoman course for her."

"Exactly, exactly, Miss Conov—ah—Miss Conklin. And I planned what I thought an ideal curriculum—physics, astronomy, mathematics, philosophy—"

"Du lieber Himmel!" sighed I.

"I beg pardon," apologized the professor.

"Nothing, nothing!" I replied hastily, setting down my teacup.

"But you see, Miss Conklin, I do not consider that I have done my duty by the young lady by merely assigning these subjects for her study. I feel that I should discover whether she is really getting them, enjoying them, widening her narrow horizon—"

"Finding out that there are other things in the world besides Sanskrit?" I suggested.

"Exactly, exactly, and I particularly feel it my duty now, as I have just received another communication from her father, asking me if Miss Durham seemed to be entering into the spirit of the broader education. My wife and I have asked her twice to our home for tea, and by means of questions, I have tried to ascertain her attitude toward her new subjects of study. But she is so—er—polite—er—reticent that it is very nearly impossible for me to discover her real, her actual state of mind. So you would be assisting both her father and me extremely if you could, from the *student* point of view, and that of an old friend, ascertain the effect of her new education." The professor leaned toward me, eagerly gesticulating.

I inwardly rejoiced that the tea and the cups were safely disposed of.

"Certainly, certainly," I assured him. "I shall be glad to do anything I can to help you."

That evening I climbed wearily to the fourth floor of a campus house. Even in the Stygian blackness of the upper hall I could see, as I had expected, the large "Busy" sign on the door. "I don't care," I declared to myself stoutly, "I, too, come in the interests of her education!"

I knocked boldly. A pause. I knocked again. An angry "Come in, then!" from the other side. I opened the door.

"I'm sorry to interrupt your studying—" I began, and I stopped.

There, mounted upon a desk chair, peering into the mirror (hung conveniently, as usual in college houses, over the chiffonier), stood Helen Durham, anxiously manipulating her hair. She turned.

"Oh, hello, Cornelia," she said. "I thought it was one of the girls wanting me to cram that detestible Greek. Take the Morris chair. I'll come down in a minute. I'm just practicing doing my hair in puffs. Say, isn't it just bully about Nell's getting basket-ball captain?"

The next morning I consulted the professor in his office.

"I have been to call on Miss Durham," said I, "and I think you need have no apprehensions. It seems to me entirely safe for you to write her father that she is entering completely into the spirit of the broader education!"

EUNICE FULLER.

THE VENDER OF DREAMS

Prithee try, come and buy,
Come and buy a dream,
Here is the dream of a kiss for you,
And here is a baby's smile,
Here is a wreath of laurel leaves
And a coronet of gold,
Here is a fairy's buttercup shoe
That really ought to be sold.
I'll buy or sell, exchange, make new,
I'm sure I've the very thing for you.
My wares I cry. Who'll buy? Who'll buy?

JEAN CHALLIS MACDUFFIE.

EDITORIAL

The other day as five or six of us, upperclassmen, were sitting in one of the girls' rooms discussing "Hedda Gabler" with animation and wit, a freshman drifted in to inquire with puckered brow what we considered "a sense of responsibility" to be. The simplest phrase often looms up big with difficulty in the defining. The roomful of us were put to it to find a creditable answer. Finally we got out our old stand-by, the Unabridged, and, looking under "responsible," found this defined as follows: "Liable to account; accountable; answerable; as for a trust reposed, or for a debt." As this definition, for all practical purposes, left us about where we started, one of the seniors dismissed the subject, remarking with a twinkle, "A sense of responsibility is that which, the old alums always tell us, undergraduates have not." A grave state of affairs if it be true!

As a matter of actual experience, however, many of us would say, I think, that college has developed in us, first and foremost of its moral benefits, a sense of responsibility; a consciousness of one thing and another's having been entrusted to us for which we must answer back, not as a matter of outside compulsion, but as a matter of inner moral obligation. I do not mean for an instant that such a sense is developed in everyone. It is quite possible to live along in a rather irresponsible manner here as elsewhere. But the complexity of the life—far more complex than the home life of almost any of us could be—emphasizes the desirability of a sense of responsibility if things are to run smoothly and successfully.

In the sphere of the department clubs, for instance, the irresponsible girl may pay her dues because she knows that after such and such a date they will be raised twenty-five cents or so fortnightly. Here it is a case of coercion; she is forced into following the course of action which a sense of responsibility to the club would have entailed upon her in the beginning. But she will cut meetings and evade papers up to the limit, regardless

of the fact that a club finds its support less in a full treasury than in an enthusiastic membership. Membership in a department club is a trust. Such membership is voluntary; it may be resigned at will. It is therefore a trust accepted, and must be answered for. It is patent to the most heedless that only a sense of responsibility in themselves and the majority of their associates can make the club a success.

Then there are the plays; the little house-plays and the society plays, all those not strictly coached. When the responsible girl accepts a part in one of these she takes it as a trust; she feels that she must answer for it. That means that she will not cut rehearsals, or come tardily to them; that she will learn her lines in season; that she will work up her part to the very best of her ability; that she will not sit up late the night before the performance, or run out to the letter-box without a coat, or feast recklessly on dream-cakes. The blindest cannot but see how much more smoothly things run in consequence; while the irresponsibility of one member of the caste may waste everybody's time and patience, bungle the cues, and develop in herself a fatal case of laryngitis or acute indigestion at the eleventh hour. When the responsible girl says she will "do" the costumes or the scenery she feels that she is morally bound to provide the best costumes and the most effective scenery possible. No shabby make-shifts satisfy her conscience. If she captains a team she lets people know they are to play, and when, rather than let things take care of themselves and trust to luck or a hurry-up 'phone call to bring a full team on to the floor at the proper time. If she belongs to the Mandolin Club she attends rehearsals, memorizes her notes, and watches the signs on the Bulletin so that she is not always putting herself to the inconvenience of going over to the Students' Building to find that the rehearsal has been postponed. If she has charge of the Class-Book she feels accountable to her class for the best Class-Book that it is in her power to give them. No careless or half-hearted work satisfies her conscience.

And in all these various activities her co-workers, if not the girl herself, can but perceive the happy results of her sense of responsibility. This is no case for the proverb to be quoted with a cynical lift of the eyebrows, "Virtue is its own reward." This virtue is not only popularly recognized but popularly appreciated for what it is worth. The possession of "a sense of

responsibility" threatens to become worn as thread-bare with much use as a stock-recommendation as was its predecessor, the "executive ability"; and, on the reverse side, I have more than once heard committees decide that some task would better not be assigned to an otherwise suitable person, "because, my dear, she is utterly irresponsible. Better trust it to some one less talented and more dependable." So that through both avenues of approach, selfish or altruistic, the outspoken appreciation of responsibility and impatience at irresponsibility urge upon one the desirability of a sense of responsibility. It follows that what is truly felt to be desirable becomes an object of pursuit.

In the last analysis, however, this sense of responsibility which college tends to develop, comes to something deeper and bigger than all this. One comes to feel that many small talents have been entrusted to one; trusts which, by continuing to live, one tacitly accepts. As Stevenson has it, "To be what we are, and to become what we are capable of becoming, is the only end of life." Let me not hide these talents away in the earth! Let my soul more strive

"To serve therewith my Maker and present
My true account, lest he returning chide—"

But, beyond this, lies a nobler responsibility. There has been a very precious thing entrusted to me: my neighbor's happiness. "One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may." In this last is wrapped and enfolded all the lesser responsibilities, great and small.

EDITOR'S TABLE

Anyone who is interested in the magazine verse of to-day has doubtless had this experience. After we have read a great deal that is interesting in thought and much that is pleasing in expression, suddenly we find a bit of verse that is not so much interesting or pleasing as *real*, and we say to ourselves "That writer *knew*—that is an actual experience."

Now we have long heard from our critics that our verse is good. Usually this pleasant comment is accompanied by one not so pleasant concerning our prose. So it may agreeably surprise some of us to hear that all of our prose does not fall under this ban, that our sketch department finds favor at least among the various college exchanges. What they do criticise, however, is the literary department. Not the verse nor the occasional story, but what we familiarly call the "heavies." They find them too heavy. Indeed, one of our critics (from a man's college) fears for the gentler sex if they persist in bothering their brains with such topics. Now we entertain such fears not at all. For well we know that, willy-nilly, in certain courses we must persist in bothering our brains with such topics, must write about them, and few as yet have perished under the strain. And we are very proud of work of that sort which is done here at Smith, because it *does* represent work and interest in that work. But what sort of interest is it? Herein I think lies ground for criticism.

The primary interest is not usually a literary one. Work of such sort is very valuable to each one personally, and interesting to some few, but no matter how interested a girl may be in her subject, how thoroughly she may have mastered it, there are very few papers turned out which will be interesting to many people, which will appeal to them as embodying real experiences of the writer. We do not say, when we have finished, "She knew." We admire, we envy, but it is because we realize the immense amount of work done, and with what efficiency it has been done. When we want something that we feel appeals to the real interest of the writer and will appeal to that of the reader, we turn to some other part of the magazine.

This is not as it should be nor as it need be. There ought to be and is a ground of interest for the Smith girl which lies between the short story and the problems of philosophy. For all of us there is some place, some people, some subject of which we have a first-hand knowledge, which is sufficiently real to us to be a vital part of our mental life. It is not always easy to write about the thing we know; some of us prefer the subject which we read about, others of us that which we fancy about. But after all, the thing we know,—that is the thing of interest.

There is plenty of room in the MONTHLY for such work, something that shall bridge the chasm which now too frequently yawns between the literary and the sketch department, something which shall be not a story, not a required paper, but our experience of life with which we personally have come in contact. Several of the other college magazines have been urging their contributors to turn from the consideration of old, long-discussed topics to those of the present day. Why not follow their advice and seize the material which each one of us has at hand?

CALIFORNIA

These many years the hoary missions lie
Under the turquoise sky
Smiling, like white-haired priests asleep,
Who dream of happy memories.
And still the blue Sierras keep
Their ancient guard above the flow'ring orange trees.
When softly, like a dusky cowl,
The odorous night wraps round the day,
And in the purple deep
The dying sun is laid away,
His only requiem a mournful owl,
Alone, and owl-like, mourning unremembered wrong.
Then rings the ghostly Angelus so sweet
That, shattered by a song,
The years turn back to Spanish nights
Two hundred years ago; and from the street
The mellow twang of the guitar
Some dark-eyed belle invites
Out into the star-gardens of the sky
And passes in the distance down the road
From Santa Barbara to Mirimar.

—*Harvard Monthly.*

AN EVENING SONG

TO L.

The cool sweet winds are sweet and cool as the breath of her ;
 The star-lit skies are pure and fair as the face of her ;
 The evening thrills with the thought of the beauty and joy of her,
 And something within my heart sings low of the love of her.

O Whispering Winds, are you whispering a word she breathed to you?
 O Glowing Stars, do you mirror the glow in the eyes of her?
 O Evening Thrill, dost thou come from the thrill of the soul of her?
 O Song-in-my-Heart, dost thou echo the song in the heart of her?

—*Columbia Monthly.*

VERSES

Past the gray fog-banks, out in mid-ocean,
 Lies a dim island, the land of our dreams.
 Out there the dream-gods, who give the dream-potion,
 Sport in the moonlight and rest by its streams.

Fog-wrapped by day, the low island lies hidden,—
 Lost in the unending stretches of gray ;
 Empty its grottos, its forests forbidden ;
 Lost, till the moon calls the dream-gods to play.

Thither we sail, the night wind in our faces,
 Thither to rest from the toils of the day.
 Peace ever restful our trouble replaces,
 Out in that mystical isle of Cathay.

—*The Haverfordian.*

THE SPELL OF ASHTAROTH

O Ashtarothe, how heavy are thine eyes !
 How warm thy bosom whereon lies
 Thy poppy-scented hair ! How red thy lips,
 Through which thy breath in half-caught sighing slips
 All moist and passion-heated. Pale and gray-green
 Thy sleep-compelling orbs glow dull like serpent's sheen.
 O Ashtarothe, how heavy are thine eyes !

Minerva, Dian, and Phoebus, these in turn
 I follow till, sick at heart, with longing dumb, I yearn
 For thee, O Ashtarothe. To thy warm arms' embrace
 I come, O queen, and hide my foolish face.
 No more to hope, no more to laugh or weep,
 Beneath thy placid gaze I sink to sleep :—
 O Ashtarothe, how heavy are thine eyes !

—*The Brunonian.*

NINEVEH

Ah, Nineveh, had you but known
 At what a price men purchase lust,
 And that the barren desert's dust
 Is but the crumbled might of stone !

How many pyramids have thrown
 Their giant arms upon the earth,
 To give the great Sahara birth !
 Ah, Nineveh, had you but known !

—*Harvard Monthly.*

PORTFOLIO

BALLAD OF MYSELF AND MONSIEUR RABELAIS

King Henry hath his amber wine,
 And Frank of Guise, as gossips tell,
 Eats every day a capon fine,
 And sneers at hock or hydromel.
 But as for us we'd rather dwell
 A little from the world away,
 Although we love its cheer right well,
 Myself and Monsieur Rabelais.

Of Panurge on the restless brine
 He hath a jolly tale to tell,
 Of how Gargantua did dine,
 Or of the great Pantagruel,
 And what adventure him befel,
 To make one laugh a summer's day.
 We get on marvelously well,
 Myself and Monsieur Rabelais.

Though Churchman rant of wrath divine,
 Or Saint of Sales our doom foretell,
 " 'Twill all come right," as we opine,
 Though Pope or Luther burn in Hell.
 The mystery of the flask to spell
 Brings better hope of judgment day,
 Which comforts both of us full well,
 Myself and Monsieur Rabelais.

Envoi

Prince ! in strict fact although we dwell
 Three merry centuries away
 We hob and nob surpassing well,
 Myself and Monsieur Rabelais.

—*Yale Literary Magazine.*

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

THE LOOM OF THE FOG

So dense that the gull on silent quest
Sails in solitude out to the west,
Symbol of loneliness to our souls,
Gray as the mist that inward rolls.

Strange in the distance the warning bell
Comes to our ears with its mournful knell,
Now halting, tolling so faithfully,
Speaking to staunch ships in from the sea.

In from the sea where God and man
Meet face to face in the endless span
That stretches on in immensity
Though the veil of fog be thick at sea.

So thick at sea that your breath comes slow,
And a fearful quiet rules below,
As the gloom hides chance of life and light
From eyes that have almost lost their sight.

The chance has come and the signal bell
Bids us forget—all is well !
Vanish, that loom of the fog? Ah no—
It will stay and during my life be so.

MARION ELIZA DODD '06.

SOLDIERS.

Oh ! it was a gallant army
That lined up on the floor,
Forward march ! Advance ! Right flank !
It reached the study door.

And there another army stood,
A giant great and tall,
He threw a wad of paper
And nearly killed them all.

It was such fun to play at war
 And fight with Uncle Ned,
 For after he had played awhile
 He always fell down dead.

But Aunt Louise she never played
 The way I think quite fair,
 She always killed them with her skirts
 And left them lying there.

LAURA CASEY GEDDES '07.

A PRAYER

'Tis very hard to be good, dear God,
 And our striving seems often in vain.
 And the world is full of sorrow,
 And the world is full of pain.

But we'll try our very best, dear God,
 And though we may fail and do wrong,
 We pray that Thou wilt forgive our mistakes,
 And that Thou wilt help us be strong.

V. PAULINE HAYDEN '07.

All the musical and fashionable people of Berlin were assembled in the opera house that night to listen to a new opera, which, report said, promised to be one of the greatest successes of the age. They had come

The Composer

not to approve, but to criticize and to criticize harshly. The composer of the opera had never yet pleased them although enterprising managers had always advertised his operas as the tremendous success of the age. And so when the orchestra began they were prepared to be indifferent. Their indifference disappeared at once. What music was that, which throbbed and vibrated in their ears, which thrilled them through and through by its mournful tones, seeming to express all the yearning and appeal of a human soul! Nothing like it had ever before been heard. Now it was soft and mysterious, now it seemed to be the wailing appeal of a soul in distress, now it thundered out as if to express the mighty conflict of the greatest human passions. As scene succeeded scene their wonder increased, and they sat speechless, under a magic spell until the wonderful finale was reached. Then that select and critical audience rose to its feet. Men and women, frenzied with delight, cheered and clapped, until the whole opera house rang with applause. They called repeatedly for the composer. He was nowhere to be found. The enthusiastic crowd demanded that he be summoned and a messenger was sent to bring him.

Afar off, in a poor, bare room where none of the applause could reach him the composer lay on his death-bed. His huge frame was wasted by disease and his face deeply furrowed with sorrows and cares was whiter than the

pillow on which it lay. It was a ghastly face, ghastly in its strength. Every line on it was the mark of a soul which had made a mighty, hopeless struggle against failure. There was no discontent but rather a supreme patience, which had hoped against hope for success that never came, and which had at last come to regard defeat as inevitable.

The composer opened his eyes and looked at his wife and children watching silently by his bedside. There was sorrow and even reproach in their faces. They had been patient with him although they had never understood him. They, too, thought he was a failure but they knew that he had tried to do his best. He had fulfilled his mission before God, if not before men. Any yet, it would have made dying easier if he could have succeeded in the sight of his fellow men, too. But God had not so willed it.

The composer wandered back over his life. From childhood, music had always appealed to him as a voice mysterious and almost divine. It was the ideal expression of the soul—a sacred thing not to be profaned. His Compositions were the embodiment of this one ruling idea. He had put his best efforts in them, but they were scorned and disregarded because their meaning was not understood. At last, almost broken in heart and in strength, he had concentrated his whole soul and body in one last composition. It was an opera, the supreme effort of his life, as it was his last. He had spared nothing to make it perfect and had consumed all his vitality in producing it.

And now, while he was waiting for the summons of Death, his last work was being performed in the distant theatre. No doubt it, too, would fail just as the others. He could see the audience, their faces hard with disapproval, listening coldly to his appealing music. He could hear the gallery gods mocking and hissing. The actors in his last opera had been hissed off the stage and the newspapers had called his opera a “fiasco” and the work of an insane man. The world had always called those men insane whom it could not understand. He was glad he could not be there to-night to see the work of a life-time shattered. Another ordeal like the last would drive him mad. He had longed before to be at the opera house, but he saw now it was best that he could not. He was glad that he was to leave this world behind, this cruel world, which had judged him so harshly. The composer wearily closed his eyes again and fell into that last deep sleep which knows no awakening. Suddenly the door burst open, and the messenger from the opera house dashed in. Alas! if he had only been a moment sooner. The tidings that he brought could not reach the silent man lying there motionless on the bed. Success had come but too late. The Composer had passed from the judgment of men into the presence of his maker.

SUSIE B. STARR, '05.

Application for rooms on the campus for Commencement must be made to the respective class secretaries. Judging from last year's experience it will be useless for any class later than '98 to apply for the campus, as the places will all be taken by the older classes.

MRS. J. S. GARRISON, Chairman of Committee.

The following addresses of alumnae have proved to be unreliable. It is earnestly requested that anyone possessing information about the present addresses of these alumnae will kindly send it to the General Secretary of the Alumnae Association at 184 Elm Street, Northampton, Mass.

Blanche A. D. Elmer ex-'00, 1818 7th Street, Troy, N. Y.

Mrs. Worcester (Grace Worthington Bushee ex-'02) 100 Pembroke Street, Boston.

Mrs. John Reid (Mary L. Richardson '93), 247 S. Main St., Manchester, N. H.

Mrs. Sanford Sawin (Ellen B. Quigley '04), Kenova, W. Va.

Mary Wham '06, 963 Hamilton Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Erdman B. Foth (Mary Field Eaton '93), 595 Hancock St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Erving Y. Woolley (Mary Emily Davis '95), 76 Harold St., Roxbury, Mass.

Edna W. Collins '01, Plymouth Hotel, Denver, Col.

Caroline van H. Bean '03, 14 E. 32d St., New York City.

Harriet Morris '97 and her sister, Mildred Morris, graduate of the Boston Cooking School, and the Domestic Science Department of Columbia University, have reopened the Copper Kettle Tea Room at 223 Merchantile Place, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Lend a Hand Dramatic Club of Boston will present "Romeo and Juliet" at the Academy of Music, Northampton, Mass., on Saturday, April 11; matinee at 2.30 and evening performance at 8. Prices \$1.50, \$1.00 and 75 cents.

Exchange checks are now on sale at 184 Elm Street, Northampton. Address Miss Florence H. Snow, to whom all cheques, money orders, etc., should be made out.

Holders of checks can exchange them for tickets, by mail or in person, on March 19-21, at 184 Elm Street. State for which performance tickets are desired. Applications will be filed in order of their receipt.

The remaining tickets will be on sale at Bridgman & Lyman's Book Store, Northampton, from March 26 to April 8, and at the Academy of Music from April 9-11.

The Lend-a-Hand Dramatic Club which is to give two performances of "Romeo and Juliet" in Jordan Hall in Boston on the evening of March twenty-sixth and the afternoon of March twenty-

seventh will also give two performances of the same play in Northampton on April eleventh.

The club is composed of girls of Boston and its vicinity, many of them graduates of Vassar, Wellesley, Radcliffe and Smith. It was organized about five years ago by Miss Ethel Freeman, Smith '02, with the object of interesting its members both in a higher grade of dramatic work than that usually attempted by amateur clubs, and in an organized charitable

work. During the past five years the members of the Club have successfully presented a number of plays, "Lady Ursula," "In a Balcony," "Taming of the Shrew," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "As You Like It," and last year the triple bill of "Beaucaire," "Land of Heart's Desire," and "Gringoire." During that time they have contributed generously to many well known Boston charities, and now they think it fitting, as they are a club of girls, to devote themselves in the future to the benefit of other girls. The greater part of the proceeds of the play this year will, therefore, be given to the endowment fund of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics and the Trade Training School for Girls.

Miss Ethel Freeman who is president of the club does all the coaching for the play, rehearsals for which have been going on since last November. The Club has an orchestra of its own members, in charge of Miss Elizabeth Loring, which will play all the incidental and entre acte music for the Boston performances. The incidental music has been adapted from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" and from German. The club is to have its own scenery this year for the first time and both scenery and properties have been designed from sketches made by Miss Freeman in Verona. The cast is as follows:

Escalus,	Winifred Rand
Paris,	Emily P. Locke
Montague	Margaret Estabrook
Capulet,	Mabel Cummings
Romeo,	Esther Saville
Mercutio,	Ethel Hale Freeman
Benvolio,	Helen Knowlton
Tybalt,	Margaret Tapley
Friar Lawrence,	Elsie H. Kearns
Sampson,	Ethel Jaynes
Gregory,	Marion L. Clapp
Peter,	Amy Beal
Abraham,	Rosalind Kempton
Lady Montague,	Frances Wood
Lady Capulet,	Lucy Elliott Shannon
Juliet,	Caroline L. Freeman
Nurse,	Rachel Berenson Perry

Miss Rand is Smith, '04, where she played the parts of the "Professor" in "Captain Jinks" and of "Tony Lumpkin" in "She Stoops to Conquer." Miss Locke, Smith 1900, took many parts in college plays among them "Maid Marion," in Tennyson's "Foresters." Miss Estabrook, Smith '04 took the part of "Claude Melnotte" in the "Lady of Lyons." Miss Cummings, Smith '95 took the part of "Quince" in "Midsummer Night's Dream," the first Shakespeare play ever given there. She also played the part of "Prospero" in the "Tempest" when it was given by the Smith Alumnæ about ten years ago. Miss Saville is Vassar '06, where she won the reputation in the parts of "Cyrano," "Beaucaire" and the "Prince" in "Old Heidelberg." She played the part of "Gringoire" with the club last year. Miss Freeman,

Smith '02 has played, "Petruchio," "Touchstone," "Louis XI," "Beaucaire" and "Norbert" in "In a Balcony." Miss Knowlton is Radcliffe '07, where she played "Chas. Surface" in the "School for Scandal." Miss Tapley is Wellesley '07, where she played "Hortensio" in "The Taming of the Shew" and "Antonio" in "Much Ado About Nothing." Miss Kearns is Smith '06, where she played the "Cardinal" in "The Royal Family" and "Hamlet." She has taken a great many parts at the Sargent School where she has been studying for the last two years. She is coming on from New York expressly to take the part of "Friar Lawrence." Miss Clapp is Smith '04 where she played "Miss Parrot" in "Trelawney of the Wells" and "Beaucaire" in a musical parody on the play. Miss Wood has played "Celia" in "As You Like It" and "Constance" in "In a Balcony." Miss Caroline Freeman has always been especially successful in her presentations of Shakespeare heroines, "Rosalind," "Katherine" and "Portia." Mrs. Perry is Smith '02 where she first played the part of the "Nurse" in "Romeo and Juliet."

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'07. Anna Quincey Churchill,	.	.	Jan. 28-Feb.	1
'06. Marguerite Dixon,	.	.	" 31- "	3
'06. Marion Keeler,	.	.	" 31- "	3
'06. Helen Jackson Pomeroy,	.	.	" 31- "	3
ex-'09. Helen Whitmarsh,	.	.	"	3
'07. Katherine Collins,	.	.	"	1-4
'00. Adelaide S. Dwight,	.	.	"	7
'06. Marion E. Dodd,	.	.	"	7
'87. Ruth S. Bowles Baldwin,	.	.	"	10-14
'07. Agatha E. Gruber,	.	.	"	13-18
'04. Ruth A. Mills,	.	.	"	14-16
'81. Lucia Clapp Noyes,	.	.	"	18-22
'83. Mira H. Hall,	.	.	"	19
'07. Marion Legate,	.	.	"	19
'07. Laura Casey Geddes,	.	.	"	21
'06. Emma Loomis,	.	.	"	21-23
'06. Mary Eloise Gallup,	.	.	"	21-24
'05. Myra Hastings,	.	.	"	21-25
'01. Mary F. Barrett,	.	.	"	21-26
'07. Susan M. Penhallow,	.	.	"	21-27
'03. Harriet Barrows,	.	.	"	22
'93. Mary A. Cook,	.	.	"	22
'00. Cora E. Sweeny,	.	.	"	22
'02. Edith Hancox,	.	.	"	22
'05. Eleanor H. Brown,	.	.	"	22
'06. Ruth S. Finch,	.	.	"	22
'06. Phoebe Ward Randall,	.	.	"	22

'07. Emily Kimball,	.	.	.	Feb. 23-Mar.	6
'07. Frances M. Morrill,	.	.	.	" 27- "	1
'04. Marion Prouty,	.	.	.	" 28	
'06. Olive H. Dunne,	.	.	.	" 29	
'95. Bertha F. Barden,	.	.	.	"	3
'07. May Irene Miller,	.	.	.	"	3

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Florence Dixon, 20 Belmont Avenue, Northampton.

'95. Clara Belle Finney announces her marriage to Mr. William Burgett Carver.

'00. Julia Fay announces her marriage to Mr. Charles Haywood. Address, 254 Oak Street, Holyoke, Massachusetts.

Bertha I. Smith announces her engagement to Mr. Clement Fessenden Merrill, Amherst '99. She will be married in May.

'03. Nettie McDougall announces her engagement to Clarence Schofield of Chicago.

Isabel C. Wight announces her engagement to Mr. Frank K. Mitchell, M. I. T. '02, of Hyde Park, Massachusetts.

'05. The present address of Annie May Murray and Jessie Murray '05 is Columbus Barracks, Ohio.

'06. Harriette E. Berry is acting as amanuensis for her grandmother, Mrs. Gould, at 115 Warren Street, Hudson, New York.

Louise Marshall Ryals was married in Mexico, February 11, to Carlos Cravioto.

BIRTHS

'96. Mrs. L. R. Eastman, Jr. (Eva L. Hills), a daughter, Margaret Hills, born March 30, 1907.

'97. Mrs. Allen S. Burnham (Florence Dustin), a daughter, Lucile, born August 25.

Mrs. Edward S. Cole (Mary W. Rockwell), a son, Edward Shaw, born January 7.

Mrs. Lyman W. Griswold (Grace C. Kimball), a daughter, Ruth, born October 27.

Mrs. Chester M. Grover (Florence M. Whiting), a son, Richard, born January 14, 1907.

Mrs. John W. Knight (Lillian Ware), a daughter, Margaret Evelyn, born in August.

Mrs. Charles S. Macfarland (Perley Merrill), a daughter, Lucia Merrill, born January 1.

Mrs. Edgerton Parsons (Alice T. Lord), a daughter, Alice Edgerton, born October 24.

- Mrs. Garrett C. Pier (Adelaide Wilson), a daughter, Beatrice, born December 23.
- Mrs. Howard L. Rogers (Clara H. Phillips), a daughter, Caroline Crawford, born October 18.
- Mrs. Sanford Stoddart (Hannah Johnson), a son, Goodwin, born in December.
- Mrs. Cleveland E. Watrous (Grace Greenwood), a daughter, Jeannette, born January 12.
- '98. Mrs. Albert N. Cryan (Florence M. Reed), a son, Munroe Reed, born January 10.
- Mrs. D. Edgar Manson (Effie Comey), a daughter, Effie Comey, born September 27.
- '99. Mrs. Alvin Henry Lauer (Carolyn Adler), a daughter, Esther Lauer, born January 23.
- '03. Mrs. Frederick DeWolf Bolman (Florence L. Tullock), a daughter, Katherine Southwick, born February 11.
- ex-'06*, Mrs. William Mather Lewis (Ruth Durand), a daughter, Sarah Durand.

DEATHS

- '98. Mrs. D. Edgar Munson (Effie Comey), died November 17.
- Mrs. A. N. Cryan (Florence M. Reed), died January 27.

ABOUT COLLEGE

TO THE GLEE CRITIC

Prologue

In vain hath the poet tried,
As here he showeth,
And, having versified,
Stark mad he goeth.

Canto I

"Oh revert to Sophia," The Glee Critic said,
'Oh revert to Sophia whom we so much admire."
 "We want no more hillsides
 With shadows o'er-spread,
But the life of Sophia,
 First of all must be read.
Is "Smith" German, or Irish,
 Or from languages dead?
Was the lady in question
 E'er engaged to be wed?
And what were the schemes,
 Which she had in her head,
As to how gentlewomen,
 Should be taught, housed and fed?
One must master the subject,"
 The Glee Critic said.
"Oh revert to Sophia. whom we so much admire."

Canto II

Alas, oh worthy critic! I've reverted,
By methods analytic, I've converted
Into a verse all this stuff, disconcerted
Am I to find my feeble wit perverted.
How long can utter madness be averted,
Since I to our Sophia have reverted?

HENRIETTA SPERRY.

AN ENGAGING GIRL

I never saw in all my days
A girl with such engaging ways !
She had engaged my history
In the reference room to-day,
She has engaged the tailor
Who fashions my array,
She has engaged the very seats
I wanted for the play.
And so, though it is only March
Still many weeks till May.
I'm writing to my "Prom Man"
For fear if I delay,
He'll answer with contrition
That he has to say me "Nay"
Because he's promised to the girl
With that engaging way.

MARGARET STEEN '08.

THE SNARE OF BEAUTY.

A haughty little Sophomore
All spick and span in white,
Strolled over to the orchard
To see the Prom-day sight.

She viewed the fluffy Juniors
With critisizing eye,
She gazed with interest at their men,
As they went walking by.

"A sadder looking set of men,
I never hope to see,
I vow he'll be a handsome man
Who promenades with me."

This haughty little Sophomore.
She was a Junior now,
When her fifth man refused her
Alack ! where was her vow ?

She viewed her dainty little dress
A-spread out on her bed,
With gloves and slippers all to match,
And tragically she said :

"I do not care for beauty,
It is a vain conceit
I only want a Prom-man now
Who can wiggle on his feet."

J. ESTELLE VALENTINE '10.

AFTER THOUGHTS

Earnest Student:

I didn't know a thing to-day,
 So when she called on me
 I changed the subject right away.
 But did it tactfully.
 She thought the recitation good,
 I knew she would!

Faculty:

She didn't know a single thing
 When called upon to-day,
 And yet nobody can deny
 She had a lot to say.
 She thought the recitation good,
 I knew she would!

MIRIAM A. MYERS '08.

Outside a cold, drizzly rain is falling. It freezes to ice almost as soon as it touches the sidewalk. To-morrow will be the last day of mid-year "exams."

Almost everyone is through with them.

By Calculation of Chances Only a few of us are left to protest against the fate which led us to elect the particular

courses which have examinations to-morrow, and against the malicious intent of the office or the teacher or whoever is responsible for such a pernicious arrangement. Two weary and indignant sophomores in rain-coat and galosh with note-book and fountain pen in hand are just going out to study at the library. They have English 4 to-morrow and they have tried to economize this year by not buying books. I think of the cold and rain outside, and of the warmth and comfort of my own room. I get a mental image of my "Students' History of Philosophy" and my "Source-Book of Greek Philosophy" calmly resting on my book-shelf. I compare my principle of buying all the books I need with the perverted economy of my sophomore friends. I take a long breath of exultation as I feel my own superiority. I leave my seat by the fireplace and go up to my room.

On my desk I find three books. One is Creighton's "Logic." on which is a brief note, "Thank you so much for lending this to me—Helen." I pause for a moment, and finally remember that Helen C—— had wanted to rent the book in September, but that I had refused to rent it, telling her, however, that she could have it for a few days till she got her own copy. I frown and grin at the same time.

The next book is Robinson's "History of Western Europe," with a ragged note protruding from the upper edge. I raise the cover and read: "Returned with many thanks. Ruth." I think of all the Ruths I ever knew, but I don't remember having loaned the book to any of them. I am puzzled.

The third book is Jordan and Heath's "Animal Forms." On it a note read-

ing, "Thank you a lot for letting me have it. Margaret." I am sure that I have never laid hands on this book—not even to give it to anyone—since I studied zoölogy three years ago. I become seriously disturbed.

I control myself sufficiently, however, to put them in their proper places on the shelves. Then I reach for my two philosophy books. Only one of them is there. I take that and lay it on the desk. I am sure that they were both in the book-case before dinner, but I realize that I may be mistaken. I search all over my room, but in vain. Nobody else in the house takes Philosophy 4. I must have the book to-night as the "exam" comes at nine to-morrow. An image of those sophomores emerging into the chill night comes to my mind. But it is inevitable—I must go out and find a copy of that "Students' History." I begin to doubt my superiority.

Forbes Library is closed. I go to the Reference Library. There I find that the book has been monopolized by the girls in one house for several days. I become indignant, but I remain firm in my determination to get the book. I begin to consider possibilities. All those that take the course need it as well as myself. All those that have had it before are gone out into the "wide, wide world." Then I think of my faculty friends. After finding one or two of those frivolous individuals "out," I am finally welcomed by one who, after some effort, succeeds in extricating the much-desired volume from an odd corner. I am profuse in my thanks. I withdraw and hastily betake myself to my room, holding the precious "History" tightly under my arm, for fear that it, too, may escape in some mysterious way.

I enter my room and go to my desk. The "*Source-Book*" is gone now! I begin to mistrust my senses. I wonder if I am in a trance or in a Fool's House. But the fact remains the same. The book has been removed during my absence, without the slightest word of explanation. I now become entirely pessimistic. I have never read Aristotle's "Psychology," which is to be found only in the "*Source-Book*." I feel sure that this will be one of the questions on the "exam," and I see distinct possibilities of a low grade, or even a condition. In my senior year at that! Never!

Still holding under my arm the recently acquired "Students' History," I face the cold and rain once more and disturb again my kind and gracious faculty friend, who, after much effort, produces the second much-desired volume. I look upon her as a fairy god-mother. This restores me somewhat to my usual cheerful optimism. I hold the precious volumes with a firm grasp and hasten home.

I enter my room and go to the desk. On it lies a copy of the "*Source-Book*"! I start back in despair and astonishment. Am I losing my mind, or must I follow Berkeley and doubt the reality of the external world? I approach the desk again and lay my finger on the "*Source-Book*" to test its reality. But no, it can't be mine—there's a horrid stain on the cover. I raise the cover; there's no name inscribed in it, and I'm sure I had my name in mine. Stuck in between the pages I find a note saying, "Thanks for letting me have this. I thought I'd better return it, as you might possibly need it to-night." No signature! My brain is in utter confusion. My head becomes hot.

I remove my hat and coat and look around. There on the table I find my "*Oxford Book of Verse*," which has been missing for some weeks. I take it

up and search for a note. But I find none. Surreptitiously removed, surreptitiously returned! That appeals to my sense of humor. I begin to feel better.

I decide to lie down and rest for a few minutes. Presto! on the couch I find a beautiful, limp-leather, gilt-edged copy of Rossetti's poems, with the note, "Returned with thanks." No signature. No name in the book. Now I have never owned a volume of Rossetti, but I have always wanted one very badly. I take it up and finger the pages. It feels so nice with its soft, smooth leather, and fine, crisp India paper. I cease to rebel against the prevalent free interchange of books. I resolve not to concern myself with the disappearance of my philosophy books or of any others. I decide to submit myself resignedly to a series of permutations, and by calculation of chances I conclude that in the end I shall probably have as many books as I started out with; and that after all it may be well to have from time to time some change and variety in one's library.

VICTORIA A. LAMOUR '08.

TEMPERATUREMENTAL DIFFERENCES

"Oh," said they
 "A lovely day!"
 "A lovely day!" said I
 "Why?"
 "We're contemplating
 Going skating
 Bye and bye."
 "But I don't skate
 I simply hate
 The cold. If you
 Turned frigid, blue
 And got chilled through
 You'd hate it, too!"
 But "Oh," said they
 "A lovely day!"
 And went away
 To skate
 I wait
 For spring
 To bring
 Days that are hot
 They'll like them not
 Then I shall say
 To their dismay
 "A lovely day!"
 And turn away
 And leave them all
 Hoping the temperature will fall—
 "Lovely!" they'll sigh
 "Why?"

MIRIAM A. MYERS '08.

With the applause of an admiring audience still ringing in their ears, with the congratulations of their friends and families still fresh in their minds,

**A Plea for the Management
of Smith College Plays by
a College Dramatic Club**

what are the true feelings of the members of the cast of Senior Dramatics when they have at last left the scene of their labors—of their success or failure? It is fortunate perhaps for the succeeding attempts, that most of these feelings are stifled, or at least only vented in some far off place—and the glamour and the glory again stand ready the next year to entice aspirants to such fame to sacrifice the better part of their last year of college life, to give up all, even health oftentimes in order to have a part in Senior Dramatics. But when we once start to investigate the condition of "Dramatics" we realize that the whole system needs a remedy, and we must begin at the bottom. It is amazing to discover the number of plays that are given during each year. Four "Student Building plays," given by campus houses in their turn, the Alpha-Phi Kappa Psi play and either a German Club or French Club play are the most elaborate productions next to Senior Dramatics, but if time, energy and perseverance are factors in the consideration, the short plays given at the regular meetings of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies, and the departmental clubs and the numerous "impromptu" house plays are of no small importance. True it is that there is a time limit placed on the rehearsals for all the Student Building productions, but for what or whose good? The work of six weeks is crowded into three, and it is no uncommon occurrence when rehearsals during the last week last four or five hours a day! Meanwhile those who have not been so "fortunate" as to get a part are employed every spare moment with the scenery and costumes.

A proposed remedy for this condition of affairs is a College Dramatic Organization. The membership would be limited, and admittance by trials before a committee of faculty and senior members of the club. This club should have entire charge and control of all Student Building plays, and "Senior Dramatics." No girl should have a leading part more than once a year—and the distribution of parts should be as general as the varying ability of the different members would allow. An annual tax would pay for the expenses of the Student Building plays, and the production given at commencement time in place of Senior Dramatics would be self supporting as it has been in the past. The same system as is now used by the campus houses and the clubs for their plays would be used for allotting invitations: The faculty would be given first choice, the members of the cast, and the committees and then the club. An effort might be made to have lectures given during the year by professors in various schools of dramatic training, as by other well known people interested in acting. Finally, the aim of the organization would be: to alleviate the present strain connected with the plays, to give fewer and better productions, to encourage a deeper interest in dramatic work and to raise the performances given at Smith College to a higher level and a more important status.

Many there are, however, who view this idea with disapproval and doubt. "There are so many girls, they say who really cannot act but have infinite pleasure in being butlers, maids, or stalwart footmen in their " campus house

plays." Can this compensate for the disappointment of those, who because they are unable to get a campus assignment never have an opportunity to show a really fair ability in that line? Moreover consider the number of unwilling ones who for the "success of the play" and the "good of the house" are inveigled into taking small parts, which require, in the end, just as many rehearsals when they would infinitely prefer to be giving their time to outdoor sports as other pastimes. Again the objection often raised as to time and expense is easily refuted. It would be the plan of the club to have systematic training throughout the year, and thus, in a degree, avoid the last mad rush. This training, too, would be a pleasure to the members of the club, who are deeply interested, and have the success of the organization at heart. The tax, previously spoken of, would meet all expenses. For if the dues were fifty cents a semester, as in most other clubs—and if the club numbered one hundred—that sum would easily suffice for the Student Building plays which would never exceed three in number. Moreover, in time a sufficient amount of scenery and properties would accumulate—and thus constantly lessen the burden of expenses. Campus houses have objected to this proposed plan, on the ground that it would deprive them of their chief means of paying their debts of hospitality. But if no house gave a play, other houses would not be called upon to reciprocate. Could not Student Building dances and receptions suffice as a means of exchanging hospitality? At any rate why should dramatics be attacked, any more than the Glee Club?

But whatever the objections may be, the reasons for such an organization seem to more than overbalance. If the club should number one hundred in all,—forty senior members, thirty juniors, twenty sophomores and ten freshmen—it would probably embrace at the end of each class's senior year, all its really interested and clever members. The competition freshmen year, for the first ten places would, no doubt, be lively, and be a severe tax on the committee for trials. But could this exceed the interest now manifested in the nine places on the freshman basket-ball team? Is not dramatics worthy of equal attention and consideration? Indeed instead of its being the aim of all freshmen to play basket-ball, their interest might be divided and the honors of the year shared! Moreover there would always be the hope and inspiration to those who failed that there would be another chance the next year. Fear might be expressed that the same girls would have the leading parts every year—but this could be done away with by a regulation that only Juniors and Seniors could hold these parts, and that no girl would be eligible more than once a year. In this way, all members would be able to participate at least once. If such a club were formed, a more professional means of training might be instituted, and instead of amateur dramatics being a drawback to later work, they might be made to be a help and benefit. Regular meetings, such as are held now by other clubs would serve as a means of entertainment and training as well. Readings by the members, well-prepared recitations or lectures by invited guests would constitute enjoyable programs. That the plays given by the club would be of greater merit, more polished productions: goes without saying. The smallest parts would be filled by competent, interested persons, and the play would without doubt be a greater delight to the audience and a greater pride to the college. Thus dramatics,

by the competition for membership in the club, by the honor involved, by the better training, and more deep-felt interest, would rank much higher as a factor in our college life and in comparison with other colleges.

The testimony of many girls who have had large parts in Senior Dramatics would suffice to show the evil and danger of such productions. After the long period of rehearsals, the nervous strain around commencement time and the final relief, it has taken some girls all summer to fully recuperate. Moreover the disappointment felt by some who fail to get their long-hoped-for part has been sufficient to spoil the entire college course. Such incidents are enough to show the necessity for a change in the management.

That a dramatic organization is possible—that it is attended with success and satisfaction to all concerned is manifested by the experience of other colleges. Men's colleges give high rank to their institutions of this kind, and Wellesley and Vassar both testify to the good points of such a management of college dramatics.

If the undertaking to change the condition of affairs at Smith should seem too difficult, or even impossible, a consideration of the organization for Christian work, which has been attended with so much success, might be sufficient to dispel such fears. Years ago when each branch of Christian work was a unit by itself it seemed equally difficult to imagine these various branches under one head. Time has testified to the power and strength of the S. C. A. C. W. and why could not such a thing repeat itself in the formation of a dramatic club where at all events, the unit of interest is more evident, and the benefit to the subject in hand, even more apparent?

HARRIET BYERS, '09.

I, the undersigned, do on this night, January 18, 1908, being in my right mind and possessed, not of all my faculties, but with fear of all the faculty, humbly make my last will and testament.

Mid-Years! To my worthy father I leave all my bills at Bannister's, Field's and Boyden's, and all my money amounting to thirty-three cents. To my mother I bequeath my sewing basket, with all its contents, which are as good as new as I've never used even a needle. To my brother I leave the package of letters tied with pink ribbon, for they may give him helpful suggestions in the near future. (I suppose it would be more romantic if I asked to have Jack's letters buried with me, but no, that isn't the attitude of a college girl. The college woman must sacrifice her own feelings for the development of the world, and I'm sure my brother will find some splendid suggestions in those letters.) I also bequeath to him two volumes of my library, my Carhart's "University Physics" and Greene's "Short History of England." To my sister I leave my jewels, consisting of my precious Bible paper and my physics note-book.

Signed :
Pet Ray Fide.

Witnesses :

A Full Moon.
An Innocent Mouse,
A Dripping Candle.

CARRIE NEWHALL '10.

Rally Day this year was celebrated with more than the ordinary enthusiasm and good feeling. The exercises were of peculiar significance and of distinct bearing upon the problems of the day. President Seelye spoke

Rally Day of one phase of George Washington, his innate honesty in those times when graft, corruption and bribery were even greater than at present. Congressman Burton, the orator of the day, then spoke practically and informally on the national political affairs. He emphasized the necessity of merging selfish, individual desires in those of the state, of curbing our greed for power and money, and also of the responsibility resting upon those who hold the power. The Washington Ode was remarkably well delivered by its author, Anne Coe Mitchell of the junior class.

After the chapel exercises, the students assembled in the gymnasium, where each class sang its class songs, which were, as usual, greeted with acclamation, especially the topical song of the seniors, at which even dignified faculty "chortled in their glee." The banner, awarded as a prize for the best college song, was won by the senior class, the music written by Bella Coale and the words by Florence Batterson.

The basket-ball games in the afternoon, between the seniors and juniors, and sophomores and freshmen, were won by the seniors and sophomores, although each of the teams played a speedy and exciting game, the freshmen especially winning the admiration and applause of all by their nerve and skill. After the games the classes followed the old custom of romping on the floor of the gymnasium, singing to their respective teams, and finally uniting at the end to sing to "Old Smith College."

GLENN A. PATTON '08.

On the evening of March 3, Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, assisted by Mrs. Dolmetsch and Mr. C. W. Adams, gave a recital of the seventeenth and early eighteenth century music. A harpsichord and

Recital by Mr. Dolmetsch viola d'amore of old make were used and a viola da gamb and clavichord of modern construction, from original models. The clavichord which was used, did not return to Boston as it was presented to Smith College by the pupils of Miss Bliss of the Department of Music.

Mr. Dolmetsch, who is a person of great personal magnetism and a most interesting lecturer, described the instruments very satisfactorily and offered explanations of the music that was performed. He is a skilled musician and the entire recital was characterized by its quaintness and perfection of detail. Especially characteristic was the Bach Prelude No. 12 in F minor for clavichord, upon which the familiar Ave Maria of Gounod is based.

The program was as follows:

1. Suite of Four Pieces for Two Viols and the Harpsichord

I Almain	II Corant	
III Saraband	IV Jigg	William Lawes, c. 1640
2. Harpsichord Pieces by French Composers.

I Soeur Monique, Rondo	Francois Couperin, 1722
II Le Coucou	Claude Daquin, 1735
III Le Rappel des Oiseaux	
Tambourin	J. P. Rameau, 1721

3. Prelude and Sarabande, for the Viola da Gamba Marin Marvais. 1686
4. Pieces for the Clavichord
 - I Prelude No. XII in F minor, 1744
 - II Prelude and Fugue No I in C major, 1722
 - III Prelude No. XXI in B flat major, 1722 J. S. Bach
5. Sonata for the Viola d'Amore
6. Harpsichord Pieces by German and Italian Composers
 - I Passacaille G. F. Handel, 1720
 - II Sonata in D major Domenico Scarlatti, c. 1720
 - III Gigue from Partita in B flat
 - Tocata in G. major J. S. Bach
8. Three Pieces from the Second Concert for Harpsichord, Viola d'Amore and Viola da Gamba.
 - I La Boucon
 - II L'Agacante
 - III Deux Menuets J. P. Rameau, 1741

S. C. A. C. W. Notes

Report of the S. C. A. C. W. for February. Beginning February 2, 1908, the week of Prayer for colleges was observed, by the following religious meetings :

Monday—The meeting led by Miss Wooly of Mt. Holyoke.

Tuesday—Dr. Root.

Wednesday—Dr. Crothers of Cambridge.

Thursday—Mr. Dennison of Boston.

Friday—Dr. Alsop of Brooklyn.

Saturday—President Seelye.

Sunday—Joint Bible Class Meeting—Mr. Mensel. Vespers, Dr. Vernon. Evening, Musical Service given by Prof. Sleeper.

An Association Meeting. February 23d was led by Mr. Stackpole.

On January 25th, 1908, a game class was started in connection with Home-Culture work but entirely under the supervision of the Christian Association. Between 20 and 60 children of the Hawley Street district have come to this class each Saturday and have been under the charge of Jean Chandler. They are taught to make simple raphia baskets, clay models and later a sewing class will be organized.

Two delegates were sent to represent the Smith College Association for Christian work at a Young Women's Christian Conference in Worcester, Mass., February 10th and 11th.

The Cabinet appropriates \$50. from the Treasury of the Association to relieve the poor in New York. This sum was sent to Mabel Norris, Smith '07, who is working in the New York Settlement. Fifteen dollars was sent to relieve a poor family in Leeds.

Owing to the great size of the Students' Conference at Silver Bay, New York, The National Board of the Young Woman's Christian Association

under whose management it is, has felt it necessary to limit the number of the Conference. All the Colleges have been urged to send smaller delegations; Wellesley, Vassar, Bryn Mawr and Smith have had their delegations limited to ten. The National Board regret that this has been necessary, but it feels that a small conference will be more efficient and serviceable to all.

MABEL GRANDIN, '09.

The principal work which has been accomplished during the past month has been in compliance with outside requests. Mabel Norris at the New

York Settlement asked for assistance in relieving the distress there, which was unusually great on account of the panic.

College Settlement Association Five boxes of clothing were sent, as well as fifty dollars, donated by the S. C. A. C. W., for milk and food tickets. There was also a call from the Boston Settlement, where a night free dispensary has been opened, as many of the people could not afford to take the time during the day for consulting a doctor or procuring medicine. Two dozen towels, that were asked for, were made and sent.

In answer to the request of Miss Johnston, the elector of the Smith College Alumnae, sixty-five scrap books were sent for the children on Randal's Island, and baby clothes for the same purpose are now being made.

The usual monthly meeting was held on March 9, at which Miss Bernardy spoke on the Immigration Question. The April meeting will be on Monday, the thirteenth. There will be full reports of the work that is being done and an account of the exhibition in New York of the Committee on Congestion of Population, which some of the members of the Association are to attend. An outline of the work to be done during the rest of the year will also be given.

CHARLOTTE PASSMORE '09.

The Dramatics Committee announces the resignation of Mary R. Davidson, Secretary of the Committee, and the appointment of Elizabeth Cary in her place.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS

ALPHA

President, Orlena Zabriskie
Vice-President, Harriet Byers
Secretary, Vera Booth
Treasurer, Elizabeth Wilds
Editor, Mildred Wilson

PHI KAPPA

President, Katherine Hinman
Vice-President, Rosamond Underwood
Secretary, Caroline Garrett
Treasurer, Helen Bigelow
Editor, Eunice Fuller

GERMAN CLUB

President, Eunice Fuller
 Vice-President, Ethel Bowne
 Secretary, Alice Federer
 Treasurer, Katherine King

The Harvard Chapter of Delta Upsilon will present "Bartholomew Fair," by Ben Jonson, in the Academy of Music, on Monday evening, April twentieth. This play was first acted in London, in 1614, and, for several years afterward, was one of the popular pieces on the stage. It is thoroughly "Jonson" in its style, full of humor and burlesque. It shows not only the customs and manners of the people, but also gives a very vivid idea of a country fair in those days. The plot consists of a series of incidents in which strikingly individual characters play all sorts of tricks on each other.

The aim of the Harvard Chapter will be to portray the Elizabethan life in an authentic, educative and highly amusing way. An Elizabethan stage will be used and everything will be done to make the performance unique. Tickets are on sale at the box-office.

CARLISLE W. BURTON, Business Manager.

CALENDAR

- | | | |
|-------|-----|---|
| March | 14. | Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies. |
| | " | 18. 3.00 P. M. Lecture by Miss Jane Adams. |
| | | Subject: The Benefit of Suffrage to the
Working Women. |
| | " | 18. 8.00 P. M. Concert by College Orchestra. |
| | " | 21. Gymnasium Drill. |
| | " | 21. Dickinson House Play. |
| | " | 25. Beginning of the Spring Vacation. |
| April | 9. | Opening of the Spring Term. |

The
Smith College
Monthly

April - 1908

Conducted by the Senior Class

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EDITORS:

GRACE KELLOGG,
MARGARET HALLOCK STEEN, MIRIAM ALMA MYERS,
EUNICE FULLER, FLORENCE DIXON,
FLORENCE BATTERSON, MARGARET CLARK RANKIN,
MARY PRESCOTT PARSONS.
TREASURER, BUSINESS MANAGER,
MILDRED WILLCOX WILSON. HARRIET TOWNSEND CARSWELL.
ALUMNÆ TREASURER,
KATHARINE DUBLE HINMAN.

Vol. XV.

APRIL, 1908.

No. 7

ALTAR AND ANVIL

February 22, 1908

From vale and highland, by the highways four
Of this great land, the Sons of Men to-day
Move onward in glad unison, and pour
A song of praise across the toiling way.
From out the forests, sweat-shops, and the mills,
The busy towns, the ever quiet hills,
The mighty stream moves on until it fills
The Temple's spacious door.

Within the chosen courts they lowly bow,
The noise of mart and city left behind,
The workshop all forsaken and the plow
Left in the furrow; and with prayerful mind
And thankful hearts as brothers bound they bend
Before thy throne, O God; their songs ascend
With smoke of incense. O great Judge, attend,
And bless Thy people now!

In future, as in past, be at their side
To guard them as Thou didst in former days
When as their Leader and their watchful Guide
Thou ledst them on across the winding ways
And trackless seas, until they reached at last
This haven home of peace, where firm and fast
Thou foundedst them—a nation unsurpassed—
Forever to abide.

Prosperity is theirs; the yellow gold
Has filled their coffers, and their ships have sought
The farthest bounds of ocean; wealth untold
Has flowed in yellow streams from every port
To this their land; from forest, field and shore
Great wealth of timber, grain and shining ore
Pours in each year, and now the massive store
Before them lies uprolled.

Let not their eyes be dimmed by clouds of dust
Upcast from shifting gold, nor in their pride
Forgetting wisdom, in pursuit of lust
Go onward to defeat. Be at their side
To guard them still. If blows and stripes are best
And failure teaches what success has missed,
Let failure come! Teach them anew to rest
On Thee alone their trust.

They know not what their needs, nor how to pray
For what is best—they seek unworthily.
Yet they believe that if there comes a day
When doubt assails and eyes are blind to see,
Thou wilt a leader send to clear their sight
And calm their tumult; as in deepest night
Their Washington was sent to give them light
And lead them on their way.

And so they rise and pass by vale and hill
Down the dim vistas of the highways four,
Each to his own abode. The shop and mill
Reëcho to their working as before.
In all their strivings, earnings, hopes and fears,
In all their woes and pleasures, smiles and tears,
In all the toiling months and reaping years,
O Lord, be with them still!

ANNE COE MITCHELL.

ELECTIONS TO THE SMITH COLLEGE COUNCIL

At the opening of this question of Council elections it may aid us to reread that part of the Council constitution which relates to the composition of the Council, its elections and object. I therefore quote :

“Constitution of the Council of Smith College.

ARTICLE I

The name shall be the Council of Smith College.

ARTICLE II

The Council shall be composed of ten members. There shall be three Seniors, two Juniors, one member of the Second Class, together with the presidents of the four classes.

ARTICLE III

All members except the presidents shall be elected in the spring for the ensuing year.

Each Councilor shall be elected according to the constitution of her class.

One of the acting Sophomore Councilors must be reëlected each year, and two of the acting Junior Councilors. The Council recommends that the second Sophomore member and the third Junior member be girls who have not before served on the Council, or whose term of office has closed at least a year before their reëlection.

ARTICLE IV

The object of the Council shall be to represent the students in their common interests, and to serve as a medium of communication between the classes, or between faculty and students, to influence the students in the direction of definitely organized public sentiment for the regulation of their social life, and in general to aid in establishing a better understanding between faculty and students upon subjects of mutual interest.”

The recommendation of the Council in Article III is, and for some years has been, a dead letter. Except when a girl has left college, or broken down in health, the Council has been composed entirely of former or acting class presidents. But the college has been getting on pretty well. Is there any reason for a change? Why not let things go on as they are?

In the first place there is a decided feeling among the Council themselves that they are not able to influence public opinion as they would like. There is a tendency to an unscholarly atmosphere of noise in the houses and halls, to a disorderly rushing and pushing at Vespers and in other public places, which they seem discouragingly unable to touch.

There is also a great lack of knowledge about the Council, and of interest in it, especially in the lower classes, which perhaps accounts in part for the above condition. It is often not till the end of their first year that students know about the Council or what it does. I have known sophomores who had it hopelessly confused with the S. C. A. C. W. Cabinet. Clearly this is not a satisfactory condition.

The faculty admit a marked difference in the different Councils in different years. The Council must always change somewhat with different individuals, but in so large a college there ought to be a more steady average of strength maintained.

Moreover the very presence in the Constitution of the clause recommending that "the second Sophomore member and the third Junior member be girls who have not before served on the Council," etc., shows that in the past, conditions were not regarded as wholly satisfactory. This clause was not in the original Constitution drawn up in 1896 when the Council was formed, but was added in 1902 when the Constitution was revised. The college has been steadily growing ever since.

But when the need of some such change is admitted, the objection at once arises that no class wants to break the precedent—that it would be too hard on the girl, and that the girl who had principle enough to resign would be the very one who was needed on the Council. It would be hard at first, but after the first step the custom would soon be formed and the election would be recognized as only for one year. A case of the quick changing of custom is that of the class song leaders, who till within a few years had by precedent a continuous appointment, but now hold their office strictly for one year. The honor of a

class presidency and one year on the Council is great, and there would be no need of expecting more if it were not the custom. Moreover the former Council members could be a positive benefit to the college and Council in ways which cannot be taken advantage of now. And in the first step, the individual should be sacrificed to the good of the college. "The greatest good for the greatest number."

"But those who have served as Council members know best how to carry on the work. New members might try rash measures." This argument is urged against a change. The Constitution, however, provides that "one of the acting Sophomore Councillors must be reëlected each year and two of the acting Junior Councillors." If everyone else were changed, these would be enough to know the customs and act as a steady-influence.

"But there is new life each year in the new class presidents." These, however, are the busiest members of the Council. They have all the problems of the class on their minds, as well as Council work.

Another argument often used against a change is that the best people are chosen for presidents. How would another choice made in the same way improve matters? But it is possible that a mistake might have been, in some cases, made. A girl who promised well might not come up to expectations, especially freshman year when the choice of class president is largely a matter of chance. And again a girl might be tired by the work of a year's presidency, and unable to give active energy of influence and interest to the Council work. Moreover there are perhaps slightly different requirements for Councillors and for class presidents. A girl without the popularity or presence for the president of a class might often have the far-sighted and practical opinions and the strength of character which would make an excellent Council member.

A change from present conditions to Council elections not determined by precedent, would unquestionably improve the condition of the Council and of the college as a whole. It would be of value to the Council itself in its composition, for it would bring new life and ideas into its work. It is generally admitted that a person fresh to any problem can often see solutions which have escaped those who are accustomed to going over it. Moreover by a feeling that their place was insecure, it would tend to

prevent Councillors from losing an active and vital interest, not only in the meetings but in their responsibility elsewhere.

It would help the Council in its work with the students both in getting their point of view and in influencing public opinion. It would make the Council better known in college, for any body to which elections are open has more of interest to people in general than one whose elections are by precedent from a privileged class. It would make a larger number of people directly interested in the Council—the former Councillors and their friends, who would be able to present more and varied needs to the acting Council.

Then in influencing public opinion it would spread more widely the Council ideals and aims, for as more people became interested in the Council, more would get to know its aims and purpose. It is thoughtlessness chiefly which keeps people from aiding in these. Again the former Council members can help by example, and by showing others the problems. After being deeply interested in the work, they could not fail to continue to think out and face the problems. It would also act as a positive incentive for the creation of definitely organized public opinion. Responsibility would be thrown more upon individual girls and not so entirely upon the Council.

Such a change would be of aid to the Council in its relation to the faculty. The faculty now feel that a question is often better presented by a girl who is really interested though not on the Council, than by a Council member. These very girls would probably be the new members. The Council, also, in increased influence among the girls, would help to spread the faculty point of view acquired in the conference meetings, and would tend to prevent friction.

The effect of the change would be beneficial to the college as a whole. The general complaint at college seems to be that a few girls have too much work and responsibility. The major and minor office system is a manifestation of this feeling. Here is a chance for division of honor and labor. While this change alone would not make conditions ideal, it would be a step in the right direction, helping to assure to the Council the interest, support and coöperation of the whole college, through which alone their work can be done.

The testimony of the Council of 1901-1902 is contained in the clause of recommendation inserted by them in Article III of

the Constitution and quoted above. The opinion of the alumnae as voiced by their representatives who were in Northampton in January of last year, and of the present Council is given in the report of Muriel Robinson, President of the Council 1906-7, in the February copy of *THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY* for that year: "A way of extending and strengthening the influence of the Council was suggested, namely, that election to the Council by the class be not a question of precedent but of worth and service rendered. It is hoped that the classes will consider this in the spring elections to the Council this year, since we, as a Council, feel sure that such a change would add greatly to the value of the Council to the college." One of these alumnae is a member of the faculty.

I quote also the testimony of an undergraduate who is not a Council member and who voices what she considers the general feeling: "We do not feel as if we had any part in the Council. We do not always feel sure it rightly represents us. It is far away. If elections to it were open to any but class presidents, its position would in a moment change from a place beyond our reach to one of interest and sympathy with that which belongs to us."

MARGARET CLARK RANKIN.

THE SECRET

I know his power! In his heart there burns
A holy passion like a deathless flame,
For I have seen the kindling of the fire,
The lighting of the tapers in the soul.

I know his gentleness! For in his heart
There blows the white and deathless flower of love,
And now its fragrance sweetens all his ways,
Like perfume from a garden softly blown.

HENRIETTA SPERRY.

CHAUCEER AND THE AUTHORITIES

CHAUCEER'S USE OF AUTHORITY

Pigeon-English we are all familiar with, but the sound of a rooster quoting Latin is still strange to our ears. Yet among our English cousins as far back as the time of Chaucer, learning had so permeated all ranks of society that Cato, Boethius and Cicero fall from chanticleer's beak as if they were his native crow. Perhaps our chagrin at this may be a little lessened if we consider that not only Chaucer's animals but his men and women show more familiarity with the ancients than is common in our day. Then it is a very natural suspicion which makes us question whether Homer and Vergil were not better known to Chaucer than to the men and women in his stories, and whether it is not at the showman rather than the puppets that we must marvel.

And, indeed, there is something marvellous in the way this man uses his authorities. Generally we expect the utmost ceremony and reverence when we are brought into the presence of Plato, and no one would tap lightly at Dante's door. But Chaucer meets him on the street and with an easy air of good comradeship makes us known to each other. Here you have not only the learned scholar who has Greek and Italian at his tongue's end, but the courtly man of the world who is awed by no important personages, nor tongue-tied in the presence of intellectual royalty. It is the rare combination of these two elements in Chaucer's nature—the scholar and the man of the world—that makes his use of authority so unique.

Without the first he would have had no authority to use. For the illustrious names that one may gather from his pages are not the paper blossoms that one may buy for an hour's reading and scatter broadcast to brighten a barren garden, but the flowering of seeds which have long been covered with the rich loam of meditation. Doubtless Latin and Greek came as hard to Chaucer as to students nowadays, and the classics were as ancient to him as to us. Yet he was at home with Boethius and Homer, and St. Augustine's words came naturally to him.

But not from books alone did Chaucer get his familiarity with literature and men of letters, but from his European travel and the months spent in France and Italy came much of his inspiration. This way of coming into touch with great minds seems to us, perhaps, far more agreeable than much poring over foreign script. Yet in this experience, too, it was the scholarly side of Chaucer's nature which played the important part. After all he was an Englishman, and though French came to him almost as a birthright, still it was not his native tongue, and for the Italian without doubt he needed a grammar. A man of meagre education must have missed not only much of what these journeys meant to Chaucer in the way of intellectual development, but even the journeys themselves, since the representative of the King of England at a foreign court must twist his tongue gracefully around the strange words and carry with him an understanding of the political and social situations which would prevent *faux pas*.

In these journeys whether Chaucer did or did not meet the great Petrarch, he certainly as a cultured scholar came into contact with the best minds of his time and gained much from the interchange of ideas with those who were paving the way for the New Learning. His soul was delighted with the song of *trouvère* and *troubador*, and the fair ladies and gentlemen of Boccaccio's *Decameron* stood out in more glowing colors from the printed page after he had seen their flesh and blood prototypes in the streets of Florence.

For in Chaucer's works we meet not only the men who have written great books but also the people from the stories, and sometimes his use of authority even takes the form of adoption of a plot from some literary forebear. In fact, the ideas for most of his famous tales are borrowed, and often he has followed the original plan closely. Yet it is Chaucer we read and not Boccaccio when we turn to the *Canterbury Tales*, for his imagination has transformed the whole, and even the words have gained fresh power to inspire from his pen. It is no strange thing that he should draw thus from the treasure house of the poet. More surely than crown to earthly monarch, to every prince of men falls the heritage of the kingdom of books. It rests with him whether he will leave it still undeveloped, or whether he shall bequeath to his successors a treasury enriched by his genius.

In another sense it was of paramount importance that Chaucer have as his inspiration the best books of all time. Imitation is a law of development, and as Lowell says in his essay on Chaucer, even "great men are not sudden prodigies, but slow results." As the mightiest warrior was once a little child who learned to walk step by step, following the example of his seniors, so the poet must look to those ahead for encouragement, and at first shape his work by theirs. Indeed it is from his power to profit by the best wherever it is found, and to blend together many different kinds of material, that he deserves the name of genius. "The most unheard-of combinations of elements, the subtlest associations of ideas are," says William James in "Great Men and Their Environment," "the mark of the highest order of minds." "Nor," he continues, "does the great man's society make him before he can remake it." Here, then, Chaucer stands out acknowledged as one of the mighty of the earth. Truly of such a man one may say without irreverence, "All nations shall serve him." In this consideration his scholarship shows itself as all-important. It was the golden key that opened for him the door to world-friendship. His wide reading and serious study fed his lively imagination with an abundance and variety of material which was most essential to his highest attainment, and from the music of others he caught notes which he wove into a new song of his own.

Yet to another sort of man the intercourse with great minds would have brought only a profound reverence. As his knowledge would broaden his awe would deepen, and his reference to these masters of his spirit would give only a dignified beauty to his own words. But not so with Chaucer. Here comes in the other side of his nature. When you look for the reverent scholar bringing his laurel wreath to his master's feet, you find a gay and debonair courtier chatting gaily with "dear Petrarch." Nor does this easy familiarity come from pleasant memories alone. Outward grace of speech and gesture this man surely had, but one may not be a friend of the noble dead by the same means that he may gain the favor of a living monarch. Here it is the man's own personality that counts, and only a heaven-given sympathy can bring one into fellowship with the invisible. "Wide is the difference," says Lowell, "between knowing a great many men and that knowledge of

human nature which comes of sympathetic insight and not of observation alone."¹ This was Chaucer's preëminent gift. This it was which took the note of awe from his mention of their names. For "perfect love casteth out fear," and surely to understand Dante and Homer is to love them.

The understanding of them must have brought to Chaucer a sense of kinship with them. For after all, the beautiful is one, and Chaucer, however different in disposition from Augustine and Cicero, must have felt that they all rejoiced in the highest things, and though perhaps they saw different parts of the vision, they all had their eyes and hearts fixed on the eternal truth.

But even yet we do not seem to have come to the root of this matter. I can conceive how one might be one with Chaucer in all this and yet never give the same impression of easy good comradeship with these men which he does. Carlyle, for instance, lacked neither the insight nor the love, and yet do you find him calling Shakspeare "Shak," or altering Mohammed's name to suit his fancy? Here no one may compare with the light-hearted Chaucer. The world is very fair to his eyes, and life a happy thing, not because he shut his eyes to the sorrow, but because he was the biggest kind of optimist. He might, I think, have sung Pippa's song,

"God's in His Heaven,
All's well with the world."

And it was, I believe, from this joy in life and love for the whole that there sprang that fearlessness and familiarity with the great which aside from Chaucer belongs only to merry-hearted children.

AUTHORITIES' USE OF CHAUCER

Widely read as Chaucer was, many as are his references to the old Greek and Roman stories, his use of authority fades into insignificance beside authorities' use of him. Few men in the world's history have offered so wide a field for usefulness (taking the word in this objective sense) as this obliging gentleman. He lends himself with an easy grace which one might expect in such a merry-hearted courtier to every form of examination and criticism. Take him apart or put him together,

¹ Essay on Chaucer.

hate or adore him, you cannot mar his adaptability for the next fertile imagination that comes along seeking for a victim.

Are you a historian? What figure of Middle English history so typical as this of the life of the time? Neither Briton, Saxon, Dane or Norseman, here at last is the real Englishman. "Behold your ancestor!" says the triumphant chronicler.

"Nay," objects the linguist, "he belongs to me. There were other men of the age who were English, but none can take Chaucer's place in regard to the formation of the language. Before Chaucer it was a dialect; after him it is modern English. Let me just refer you to the exquisite dictation of—" and again we are back to Chaucer.

"Shame on you both," cries the next comer. "You grind down a man of genius into a mere fashioner of words. Chaucer was poet, the father of English verse—" and here we are well launched on a good fifty pages on the English Homer.

Consider then the wide vistas opening before the would-be biographer of this man! If only he have a canny eye for all the possibilities he may make his masterpiece out of the life of this Chaucer. For on no other side does he yield so graciously and completely to the demands of his descendants as this. The absolute certainty that he existed gives a fine air of truth to a biographical sketch that may in the main be the result of imagination rather than research. The few positive facts about his life which we possess are easily disposed of by the really vigorous biographer, who must then use all that wealth of invention which has been so uncomfortably restricted in dealing with men who have unkindly left full records of their life and character. Such a record is a continual menace to the truly great biographer who feels himself baffled at every turn by some hard and fast fact that stands obstinately in the way of his artistic narrative.

But Chaucer was far too well-mannered for that. He stands out before the world of literary men, and fairly invites competition. Truly he must feel by this time that he was a man of many minds. In fact, some true appreciation of his own genius may have come to him from these side-lights on his character.

But all these opportunities are as nothing compared with the material which he presents for arguments. Squabbles, I almost called them, but stopped myself in time, remembering Lowell's share and the names of Coleridge and Childs. One may indeed

argue on anything under the sun, but seldom does one find such an inexhaustible treasure as this. Since we have the diaries of neither Chaucer nor Petrarch, how can any two authorities ever agree whether these men met or not? And why should the soul-stirring discussion over that coquettish final *e* ever lose interest since the absolute verdict in the case rests with those who tell no tales? Not that you may never learn anything on this subject! Each separate critic *knows*, but alas, his knowledge is for himself alone. It is not the thing to agree with him, and if you have any self-respect as a critic, you must needs blaze your own trail, though it require a course in ancient Babylonish and an inventive power well-nigh miraculous.

Even for the peaceful in the world of letters these possibilities for disagreement have a peculiar fascination, and moreover, a holding power that bids fair to enlist all their energies. "Enough of this," says Lowell after a discussion of the rhythm of Chaucer's verse, and then goes on for twenty pages more in the self-same strain, unable apparently to drag himself from the fatal ground.

Picture the delight which Chaucer would take in seeing himself thus the bone of contention. I cannot imagine him taking it seriously, or objecting to being used. He would certainly be as gracious to these authorities as to those whom he used to find so companionable.

MARGARET HALLOCK STEEN.

WITCHERY

Her eyes that hold the shadows
Of things to man unknown,
Light, with a golden glory,
Of stars that never shone.

Her lips that tell the sorrow
Of things by man ne'er heard,
Curve joyously to answer
The trilling of a bird.

And the thought of dark-browed Plato,
And the rule of the Kingdom Drear,
Fade from her mind as an evil dream
Fades in the daylight clear.

With hungry hands she touches
The flowers gold and red,
(For the flowers are all ashen pale
That bloom in the Land of the Dead!)

With feet of joy she dances
Throughout the woodland glades,
With never a thought of Charon
Or the pallid Land of Shades.

Oh, men of earth! I warn ye,
If perchance ye hear her sing,
To listen not; so sweet a voice
Is dangerous in Spring.

KATHARINE DUNCAN MORSE.

THE MYSTERY OF THE BRASS LOCKET

Harriet untied the red ribbon and took off the tissue paper eagerly. Alice always sent such pretty things. Would it be gloves, a scarf pin, or some of Alice's exquisite embroidery? Harriet took the cover from the box and lifted out some of the cotton.

"How queer," she said, bewildered.

The box contained a locket, but a locket such as the girl had never seen before. It was so evidently brass that there was no need to examine it. Through the spaces left by the filigree showed a bit of red paper, which gave forth a faint odor of musk. Harriet hurriedly smoothed out the crumpled wrapping paper. Yes, the address was in Alice's writing and it was post-marked "Johnsonville."

"What d'yer get?" demanded her young brother, bouncing into the room. "Anything to eat?" He peered anxiously into the box. "Where did you get that?" pointing scornfully at the locket. "I got one o' those out of a prize package onet."

"Oh, Harold, no!" said his sister impatiently. "Why, Alice sent me this."

"Don't care," insisted Harold stoutly. "I know 'em. They've got perfum'ry inside," and he applied his pug-nose knowingly to the box. "Uh-huh, that's it. Don't it smell nice?"

"It smells like hair-oil," responded Miss Arnold, witheringly.

"Ma says," mused Harold in a tone of gentle meditation, "that it ain't polite to find fault with what's given you. Now I—" but Harriet had fled.

"Of course there must be some mistake," she told her mother later. "But I don't see how it happened. She just couldn't have meant it for anyone else, so it can't be that she got her presents into the wrong boxes."

"Maybe it's a joke," ventured Ethel Browning, who had come in to see Harriet's presents.

"If it is, it hasn't much point. It doesn't hit me or anyone else I know."

"Quite a mystery," laughed Mrs. Arnold. "Perhaps you have a deadly enemy who has laid this plot to destroy your reason. Take care or he'll accomplish his fell purpose! You look as mad as Ophelia this very minute."

"Well, I am," retorted Harriet crossly, "only it's a different kind of mad."

The locket proved a never failing source of interest. Several ingenious theories were presented, but Harriet scorned them all. Ethel's brother, whose favorite authors were Poe, Doyle and Gaboriau, suggested that in the course of transportation the box had been opened, the real present—doubtless a locket—removed, and the brass one substituted. A cousin of Harriet's, having received a rather incoherent account of the affair, wrote and asked if the locket might not have been put in to show what the box was for, but since the locket had come in a plain white jewelers' box this theory was untenable.

"What shall I do about writing to Alice?" said Harriet despairingly. "I don't want to write and thank her if it's a joke, and if it isn't she'll be mad if I don't."

"Well, why don't you write and ask her?" demanded her brother Tom wrathfully. "A man would."

"Oh, of course a man would," rejoined his sister with great scorn. "That's the way they do things. Now a woman has more tact."

"She has," agreed Tom, "but," with that superior air which the stronger sex love to assume, "if tact means upsetting the house and making everybody uncomfortable instead of asking a straightforward question, then deliver me from it."

"Let's ask Cousin Dick," suggested Harold. "He'll know." Cousin Dick wrote for the papers—when the papers would let him.

"Really quite thrilling," drawled Dick when he heard the story. "Really quite thrilling," he repeated thoughtfully, as if he liked the sound of the words. "How are you going to end it?"

"End it?" echoed Harriet with some heat. "I only wish I could end it. It keeps me awake nights."

"There's a good plot there," went on Mr. Hoyt, "but it falls flat at the last."

"It does," assented Tom. "Quite as flat as anything I ever heard."

Dick stroked his long nose meditatively. "I read a story once—" he began, but a chorus of groans interrupted him. "Well, I did," he went on, in no wise abashed, "and—" a smile overspread his sallow face. "I have it!"

"Oh land," muttered Tom under his breath to Harriet. "Another of those explanations that do not explain," but Harriet did not hear. She was clamoring "Tell us," with the others.

"Well," began Mr. Hoyt with his most oratorical air, "once upon a time there was a girl with no curiosity."

"What!" cried the male members of the audience as one man.

"That is, with not very much, or perhaps I should say her friends thought she hadn't any, and—"

"If I can be of any assistance," muttered Tom politely.

"As I was about to remark when I was so rudely interrupted," continued Mr. Hoyt severely, "some girls who knew her thought they'd find out, so they arranged this locket scheme. They didn't send it anonymously, for then the girl who received it would have felt at liberty to ask about it. Instead they chose as the sender one of those girls that somehow you can't ask about things and who ordinarily wouldn't play a practical joke. Now they're waiting to see whether Harriet will want to find out badly enough to ask about it."

"You're a good guesser," said Harriet. "Alice is just that kind of a girl. She'll tell you just as much as she wants you to know and that's all."

"Your solution is just about far-fetched enough to be true," said Tom amiably.

"A package for you, Miss Harriet," said the maid at the door.

Harriet pulled off the torn paper and took from the box a silver purse. A card fell out on the table. "'A Merry Christmas, from Alice,'" read Tom. "Dick, I guess this is where *you* get off."

The detective, baffled but not beaten, grinned. "I think," he said, "I think I never was on."

Next day Harriet received a letter. "Dear Harriet," it read, "I hope you don't mind if my gift is rather late. I had some trouble getting it off. It was all done up and addressed the day before Christmas, but I tore the wrapper a bit and I was afraid it would come off, so I took it off and put on another. My little niece was playing around the library with some packages that my sister had done up in tissue paper for her and she evidently thought she wanted to send some presents, too; for after I was gone she did up one of her packages in the wrapper I had taken off your present. When I asked my brother to mail the box to you he saw hers on the desk and took that. This morning the baby was lamenting that she couldn't find one of her 'bundils,' and just then father asked me why I was so late in sending my presents. I told him I had sent them all on the twenty-third except yours, which Tom mailed the day before Christmas. 'Why, no,' said father. 'I found it all addressed and stamped on the table yesterday, and I mailed it myself,' and then I realized how it must have happened.

"With love,

"ALICE."

"Never mind, Dick," said Harriet soothingly, when she had told him of the letter. "Your solution had all the marks of genius, whereas this is quite commonplace."

HELENA FRANKLIN MILLER.

WIND AND WEATHER

The wind came howling through the land;
The rain beat fast upon the sand;
The waves dashed high upon the strand,
And tossed their crests in air.

The gray sky groaned from up on high;
The pine trees shook and heaved a sigh;
And the wind shrieked loudly as he dashed by:
"Men call us wind and weather."

The breeze came softly from the sea ;
The little sunbeams danced in glee ;
The waves splashed gently, merrily.
And kissed the rocks' rough sides.

The green lawns sparkled with diamonds of dew,
While down on the world smiled the sky of blue ;
And the little breeze whispered as onward it flew :
"Men call us wind and weather."

ANNA LOUISE WASHBURN.

THE METHODS OF RICHARD

Richard sat on the cistern top and stonily viewed the actions of Bill, the pup, who was trying to dive after the frog. Ordinarily such conduct on the part of Bill would have called forth instant punishment, for the frog was one of Richard's choicest possessions. Had he not himself planted the frog in his little pond, when he was just a pollywog, and watched him grow to frog's estate with never-failing interest? But now such things were of little moment to Richard. His usual philosophical frame of mind had been rudely shaken and his world turned upside down. And why? The French have a motto, "*Cherchez la femme*," and that was exactly the trouble. Until Esther's arrival in the neighborhood, all had gone well. Richard had always been in the habit of making out programs days in advance—and always carrying them out to the letter. It had always been so very easy to manage people, if you only knew how to work them. He had his special methods for each. His grandfathers could always be worked off against each other. A sad and regretful look accompanied by a statement that he guessed he would go over to Grandfather Brown's, he was sure that Grandfather Brown would make a swing for him, never yet failed to bring Grandfather Stevens to terms, and the method was equally efficacious with Grandfather Brown. Mother, of course, was harder to manage, yet Richard knew that if he could just get that twinkle to come in her eye the day would be won, and he always exerted himself accordingly. Aunt Bess and Unk were easy, too, though of course one had to adapt one's methods to the exigences of the case. For instance, Aunt Bess could always be approached in this manner: "Auntie, do you know how to make paper lanterns?"

"Why, no, Richard, I have no idea how they are made."

"Well, Aunt Bess, you make everything so beautifully, I'm just sure you could make me a lantern." And on that particular occasion Aunt Bess had stayed home from an automobile ride to make him the lantern. A bluffer method usually would work with uncle, such as: "Say, Unk, if I had a pair of high boots like yours there wouldn't be this fuss about my coming over every time it rains." Hitherto Richard had always managed his playmates, too. Joe he simply "bossed," and Joe, being a meek soul, without even enough ability to talk plainly yet, could be quickly disposed of. As for Wendell, his other particular friend, in Richard's desk reposed five sticks of chewing gum—not that he ever indulged himself, but they were the final resort for the purpose of bribing Wendell when all other methods failed. Wendell was not proof against gum.

But suddenly Richard's mode of life had been upset by a diminutive creature with skirts that stuck out around her waist and foolish little bob-curls. Surely, anyone with any dignity could have managed a wisp like that, but as Richard sat on the cistern top he admitted to himself his defeat. From the first Esther had taken the initiative. It was she who made out programs now—she who planned what they should do and how to do it. It was Esther who had added insult to injury by displaying a weak-kneed, wobbly pup, who answered—to Richard's intense disgust—to the silly name of Brevet, and pointed out his superior beauties over Bill, the bull pup. Then when Bill had sought to put the claims of Brevet to the test by a meeting in the open field, and Brevet had fled to Esther's arms for protection, she had walked off in a towering rage at both Bill and Richard, and had refused to speak to them for a week. Richard's discomfiture and unhappiness during this week effectually quelled any ideas he might have had of putting an end to this shameful tyranny by ignoring Esther. Clearly that was out of the question, but some way must be found to bring this upstart to terms. Determination, argument and flattery availed not, nor was bribery of any use, for Esther scorned gum, and as for candy, she would promptly sit down and eat it, and then placidly carry out her own stout will regardless of promises.

Suddenly Richard's meditations were interrupted by a shrill voice from over the hedge. "Richard," called Esther, "come and go driving with me."

Richard arose and stalked out, determination in his mien. Esther with her goat and cart were waiting for him on the sidewalk.

"You just get in behind me, Richard, while I drive," prattled Esther, beaming at him confidently. Richard, however, stood firm.

"Esther," said he, "I'll drive. In families the man always drives and the woman sits in the back."

Esther looked at him naively, then a roguish little dimple cut into her cheek. "Richard," she said primly, "you needn't to think it's going to be that way in our family!" And Richard sank limply into the back of the cart. What was the use?

GLEN ALDA PATTEN.

TWILIGHT

When the soft cloudland falls
Close to the city walls,
And the rough buildings mass and fade away;
When lights begin to peep,
And the arched branches sweep
In deepened outline on the boundless gray,

Then Heaven, warm and near,
Nestles about us here,
Folding us to her breast in perfect peace;
The sweetest thoughts that come,
All unexpressed and dumb,
Are straying down to us when day-sounds cease.

VIRGINIA CORYELL CRAVEN.

THE EXIGENCIES OF "BEEZNESS"

Israel Goldstein stepped out into the cool spring sunshine and viewed with pride his new two-by-four dyeing and cleaning establishment, which to you, doubtless, would have looked small, ridiculously small and out of place in such a neighborhood. Indeed you couldn't have helped smiling to see that odd-looking, one-room box, with its gorgeous plate-glass front. At once modest and irrepressible, it held its own on the edge of the sidewalk, while behind and on either side stretched a great expanse of valuable Fifth Avenue real estate. But however much *you* might smile if you felt so disposed, to Goldstein his shop was superb, and upon all who chanced to come that way he bowed and beamed with the air of delighted and hopeful proprietorship.

This little shed, left standing through some chance as the advancing city made its way and the old landmarks disappeared, had been seen by him on one of those rare Friday afternoon outings with his little son Isaac. The converting of it into a shop had come to him as a sudden inspiration. He had been assured that the owners of the fine residences across the street would find it a blot on the landscape and not allow him to stay long; yet he felt instinctively that the present was a golden opportunity for impressing his name and ability on the minds of real "ladies and gents."

In the old down-town basement store, in poor light, and heaped-up piles of common coats and suits, amid a swarm of greasy children, he had worked sometimes sixteen hours a day. He had pinched and saved, and with the aid of one far from enthusiastic slavey and what errands and odd jobs Isaac could do, had managed to turn out an incredible amount of work and to learn thoroughly the principles of the "beezness" he was to conduct.

Here, on the other hand, there were open spaces, trees and well-kept lawns, much driving of automobiles, and in the afternoon an occasional elegant Victoria rolled by. Here, too, well-dressed people strolled past his store and often they looked in.

If only the windows were already filled with samples of his work well calculated to catch their eyes!

"Isaac," he called, as he had done repeatedly in the last few days, "Isaac, come oudt. See that vinda, mein son. Some day it vill be full of vork, Isaac, our vork. Some day you see here beezness suidts, und the Prince Isaac, und ladies' real silk vaists that are vorn mit jewels. We von't do no foolin' then! Und vhen they say go from here, we find a bigger store und then a bigger, und some day you see vagons mit 'Israel Goldstein und Son' on the side, going oudt in every street vhat eez." He spread out his hands widely in illustration. Isaac stood transfixed by the vision. His eyes expanded and glowed. After a while father and son went inside, examined the sewing machine, the large tailors' scissors, the time-honored goose, rearranged the calendar advertisements on the wall (there was one especially pretty one of a girl in red), and settled down to the hard task of waiting. From time to time during the long hours that followed Isaac felt a strong desire to gaze upwards, but this tendency to "foolin'" his ever-watchful father promptly nipped in the bud by a sharp injunction to keep his eyes "off'n the zieling."

Some evenings later Jack Parker, two blocks away on a side street, held up an old coat, baggy at the elbows and hopelessly shiny in spots. "True enough, you don't owe me anything," he admitted reminiscently. "However, you *must* stand another cleaning," was his resolute conclusion. "I believe I'll try Goldstein. I see his shingle out just around the corner. Doubtless he still has enough leisure to warrant his giving this garment the care its advanced age demands." Accordingly, when Jack Parker issued from his cheap, suburban boarding-house the next morning he carried the coat with him, and stopped at Goldstein's on his way to the car. "Shouldn't wonder if I were his first customer," thought Parker as he entered and saw an obsequious little man (evidently Mr. Goldstein himself), who stepped smilingly forward to serve him. After explaining his errand, Parker asked when the coat would be delivered.

"I am a leetle rushed just now," hesitated Goldstein, calculating.

A surprised disbelief flashed for an instant in Jack Parker's clear, gray eyes, but soon gave place to an indulgent twinkle. Well he knew and understood the instinct of poverty to conceal

itself. "Just as soon as you can conveniently," he said easily, feeling sure that Goldstein's "rush" would be over in a few days.

Such was not the case, however, and it was fully three weeks later that Parker, in a momentary lull of work at the office, glanced down ruefully at his Sunday coat (which had been forced into week-day service and was beginning to show the effects) and decided to call and hurry up Goldstein. But that very evening on going to his room tired out by a hard day's work he found a package from Goldstein's containing the coat. At first he was greatly pleased with its appearance, but closer investigation revealed the distressing fact that it was entirely too small for him in every particular except the sleeves, which seemed to have been elongated indefinitely. "Some stupid blunder," exclaimed Parker in disgust, and hurried around to Goldstein's place to straighten out the matter.

"There is some mistake about this, Mr. Goldstein," he began.

"I think no," replied Goldstein suavely.

"You sent me the wrong coat."

"Sure not, I send you the right one," insisted Goldstein firmly but pleasantly.

"This coat is not mine, I am positive. I would say you had shrunk mine were it not for the fact that the sleeves of this one are altogether too long for me. On the other hand, it is so narrow across the chest that I cannot possibly button it," declared Parker, unwrapping the coat. Goldstein took the garment and examined it, a puzzled expression on his face. His brow soon cleared, however.

"Ah, I know easy to egsplain thees, Mr. Parker. You grow bigger a leetle through the shoulders und—eh—und the chest spreads outd a leetle und mit dem both comes the misfit," he finished with conviction, causing his own coat lapels to spread apart suddenly by a deep inhalation.

"What do you mean?" gasped Parker.

"Just vhat I say," replied Goldstein, smiling with perfect assurance.

"This is ridiculous, Goldstein. I never felt thinner or more hollow-chested in my life."

"But conzeeder, Mr. Parker, conzeeder! Can you help, can I help vhat makes you grow?" asked Goldstein with calm submission to higher powers.

"O come, I am not feeble-minded," exclaimed Parker impatiently.

"Your caze eez a leetle difference," admitted Goldstein.

"Decidedly unusual, I should say, and still more unusual is the sudden shrinkage of my arms. According to your theory, they are now fully four inches shorter than they were this time three weeks ago," said Parker sarcastically.

"But it eez, Mr. Parker," argued Goldstein, "that you are too great for the body of the coadt und so the sleeves can not come to their rightful places. Ain't it so, vhat?" and Goldstein, in turn, seemed a trifle impatient.

Ignoring this reasoning, "What are you going to do about my coat?"

"I take your coadt, I clean it, I gif it back to you. Vhat more *can* I do?" asked Goldstein, sympathetic but entirely irresponsible.

"Have you really no intention of rectifying this mistake?" demanded Parker. After vainly arguing with Goldstein fully half an hour longer, Parker finally left in great indignation, taking with him the misfit coat.

The loss of his coat really meant a great deal to him just at that time. When, however, he had turned the matter over in his mind for several days and could see no way out of the difficulty, he folded the other coat up with resignation and laid it aside to be given to Mrs. Perkins, the landlady, when she made her next round among the boarders in behalf of the Missionaries' Box. For a fortnight or more Parker continued to go his way in his Sunday coat, endeavoring not to notice the signs in it of approaching shabbiness, and all the while growing more and more indignant at Goldstein's conduct and mystified as to his object.

Finally one evening he found another package in his room. He opened it quickly, and to his great surprise found his lost coat. Relief at coming once more into the possession of his own was his first emotion, but desire for revenge rose swiftly within him. How fortunate that Mrs. Perkins had not yet called for the other coat! He quickly got it out and wrapped it up in the paper in which his own had just come, and started for Goldstein's shop. That gentleman greeted him with an apologetic smile.

"Did you get your coat, Mr. Parker?"

"This is not my coat," said Parker, laying the package down on the counter.

"Begging for your pardon, but I know it eez," said Goldstein confidently.

"No, this is not mine."

"It must be so, Mr. Parker," insisted Goldstein eagerly.

"No, my coat is at home. Surely, you have not forgotten my phenomenal growth and shrinkage which took place only last month. You demonstrated it entirely to your own satisfaction at the time. Don't you remember? It was quite an unusual case."

"Ah, I remember," said Goldstein deprecatingly. "But, Mr. Parker, I not know so much then as I do now. That coadt vas really not yours. It belonged to the other gent."

"The other gent?" put in Parker inquiringly.

"J. Boyd Duff," supplied Goldstein proudly.

"*The* other gent," persisted Parker in some surprise. "Strange, I got the idea you had picked up quite a trade."

"Beezness, Mr. Parker, beezness," said Goldstein hurriedly, shifting his position but failing to conceal his chagrin.

"Your business methods are a little peculiar, Mr. Goldstein. You kept me waiting three weeks and then sent back my coat ruined by what strange process I cannot imagine."

"That coadt was really not yours," said Goldstein desperately. "I tell yous the other gent was in to-day. He brings thees coadt," and Goldstein pointed to the package on the counter."

"Had Nature been trying her hand on him, too?" asked Parker with interest.

"He vus madt," said Goldstein, nervous and anxious merely at the remembrance of the painful interview. "He und the vife go off to make a leetle visit, the day after I send the other coadt back. He takes it mit him, but vhen he puts it on it is all vorn und old (begging for your pardon, Mr. Parker). Und vorse, it is a meesfit in every part," continued Goldstein tragically, "und the sleeves were so shordt! Und the vife, she says, the neegelegé shirts can go, but the elbow sleeves are no goodt. Und he vill not have it. He vants his own und I must get it. I must."

"Pray don't get excited. What has all this to do with my case?"

"Why, so soon as I hear vhat he say I think of you, und I say to myself, "Ah, that egsplains it all. So I sent the coadt over to you at onst. Don't you see? Ain't it plain? vaht?" he asked uneasily.

"You were not so much perturbed about my loss," said Parker reflectively.

"Mein liebe gent, don't you know that Mr. Duff eez the president from the Consolidated Ice Company?"

"I have heard so," said Parker indifferently.

"Mr. Parker," said Goldstein in despair, "I am open mit you. When you come back mit that coadt last month I think for sure I have spoiled it. But can I say so? No. That eez not beezness. I do vhat looks goodt at the time. I only make you grow when I must, Mr. Parker. But *everything* will be all right now, if you will only take your coadt—"

"That is not my coat," interrupted Parker firmly.

"Und bring back the other," almost pleaded Goldstein. "Vhere eez the other coadt?" he asked suddenly.

"It was of no use to me," said Parker a trifle wearily. "I dedicated it to the missionaries."

"Imbozzible, Mr. Parker, imbozzible!" gasped Goldstein, horrified and completely overcome by this unexpected intelligence.

"Vhat *can* I do?"

"Do exactly as you please, as far as this package is concerned. I still protest the coat does not belong to me. Good evening, Mr. Goldstein. I am a little rushed just now and really can't stay to talk longer."

With that Parker swung out of the store, leaving black despair behind him. The once proud and hopeful proprietor had collapsed on to a chair and sat huddled together moaning, "Isaac, Isaac, mein son, what can I do? Is it nothings? Ah, I can do nothings." But Isaac had already emerged from his retreat behind the counter where he had been a silent spectator, and had overtaken Parker at the corner.

"It eez so much to us, Mr. Parker," he gasped, trying to catch his breath.

"Who are you?" asked Parker, and then looking down, he recognized in the shrewd, sallow features of the boy with his thin neck and spindling legs a miniature edition of Israel Goldstein. Yet there was a difference. The eyes of the boy held

something wistful in their depths which perhaps had never belonged to those of the father. "What does it mean to you, my boy?" asked Parker, prompted by a sudden curiosity.

"It means—" Isaac hesitated, "it means that may be no one will come no more to the new store of my father, the beautiful new store mit the plate-glass vinda-panes. Und then you never see that vinda full of beezness suidts und the Prince Isaac und ladies' real silk vaists that are vorn mit jewels. Und we must go from here, but we can never get a bigger store no more, und the vagons mit 'Israel Goldstein und Son' on the side, those vagons vill never go oudt in every street vhat eez," and instinctively he threw down his hands and spread out his fingers widely, as he had seen his father do so often.

Parker was somewhat startled. For several moments he gazed at Isaac, who (in the glare of the arc light) gazed back with mingled hope and fear. Suddenly Parker pulled himself together. "I'm going to let you in on a secret," he said kindly. "Mr. Duff's coat is on the counter of your father's shop this very minute."

MARY FRANCES KIMBALL.

SKETCHES

FICKLE

You smile from off the eastern hill
A promise you will not fulfill
 Upon your way,
For sudden rain comes pouring down,
And then you laugh to see us frown,
 O April Day.

ANNIE JOHNSTON CRIM.

"It seems to me that Carol has not made the most of her opportunities," said that young lady's grandmother to her mother on one of her yearly

Among the Unlisted Assets visits. "As nearly as I can discover from what you have told me, not one of her particular friends at college has a brother. In this small place and with the limited means at your disposal—"

"You know I never wanted Carol to teach," broke in her mother, "but as she must support herself in some way, I wanted her to have a college education. But how can I ask her to select her friends with a view to matrimonial possibilities?"

It would doubtless have been a surprise and relief to Carol's mother if she could have heard the conversation going on at this moment in her daughter's room at college. For that young lady had just been asked to the Yale Junior Prom.

Her roommate was engaged, though it was not yet announced, and she did not wish it even suspected, which was difficult to prevent in a houseful of observant and interested friends. Her fiancé was a junior at Yale and he was asking Carol to the Prom, thinking to divert attention, while his best friend asked Julia herself. Carol knew the two men only slightly, she had met them several times, but through their mutual friends they

seemed better acquainted, and Carol was a frank, merry girl, who made friends quickly wherever she went. She had just received letters from them both; Gordon's with the formal invitation and a plea that she come for Julia's sake, even if she wouldn't feel like accepting for herself at such short notice; and Jack Priestly's, explaining that he was really asking her, and urging her to accept on his own account.

The girls were arguing the matter over. Both were a little excited.

"Do go," urged Julia, "I know they both want you. You've made a great hit with Jack. Gordon told me. And think how much nicer it will be for me. Oh, Carol! You'll have a wonderful time! You're crazy to *think* of refusing."

"But, Julia, I don't see but that people will suspect all the more if I do accept, for they know Gordon King would never ask me without something behind it! And I really hardly know either of them. Of course we shall all go together, but I expect you and Gordon will be much absorbed, and poor Jack will be left entirely to my tender mercies. But all that is nothing—consider the expense. Why, the family would never let me go, I can't afford it, and I haven't the clothes! I wish I could, but I just simply can't!"

"What's this Carol can't, and why is she scolding again about her clothes?" called one of the other girls coming down the hall. "Must I continue to tell her that she looks well in anything?"

"She's asked to the Yale Prom, and she won't go," explained Julia.

"Yale Prom!" "Who asked her?" "Why won't she go?" A group began to gather around the door. "Gordon King!" "Well, aren't you jealous, Julia?" "You're going, too, with Jack Priestly?" "Well, what do you think of that!" "You must have made a hit, Carol." "Of course you're going." And Carol was cajoled and coaxed to the necessary pitch of excitement, and finally persuaded to telegraph her family. Everyone in the house was eager to lend her whatever clothes she would select. "They look so much better on you, Carol," sighed one, during the trying-on process. "I like to think my white gloves will represent me at the Prom. It's probably as near as I'll ever get," put in a second. "It won't cost much," she was assured. "Only car fares. Gordon pays the bills. I

thought he'd be saving up the money for a cute little house for Julia, but you never can tell!"

Arrangements were finally made. Festivities lasted from Saturday till Wednesday, but Carol had two examinations Monday. She could get an excuse and take them later, but there was a charge of five dollars each and Carol decided to come back for them—car fares would be cheaper. "There's a dinner the night before, so I shall leave at 6.30 Monday morning. The train is due here at 11.03 and I have Zoo at 11. Do you think that's safe? Then English comes at 2, and I shall take the 4.37 back. Not much time to cram in, but I'll have six hours on the train."

Carol was now thoroughly in the spirit of the event. But as the day drew near she began to get tired. Going to the library to begin cramming one very snowy day, she took cold and could not seem to shake it off. She refused to go to a doctor—she had a prejudice against them, she said, and anyway he might not let her go; but in spite of all the efforts of the house she seemed to grow worse instead of better. She would not give in. The morning she was to start she was a sight! Her eyes were inflamed and swollen and her cheeks decidedly flushed. But she borrowed an extra stock of handkerchiefs from her friends, and dressed up in her borrowed clothes. It was with hearts full of pity that the girls kissed her good-bye. "It's a shame!" they said. "She expected such a good time, and she looks awfully. It's lucky Julia's going too."

At college things went on in their usual course during mid-years. There were exams. to be taken and everyone was busy cramming, but in the intervals there was much wondering about Carol.

"If she were ill Julia would let us know. Her cold probably was at its worst when she left," they said.

Monday came but no Carol. "Well, she's sensible," was the sentiment of the house. "She would have killed herself rushing back for those two exams., and probably flunked them, too. Gordon has probably persuaded her it won't be much to make them up. Carol's game when she once gets started."

Tuesday morning came the thunderbolt. Carol had measles! She had tried to stick it out through the Prom, but Julia had finally made her go to the doctor's, and from there she went straight to the hospital. Julia was having a wonderful time,

of course, but poor Carol! Her hospital bill was fifty dollars a week, she would have to miss all her exams., she would have to be very careful after she got back, she had missed the Prom, and she was alone in a strange hospital!

But after a week the girls began to feel less pity. Carol was quite the popular idol. She had daily offerings of flowers and fruit. All her New Haven friends and the New Haven friends of her friends turned in to help her enjoy life. She wrote cheerful fumigated letters. She was getting well quickly. The doctor and nurse were as nice as they could be. She was getting over her prejudice against doctors. She had seen Jack and Gordon. They came up every day to inquire. She would be home Monday. Then—Jack was sick, too. She feared measles. She couldn't come till Wednesday. And later—Jack did have measles. She hoped to reach college Saturday.

Carol finally arrived late Saturday night. The doctor himself brought her back. She found Julia and another girl in the infirmary. More measles! It was pitiful to see her distress. "I must have started an endless chain, all unsuspecting," she said, "and we'll never know who started me. Jack writes it's spreading at Yale, too. The doctor says he's getting on all right, though."

A month later found the two colleges closed. "Owing to an epidemic of measles, our spring vacation will occur early this year, instead of at the scheduled date," the announcement read. Carol, now quite a figure of note, went home by way of New Haven. "I wonder why!" said the girls in meaning tones as she left. But their surprise would have been intense and real if they had known that Jack Priestly had left some days before. Who then was the man she watched for so eagerly on the station platform? That question was answered in June, when at Class Supper, Carol, to her grandmother's great satisfaction and according to the general expectation of her friends, announced her engagement (but this was the startling part to nearly everybody) to Dr. Samuel Randolph of New Haven, Connecticut.

MARGARET CLARK RANKIN.

ON THE BEACH

Fast flew the sand, high grew the fort,
And shovels small went deep,
Little hands piled stones about,
And sticks were brought with laugh and shout,
To make it strong where the waves would leap,
For the tide was coming in.

Tanned faces glowed, and pride ran high ;
Bright shells the children sought
And placed them on the bulwarks there,
In rows, in steps, in figures rare ;
They saved their walls, but hard they fought,
For the tide was coming in.

Then when the tide was full, and white
Around them curled the foam,
Secure they'd stay when the wave was near,
But out they'd rush without a fear
To bring some ship-wrecked sailors home,
When the wave was rolling back.

Thus lives were saved and brave deeds done
When swimming sticks were men,
But, with the sailors safe ashore,
They'd often toss them out once more,
That they might all be saved again
When the wave was rolling back !

Once, down the beach they chanced to look,
And laughed aloud with glee
To see a white boat darting out,
And in it men with oars so stout
That plowed their way to the rolling sea,
Though the waves were dashing high.

Then quite forgotten was the fort
As they watched the rowers' might ;
And, now and again, on the water gleamed
Burnt red or burnished gold, it seemed,
As of hair in the bright sunlight—
Out where the waves dashed high.

A wave broke through the children's work
And laid it low with the sand ;
They screamed with delight at their haven's fall,
And planned to build a higher wall
That through the tide and waves would stand,
Though the sea should e'er come in.

Their mother came to the beach and called ;
 Her cheeks were wet with tears,
 Her face was white, as each she pressed
 Closer to her heaving breast ;
 But they wondered at her fears,
 As they danced along in the sun.

They saw the boat come to the sand
 And watched its men so bold—
 A woman out to the water ran,
 Held out her arms to the strongest man,
 Whose burden was crowned red gold,
 That shone in the bright sunlight.

LUCILE PARKER.

The brown tower of the little Methodist church loomed up in the glare of the arc-lamp. The street-cars clanged busily by below. The Jew cobbler in the shop be-

The False Note side the church put down the shoe he was mending to light the gas. Over the saloon across the street a fat old woman reached out of the window to shut the blind. "Gets dark before five now," she called down to a neighbor on the sidewalk. A stoop-shouldered old man with white hair curling under a soft black hat sauntered around the corner. Beside him strode a small boy of about eight, talking fast and asking questions which his grandfather answered slowly and absent-mindedly. The two went up the stone steps to the side door of the church. There the old man stopped and fumbled in all his pockets, muttering, "Where could I have put that key?"

"The key is in your left-hand coat pocket," piped up the child. "I saw you put it there."

"That's so. So I did, Paul, so I did."

He opened the door and they stepped into a room seen even in the dusk to be filled with chairs. "That's where my Sunday School class sits," shouted Paul, running over to one corner of the room.

"Yes, but you want to hear me play the organ now," replied the old man, as he opened another door. Paul ran after him into the church, very big and dark save for the light from the stained-glass windows. Paul took hold of his grandfather's hand. His grandfather went over to the organ, lighted the gas, opened it and arranged some music.

"Hurry up and play," whispered Paul, speaking for the first time since they had entered the church.

"Pretty soon," soothed the old man. He went through a door by the organ into a little room. Paul stayed by him and watched him go to a cupboard by the window and feel around for the lever. Then suddenly Paul said, "It's breathing!" and in a slit in a big box by the wall a handle jerked back and forth.

"What's that for, Grandpa?" Paul asked.

"That's what a man used to push up and down to make it breathe. Now electricity makes it go. We don't need the handle any more, but it's never been taken off. Don't touch! If you put your hand in that hole you couldn't stop the handle from coming down and pinching it. You'd better come with me now."

So they went back and the old man began to play. Paul got down on his knees and watched him play with his feet. Then he stood up and watched his fingers pull out the stops and press down the keys. Then he asked his grandfather why he pulled out those knobs. But grandfather was lost in a splendid march and didn't even know that the boy was speaking.

Then Paul thought that he would go and look at the handle again. He wouldn't touch it, but would go and watch it for a little while. The light from the little window just showed the box covering the mechanism, and the wooden arm swinging out of it. It went back and forth in perfect time as if some unseen force were inside the box. It was ghostly. It fascinated Paul so that he wanted to touch it. If he just put his hand on top of the handle to see how it felt, it wouldn't do any harm. And it didn't do any harm. Then he wanted to shake hands with it. He waited till it got way down and was starting back before he tried, and then it carried his hand up with it to the top. Just when it started down he took his hand off. The next time he put his finger in one end of the slit, and just before the handle touched him he jerked it out again. He would put his finger in again and watch the handle creep steadily along the slit till it was just an inch away, and then pluck his hand away and watch the handle take its place.

Meanwhile the old man was playing a prelude by Chopin. The sound of the melody filled his whole mind. He was making the old organ swell into those grand chords when some note not written by Chopin grated upon his ear. He played on, but

again that false note, and as it continued he realized that it was a scream. And then he looked about. All at once it came over him that Paul had come with him. Where was he now? He walked hastily, tremblingly, toward the source of the scream through the door beside the organ, and there, groping in the darkness, he stumbled upon a poor, sobbing little boy with a crushed finger.

MARJORIE FULLER.

PRIMROSES

Pale, chaste and sweet,
Your dainty leaves unfold,
The strange, wide world to greet
From tiny hearts of gold.

MARY FRANK KIMBALL.

Room 24.

DEAREST :

Now I have done it. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I am such a fool. It's all my fault, that's the worst of it; for if I could only throttle some guilty person it would relieve my feelings. As usual you

will have to act as mother confessor.

To come to the point, I have been desperate about my English 13. All my beautifully worked-up stories, especially that triumph (as I thought) of Sir Reginald, etc., have come back with bad criticisms. For instance, "There is no life in this. Keep to things that interest you. Write something within your own experience."

Well, I have done it with a vengeance. I can see the startled look in your eyes and I won't keep you in suspense. Yes, I have written out my story for English 13. You think I had a poor excuse? Oh, but there was another reason. I was so wild with thinking that I couldn't stand it any longer, so I wrote out the tale thinking that might get it off my mind. It didn't, though.

Oh, of course I changed it a little. I made short, swarthy little me a slight, frail creature with light, fluffy hair, of the

usual halo type, and I made him—well, different. She was just starting out as an artist trying to support her mother and herself by painting waves and rocks. It was quite a romantic situation. Then there was her friend who had married a brute because it was the fad to get engaged and because she wanted some silver forks and cut-glass bowls, and because he had lots of money. That taught her a lesson. But the main facts were the same.

The hero was proud of his business success, thought it would be comfortable to have a home of his own, and so he picked out a young person who would have to go through the horrible ordeal (ahem!) of earning her own living, a little girl who, he made up his mind, was too dependent and weak to battle with the world. He didn't know, Honey, that she had grit enough to determine that she would make her way without any assistance from conceited men. There was a quarrel and he went away. Honey, there wasn't any end to that story. He went without knowing how much she wanted something that wasn't a home or a money-bag. Well, she didn't know it either then. So the story didn't have any end, Honey, any end at all.

Last night I passed it in and then I couldn't get it off my mind. I felt as if I had shouted my secret to the whole world. Oh! what an evening! Finally I rushed over to take it back, but too late! The building was closed. This morning I had so many interruptions that I couldn't get there until after chapel and it was gone.

Oh, Honey, write to me. Tell me that I am a nervous, excitable child, that no eyes but Miss Jordan's will see it, that it will come back with "Be careful of your paragraph structure. This is a mass of details without any construction," etc., etc., and that I can burn it in the flames, or, to be literal, throw it into the waste basket.

Do write to me.

Your foolish, loving
JANE.

St. Valentine's Evening.

Just a line, Honey, to thank you for your valentine. Oh, yes, you are guilty because you and only you know my pet combination—caramels and peppermints. Page & Shaw quite outdid themselves this time.

I had another valentine from Boston, too, a huge bunch of violets and lilies-of-the-valley, Now, Honey, don't look so frightened for I am not at all sure whom they came from, so I couldn't send them back, now could I ?

Hastily,
JANE.

February the 20th.

HONEY DEAR :

Here's the next chapter of my tale of woe.

My ill-fated story came out in the MONTHLY. Perhaps they thought they had found a story with "life in it." How clever they were to guess it !

But all that is a side issue. The main thing is that a well-meaning friend thought how proud my family would be to discover an authoress in their midst, and so posted off a copy. Whether they really were proud I don't know, at any rate it must have created some excitement, because it called forth more letters in three days than I've had in a month.

One, from Aunt Hetty, was chiefly a discourse on the dangerous influence of young men's society. Another was from mother, telling me how glad they were and asking very tenderly whether I was happy at college. Then one came to-day from brother, and that was the climax. He started out by laughing at me, as usual, and demanding how I, in my school-girl inexperience, could write a love story when I didn't know anything about them. He went on in that strain for three pages, and then casually remarked that Peter had been in that evening, and seemed rather interested to hear that I had written something, whereupon brother lent him the MONTHLY. To Peter ! Do you understand, Honey ? To Peter !

Oh, Honey, Honey ! What shall I do ? You don't think he will guess, do you ? I'm really so very different from a golden-haired fairy and I can't paint a stroke. He can't guess, he must not !

There's a telephone call for me so I must stop.

Your own
JANE.

February the 21st.

HONEY :

My story has an end. Just think, Honey, and I am so happy !
 Save up your pennies for silver forks. I can't write any more,
 for Peter is waiting.

JANE.

BEATRICE CONANT.

THE PASSING OF THE KING

They bore him down to the sea shore,
 Where the great king-waves roll high
 And they laid him upon the pyre
 Under the cold, grey sky.

Carefully down they laid him,—
 For his body was wrung with pain—
 His gaunt eyes gazing seaward
 Over the measureless main.

As he bade them, they kindled the fire,
 Slowly the smoke curled through
 The gnarled and twisted branches
 Of hemlock and ancient yew.

But still in steadfast quiet,
 The eyes of the old sea king
 Stared longingly over the water
 To the farthest horizon's ring.

Until from the flames which concealed him,
 In a blazing shaft of light,
 A great gray bird flew over the sea,
 Sweeping the waves in its flight.

MARGARET SEABURY COOK.

She was one of the workers in the Settlement House on the
 street behind the church, and a very weary, delicate little
 worker she was. The terrible heat of this long
The Spire summer, the first she had ever spent in the city,
 had almost broken her health.

The church was her refuge. When its heavy padded doors
 closed behind her, the rush of air seemed to envelop her in a
 delicious sense of coolness, peace and well-being.

With the thought of this in her mind as she passed the church one day,—coming home from an errand through hot streets, among the crowds that thronged the streets at the noon hour, weary and dispirited from the heat to which there seemed no end,—when she thought of the cool church she looked up at the spire. There it was, a slender, pointing finger, towering up till it seemed to disappear in the heavens in a flash of light from its golden cross. It was to her a link between the hot, blistering pavement where she stood and the cool, deep blue sky.

As she took her seat at the luncheon table that day the matron of the Settlement House told her of the decision of the architects and engineers, which decreed that the spire must come down.

She had known for some time that the spire was unsafe and was under examination by experts, but that it would be destroyed had never entered her head. If she had been told that the arch of heaven had a crack in it, and was a menace to the world, she would not have been more horror-struck. It seemed a desecration to think of it, so closely had she in her mind identified the spire with what it stood for.

But the decision was really against the spire, and the next week the work began. The scaffolding rose like magic, and at length the masons began work.

One morning there was great excitement among the workmen. The masons working on the topmost scaffolding had found, stuck in the crumbling mortar between the blocks of stone, a hair-pin!

One of the girls in the House confessed to having climbed the scaffolding, leaving the hair-pin as proof of her feat.

From that moment the little worker felt an insane desire to climb the spire. She had just recovered from a long illness a few months before, and adding to that her longing to throw herself from any height where she might be, she realized that she could not attempt the scaffolding. But that there must be some inside way she was convinced, and at last, after diligent questioning, she not only learned of a way, but obtained a necessary key.

At first she thought of asking one of the other workers to go with her, but fearing to be laughed at or forbidden to go herself, she resolved to try it alone, on the first clear night.

At last her chance came, and one night, after an unusually

trying day, she provided herself with candles and started out to test the worth of her information.

She crept into the church through the vestry, and turned on the electric light just above the altar. She stood quiet a moment, looking at the great dark void of the church, till gradually the one soft luminous glow from the altar seemed to envelop the whole nave, and gave faint glimpses of the mighty shadowy stone arches, with their delicate tracery of carving. But it was late, and with a sigh, half a shiver of fear, she started down the centre aisle.

The trap-door which opened into the tower was to be found in the organ loft, so she had been told. She stole softly into the darkness of the portico, and up the wide dark stairway, till she reached the loft. Stumbling over chairs of the choir, she hunted vainly for the trap-door, which she supposed would of course be in the floor. By a lucky chance she leaned against the lattice work beside the organ key-board, and feeling it give way a little, found it to be the long-sought door. After lighting her candle she stepped in.

She never knew how she managed that climb alone. The shadows cast by her candle frightened her, and strange sounds from falling stones startled her. But the spirit of adventure was strong in her, and she went fearlessly on.

She went first through a narrow passage, up a narrower stair, ending in a landing evidently the base of the spire, from which a spiral ladder-like stairway led endlessly up into the blackness overhead. Up and up she went, stepping on crumbling stone which had fallen when the huge blocks had been loosened from the top of the spire, climbing over gaps where the boards which formed the steps were gone, clinging to the rail when the whole stairway shook and trembled, till she came to another landing, perhaps a sixth the size of the first. From there a ladder led up to one landing after another, till finally she reached the last one and saw above her the sky. The opening of the spire was only a few feet above, and she climbed up the rough stone side till she could clamber out on the wide platform of the topmost scaffolding. Then she stood silent, spell-bound at the sight before her.

The church was situated on the heights of Brooklyn, near the river, commanding a view north and east, over New York, New Jersey and Brooklyn.

She looked up and saw a thick-starred heaven, looked down and saw a thick-starred earth, suspended midway between ; all sense of time and space was lost, and the heavens were as near as the earth and as real.

The myriad lights of Brooklyn, behind her the river with boats and ships of all sizes weaving an intricate, ever-changing pattern of gold on its dark bosom, the Brooklyn Bridge, and the Williamsburg, or "Bridge of the Jewish Passover," with their delicate lace-work of lights outlining arches and spans, the low-lying Jersey shore with its tiny, twinkling lights, the steady burning torch of the statue of Liberty, and last the mighty city, its huge, unlighted office buildings like shadowy clouds against the sky, its moving street cars and elevated trains, its shipping outlining the shore with the lanterns, and its millions of lights stretching out as far as she could see, till it looked one conglomerate mass of light, an earthly milky way ; all this and more lay spread out before her in an encircling panorama.

How long she gazed awe-struck, she never knew, but after what might have been hours had passed, at last she roused herself from her trance to the realization of the late hour and the long way she had to go down. Silently she made the descent, blindly, with that glorious vision still in her mind's eye.

Often in after years, when weary with the incessant struggle against poverty, sin and dirt which makes up the life of the Settlement worker, the memory of that hour came to her, and gave her hope and courage. For that night she had seen spread out before her the record of man's progress. Brought face to face with this, the thought that a race capable of mastering the forces of nature and of bending them to its will, is destined to be forever the victim of circumstances, the slave of its passions, the creature of sloth and misery, whom she had striven, so often in vain, to help, in the presence of the memory of that glorious sight such thoughts as these faded away, and left the uplifting assurance that their work was not useless, but was a part of the upward struggle of mankind.

PAULINE LYDIA PROVINCE.

EDITORIAL

A member of the faculty who had viewed with some distaste the manifestations of pleasure that attended the reading of the Phi Beta Kappa list, remarked that excessive demonstration is typical of the college girl. Allowing a very small per cent. for genuine emotion, the remainder is, in her opinion, pure affectation. "We like to be thought enthusiastic," she said smiling. "A reputation for unbounded enthusiasm, we find, pays. And so we clap ecstatically and hop in our chairs and clutch each other excitedly and exclaim and gasp—all over a bit of news about which, had we been told it in the privacy of our rooms, we might have remarked 'How nice!' And this same excess and extravagance characterizes all our activity."

While we may admit some justice in the charge that our demonstrations of emotion are frequently in excess of the initial emotion, yet I am certain that we shall find this explanation of the excess as affectation quite inadequate. Not but what there may be among us those who do affect an enthusiasm which they hardly feel! Some of us there may be who find that a reputation for enthusiasm "pays" and who bounce about and laugh and hug and kiss to the end of obtaining that reputation; and some of us there may be who are cowards—who are bored and soured, and who yet clap and laugh and send flowers because we are afraid not to; and some of us there may be who occasionally affect an enthusiasm temporarily through a sort of courtesy, as when we applaud the time-worn "stunt" as heartily as if it still possessed the charm of novelty. But when all these have been taken out, there still remains the vast body of those who applaud ecstatically and sincerely and yet whose demonstration must, it seems, exceed the emotion. It is easy to explain away the seeming paradox.

At basis there is the reckless prodigality of youth which has made the extreme expressions of people of our age—not alone of us in the colleges—a subject for humorous comment the world over. And as we are all young here, and there are none

among us of soberer years to check our extravagance, we may be more likely here than elsewhere, once we have let ourselves go, to go the whole length of expression. There are other facts, also, of our life here which help account for exaggerated expression; but it is of this prodigality of ours, in its relation not to excessive enthusiasm but to excessive activity, that I wish to speak further.

We are young. The purse is full of gold pieces; full to bursting. College holds out open hands and we give, give, give. We may even spend them all, to the last coin, and while we lie sleeping, Life, who is still lenient with us, will slip another piece or two into the purse, and we wake up in the morning rich again. And if we spend the bounty in a single day and are aghast to find the purse so soon empty again, we yet sink trustfully to sleep, thinking, "In the morning I shall be rich once more." So we live one lavish day after another, spending ourselves to the last cent, and until we wake, some haggard dawn, and find the purse still empty, and have to labor with toil and self-denial to gain a single coin henceforth, we do not learn to economize.

Letitia listens wearily to this parable. Her friends implore her a dozen times a day, "*Please* take care of yourself, Letitia! You have simply got to rest some to-day!" And these prayers simply demand for themselves a share of her already over-occupied attention. She replies with a schedule of her "day," which only too many of us recognize as a fair sample:

- 8.00 A. M.—Fix for sweep day.
- 8.30 —Chapel.
- 9.00 —Class.
- 10.00 —Written lesson. (When shall I prepare for it?)
- 11.00 —Committee meeting.
- 12.00 M. —Class.
- 1.00 P. M.—Luncheon.
- 1.45 —Meeting.
- 2.30 —Rehearsal.
- 4.30 —Basket-ball.
- 5.30 —Dress for dinner.
- 6.00 —Dinner.
- 6.45 —See So-and-So about—etc.
- 7.00–9.00—Book engaged.
- 9.00 —See ———.
- 9.30 —Fix room from sweep day.
- 10.00 —Fall into bed (and when shall I do that paper for Miss B.?).

"Does that sound as if I were wasting any time that might be spent in resting?" she asks with a smile. "And by the way, Martha, you may have my ticket to the Play to-night if you care to use it. I'm sorry, but I shall have to miss it."

Martha falls silent, but she is troubled about many things. Finally her brow clears. She has found the solution.

"My dear, you take on too many things. You have no backbone. You follow the line of least resistance. People keep asking you to do things that you haven't time for, and instead of saying right out that you haven't time and then sticking to it, you give in and say, well, you'll do it. You will simply have to learn to say 'no.'"

Letitia feels considerably depressed by this plain setting forth of the depravity of her moral character, and resolves that she will say 'no' henceforth. After two days of the extraordinary unhappiness which adherence to this line of conduct causes her, she backslides; and upon Martha's reproaching her, she only replies sadly, "I know; but wait till you've tried saying 'no' in this place awhile."

"But your energies are diffused over so many trifling activities that somebody else could do plenty well enough," mourns Martha.

And that is exactly the trouble. The Major-and-Minor-Offices restriction does not touch these little petty activities, many of them quite worthless, that absorb so much of the valuable time of busy people. There may be a half-dozen persons of moderate talent who would greatly relish acting the part of Dick Adair or Reginald Vanderpoel, but the Hero of Senior Dramatics must be requisitioned! Any one of a dozen idlers would revel in composing the doggerel "grinds" for a stunt-party, but the task is urged upon the author of the Ivy Song. There are many energetic, not-too-busy girls who could perfectly well take care of the numberless small committees that are always needing chairmen, and that are usually put on the shoulders of the chairman of the Senior Week Committee, or the chairman of the Junior Frolic Committee or the Prom. Committee.

The main responsibility undoubtedly rests with the people who habitually say, "I don't believe I have time; but—" at the end of an awkward pause, "I suppose I might try it." But something might be said, I think, to those persons who continu-

ally ask small services of those who are already rendering large ones, simply because it is easier to ask them than to search out new people, and safer than to risk responsibilities (even though so little is at stake) in the hands of people of mediocre capabilities. A big responsibility chalk-marks a girl as a tramp chalk-marks the gate of a hospitable house, which will thenceforth be besieged by all the beggars of the region, perhaps to its own impoverishment. A house has a perfect right, of course, to lock its gate; but it were well, perhaps, for those of us who must find shelter for numerous small duties, to lead them less often to chalk-marked gates.

The Editors take great pleasure in announcing the election of the Board for the coming year, as follows:—

Anne Coe Mitchell—Editor-in-Chief
Dorothy Donnell—Literary Editor
Alice Marjorie Pierce—Sketches Editor
Leola Baird Leonard—Editor of the Table
Helen Mahlon Spear—Alumnæ Editor
Edith Jarvis—About College Editor
Annie Crimm—Business Editor
Elizabeth Spader Clark—Assistant Business Editor
Margaret Painter—Business Manager
Louise Howard Comstock—Treasurer
Gertrude Bussard—Alumnæ Treasurer

EDITOR'S TABLE

"The college girl is so independent!" Some say it admiringly, some regretfully, and some, alas! resentfully, but the comment is made so frequently that occasionally she may forget that repetition does not always insure veracity and take her independence for granted, in spite of ever-recurring contradictory testimony. For surely not at college is her independence asserted. She comes there under obligations, to herself, her parents, the college body, and the community in which the college is. Her duty to her parents is as they will, her duty to the college is as its organization demands, but to herself and to the college community her duty is as she sees it, and may Heaven grant her clear vision as well as a talent for adaptation!

For she is always an object of criticism, and even if when in Rome she does as the Romans do it will not always prove satisfactory. Frequently it is better to do so that the Romans may do as they are wont to do, and if it sometimes seems that demands run high, the college girl has only to remember that she knew, or might have guessed, all this before she came, and that after all there are overbalancing compensations or she would not be here. Spring is coming, soon we will go forth in search of the trailing arbutus, the water blood-root and the early hepaticas. If New England dislikes having her wild flowers pulled up by the roots, surely she is not greatly to be blamed. A few flowers uprooted may seem a little matter, but they are not always a few and anyway it is the little things that count in daily life and make the sum total pleasant or otherwise. In our college life, the willingness to give our time, our sympathy, to the girl who seems a little queer, when often all she needs is a little understanding—this, too, is a little demand, but one of which the college girl cannot afford to be independent. College is not only a place for getting, it is a place for giving—we have not only minds to broaden, we have sympathies to enlarge. And the field is wide.

But while we may not maintain a strict independence while in college perhaps we fall there into certain customs, an attitude of mind which regards the individual or the community as a whole, but is not particularly in sympathy with the interests of a group of individuals with which she may be placed, be it family, friends, or co-workers. One woman complained, "Mary doesn't take any interest in her family. She is fond of us, but she has her own friends and she is completely absorbed in her own interests. She has grown very independent." Mary is still maintaining her independence, but at a cost.

We are all dependent on others for something—friendship, coöperation and even justice. Unless we are to live as Robinson Crusoe, we cannot be independent of our neighbor's opinion. Outwardly at least we must modify our customs, our convictions, sometimes even our "King's English" if we are to coöperate with others, and coöperation is a necessity of existence. There was once a very successful man who as a child had been neglected if not abused by his parents. Yet when they were old and dependent he kept them in luxury. Some one asked him if he felt obliged to do so. "Well," he said, "in this state a human life is valued at five thousand dollars and I reckon I owe them at least that"; and he was known as a very independent man.

We are born to obligations and with them we live and die. The college girl has no fewer than any other girl, if there is any difference she has assumed and must discharge more. Duty well done—for the college girl as for the rest of the world—is the only true independence.

PETER PAN

"I'm Youth, eternal Youth,
I'm Joy! Joy!! Joy!!!"

What then is Youth? 'Tis the sun at morn,
The crowning splendor of gorgeous dawn,
A golden glory upon the rim,
Of the waking world so strange and dim,
That is Youth.

The lilting joy of the soaring bird,
Over the flower-decked meadow heard,
Waking in heart strings which age has stilled,
Echoes of music to which they thrilled,
That is Youth.

June with its blossoms which then unfold,
 Petals of rose from great hearts of gold,
 Sweet with fragrance of present pleasure,
 Rich in promise of future treasure,
 That is Youth.

Spring-time breezes that race o'er the hills,
 Leaving as foot-prints exquisite thrills,
 Joyful shivers through tree tops that pass,
 Rippling laughter that runs o'er the grass,
 These in truth,
 All are Youth.

—*The Blue Book of the
 University of Maine.*

THE PLOWMAN

In the rough furrow he follows his plow,
 Eyes on the earth as it breaks from the share,
 Guiding his horse with a heavy-voiced care,
 Up from the hollow and over the brow.

*There in the the thicket the juncos a-twitter
 Make a mad revel of early spring days;
 All through the wood there's a stir and a flitter
 As hither and thither the restless flock strays.*

In the rough furrow he follows his plow,
 Eyes on the earth as it breaks from the share,
 Guiding his horse with a heavy-voiced care,
 Up from the hollow and over the brow.

*Madness of spring-time the light air is flooding,
 Fragrance of earth that is fresh from spring showers;
 Down by the brook amber willows are budding,
 Little brown hollows are starred with white flowers.*

In the rough furrow he follows his plow,
 Eyes on the earth as it breaks from the share,
 Guiding his horse with a heavy-voiced care,
 Up from the hollow and over the brow.

—*The Vassar Miscellany*

SONG

I dreamt of you and thought
 You must be near,
 I woke
 And softly thy name spoke—
 But oh—the fear
 When I was answered naught.

Then from the empty gloom
 A small voice came
 And said,
 "She whom you love is dead,
 You call in vain
 She sleeps where roses bloom."

—*The Nassau Literary Magazine.*

AFTER A CHOPIN PRELUDE

Throw your scruples away,
 Cast your conscience aside,
 Let this be the one day,
 Let the moment decide.
 Is that your mother's hand?
 Cast! O, cast it away!
 Is that your father's arm?
 Throw it! throw it aside!
 Let the wild will have his way,
 Out with wild horses and ride,
 Gallop and ride till the day,
 Wild fire studs all the night.
 Who cares what the nobles may say!
 They are cowards! cowards! cowards!

Cease, cease heart from unrest,
 Tear into shreds the black pall
 Of sin that hides the soul's quest.
 Triumph, Light, over all.
 Is that the sweet murmur of pines?
 O, list to the songs of the blest.
 Is that the brave shout of the sea?
 Hark, and respond to His call.
 Return true heart to the west.
 Toil over mountain and fall.
 No backward look till the quest
 Shall send glad tears and delight.
 Who cares what the rabble may bawl?
 They are cowards! cowards! cowards!

—*The Williams Literary Monthly.*

THE COMIC SPRITE

Skiping down the hills I run,
 With burble, bounce and a burst of glee;
 Or else I slide through crannies, spun
 With the close-woven webs of busy thought
 Carefully wrought.
 (Glide Cautiously!)

Into the deepest stream I dip,
 And the waves ripple sweet
 In quick surprise;
 Or else of the froth of life I sip—
 And burst bubbles meet
 My piercing eyes—
 Oh! I dance and sing
 And shout with glee!
 Oh! wildly I ring,
 In an ecstasy,
 My cap of bells,
 And fill the air
 With sudden spells
 Of that exquisite, rare
 Intoxicant thing—
 Gurgling and rollicking, full-toned and rhythmical,—
 Laughter!

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

UNDER THE SNOW

To A. F. C.

Under the snow
 The summer sleeps,
 Quietly sleeps
 Under the snow;
 And hidden low
 The lily keeps
 From winds that blow
 And ice that creeps.

Under the snow
 The summer dwells,
 Happily dwells
 Under the snow;
 Around her flow
 Unfrozen wells,
 Violets blow
 And heather bells.

Under the snow
 Sweet summer lies,
 Slumbering lies,
 Under the snow;
 Let the wind blow
 And blind the skies!
 Yet from the snow
 Shall summer rise.

—*University of Virginia Magazine.*

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

OUR LORD AND MASTER

Have ye heard of the terrible master, Dread,
Who rules o'er the women along the shore,
Where the white-winged schooners poised and fled,
Beyond the line where the sea-gulls soar?

He lodges with them through spring and fall,
In tempest and calm he is by their side,
When the men go out for the deep sea haul,
To the rim of the world where it stretches wide.

The women smile at his harsh commands,
With sad, proud faces and trembling lips,
But they watch all day from the barren sands,
And walk each night to the empty slips.

He has brought them gifts through the countless years,
A patience as long as all time shall be,
And wistful eyes, but their erstwhile tears
He has taken away to salt the sea.

His messengers are the scudding clouds,
The moaning wind, the flag half-mast,
The whitening wave, the broken oar,
The stove-in dory washed up at last.

And the women are slaves to his beck and call,
No need to struggle or sigh or groan,
For as long as they love he will rule them all,
When the boats of the sailors have seaward flown.

So they hate the ocean that gave him birth,
And they curse the fish that bring them bread,
But while women wait on the sea-girt earth
They must live and die in the arms of Dread.

Down by the pitiless sea,
Watching across the foam,
The fisherwives stand and pray
For the boats that have not come home.

ELEANOR J. LITTLE '07.

FAREWELL

The night is almost here, dear love !
Long shadows point in sorrow toward the east
As though in sympathy that my one happy day
Is done.

My day is done, and yet its sweetness
Will outlast a lifetime of regret.
Beyond this day stretches a desert of long, dreary days
Without you,

And yet, thank God, that in the silence of some night, oasis-like,
I may drink in long memories of this one sweet day !
That I may think again the warmth of your dear hands,
These hands I hold against my heart ;
That I may see again, in thought, yourself,
And love you with my strength and soul,
As though the parting ways
Had turned to meet again.

I will not blaspheme Fate nor doubt God's righteousness !
I shall live on my life, as nobly as I may with my poor strength !
And yet my eyes are blinded to the good
That points us different ways.

LOUISE RYALS CRAVIOTO '06.

It was a hot, dusty day in the Middle West as I boarded the train at a small country station. I jumped on to the platform, and walking into the crowded car, looked vainly for a seat. No one in the car paid the slightest attention to me, although I was the only passenger who got on at the time, and I was just about to go through into the next car, when I saw a seat and made my way to it. One person was sitting in it—a lady in black, slender and weak looking. I could not see her face, as she was looking out of the window, but asked if I might sit down in the vacant seat beside her. She nodded, but did not turn around, and I sat down.

For a time my attention wandered aimlessly among the other people in the car. But it soon learned all it cared to, and came back to the lady in black beside me. She turned finally and asked if I had travelled far. I was so startled at her speaking to me that I could barely pull myself in hand to answer—especially as I discovered that there were tears in her eyes. I could not understand why she had addressed me, but it must have been the feeling of loneliness, which was evident the moment she turned, that had made her do so.

I answered that I had not travelled far, but had spent the Sunday with a cousin of mine in the town at which I had taken the train. There was an awkward pause. Should I go on? She must have wanted to talk, for it was she who had spoken first. "And you, have you been long on the way?" I asked.

"All morning," she answered.

"You are very tired?"

"Yes, very tired, but it isn't that the way has been long, it is that it has been so hard."

"Hard?"

"I don't know why I am telling you, but I have left a friend—my best friend, and my only friend, too. I came to say good-bye. She is going away—to India—and we are never to see each other again."

The tears were falling again, so to help her I said, as gently as I could, "It is always hard to say good-bye, but the world is so small, we meet so often when we had never hoped to. When we look into the future, it sometimes is so much darker than we find it when we come up to it."

"Ah yes, I know, but she is never to come back, and I—I have no one else. We have always been friends, she and I. We have never had an angry word. And—she is all I have."

"I, too, had a friend once," I answered, "my roommate, a fine, big, merry fellow. We were to have gone into business together, but he died."

"You understand then?" she asked.

"Yes, I understand," I answered. We did not speak again. She was looking out of the window, and I—well—I was thinking of Max, until my eyes grew dim, and I took out my handkerchief to brush a cinder from my forehead.

It was evening when we came to the station where we must all change. She told me she was going south, so I helped her look up her train, and as it left an hour before mine, we had our supper together, and then I put her on her train. "You do not mind my not talking?" she had asked. I have forgotten, I think, to say that her face was very beautiful.

"I do not mind at all," I had answered, and we did not speak during the meal.

When I had put her on her train, and made her comfortable, I turned to say good-bye. "You have been very kind," she said, "I shall never forget it."

"Nor I," I answered, and although I would have said more I could not, and walked away.

It was half an hour later, and I had walked back and forth on the station platform, trying not to think of Max—and thinking harder all the time—when the station agent, whom I knew, came to me and said, "I hope, sir, that it wasn't a friend of yours whom you were putting on the south-bound express."

"But it was. What has happened?"

"Wrecked just beyond town. They are bringing in the wounded now."

She was one of the last they brought on a stretcher, and her head was terribly cut. A doctor had been sent for, but had reached her too late.

She opened her eyes once, as I walked along beside the doctor, and, I think, recognized me. "My best friend," she murmured. "I wish—she—could know. I should have been—so—lonely—" She seemed to grow weaker suddenly, and said no more.

She never regained consciousness, but died before morning. We could find no clue to her identity, though we did all in our power, and she was buried

in a private cemetery belonging to a friend of mine. We had a stone put over her grave, and inscribed upon it was only the date, "August twenty-eighth, 1899."

I hope some day to meet her "best friend." I have not done so yet, but I never forget to look for her, and somehow, I almost feel that if I should see her I should know that it was she.

AMY GRACE MAHER '06.

In preparation for the Smith College Missionary Record, many interesting letters have been received by the committee. One of these is from Mrs. Cameron Johnson (Belle Richardson)

Letters From Missionary Alumnae '94, whose husband is engaged in giving stereopticon "travelogues and missionary institutes" in this country. The institutes are particularly interesting, as they comprise a series of lectures, covering several consecutive days, on the country, the people, and the mission work of China, Japan, India, Egypt, etc. Having spent many years in residence and travel in the Great Far East, and having made a tour once and a half around the world, taking numberless photographs for stereopticon slides, Mr. Johnson is peculiarly fitted to speak on these subjects, and by his work in the home land of arousing interest is accomplishing much for the foreign field.

Mrs. Johnson writes :—"Mr. Johnson and I went to Japan in 1898. . . . Mr. Johnson had been an independent missionary associated with the Southern Presbyterian Mission. He had spent his first year in Korea and then a few years in Japan. We were associate members of the S. P. M. during the seven years we lived in Kobe, and are still listed as such in their lists of missionaries. As associate members we have no financial or official connection with the mission. While our income has been small, it has been sufficient to enable us to be independent. We returned two and a half years ago, having spent over a year on the way home, coming the long way and visiting the missions in China, India, Ceylon, Egypt, and the Holy Land with a view to the work which Mr. Johnson is now doing.

"You may be interested to know that before I knew Mr. Johnson I promised to become a foreign missionary should the way ever open. It looked impossible then. I am ready now to go anywhere at any time, I think. Still, as long as Mr. Johnson keeps so busy doing the work which he is now doing, we feel that he is accomplishing more for the same cause than we could if we were both on the field.

"His work while in Japan was English school work with Bible instruction and private classes; I had Sunday School work, children's meetings, a Bible class, etc., and visiting. What took a great deal of our time and strength was keeping open house for missionaries, and being a sort of missionary to the missionaries. We sometimes called ourselves "commissionaries" for the missionaries in interior places. New missionaries were met and started on their way; sick missionaries were cared for; and the missionary birth, death, funeral and wedding were events in our little Kobe home. . . . Being independent, we were often called on by other missions when they needed help, and I have taught in the Methodist Eurasian school and in Kobe

College, where Miss (Charlotte) De Forest is. . . . Of course I do what I can in every way to help the cause so dear to us both, and include home missions in my efforts, as we all should do. . . . "

Sarah De Forest, 1901, was married in June, 1905, to Mr. William B. Pettus, and in 1906 went with her husband to China under the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, of which Mr. Pettus is one of the national secretaries. Their headquarters are at 120 Szechuen Road, Shanghai, although at present they are in the country, at Luho, Central China, studying the Chinese language. The difficulties which such study presents to a new missionary are suggested in the following extracts from a letter from Mrs. Pettus, written shortly after her arrival in China :

DEAR GIRLS OF SMITH :— . . . I have not been in China three months and have seen very little of the work, but I am already feeling something of the tremendous opening here in China, and I long to have you personally feel it. As yet I feel almost entirely cut off from the people by the language barrier. It is something worse than I ever thought it would be to be unable to smooth out little misunderstandings among my own servants, or say tactful, pleasant things ; but it all just drives one back to *being*, and not just saying. And the Chinese are very good, keen, character readers.

Every day my husband and I have the teachers morning and afternoon. This is a fascinating language. . . . As yet our only work is study and keeping well, which latter we do by taking long strolls over the hills inside the city walls, and on the walls themselves. . . . Don't neglect your bodies before you come out here. It does not pay. You will need every bit of strength and resource of every kind in getting used to a new climate, and more especially to a new people. . . . Hoping to welcome you out here,

SARAH DE FOREST PETTUS.

The committee on the Alumnæ Procession to take place during Commencement wish to announce that the procession will form immediately after the chapel exercises on Monday, June 15. The route will be announced later, but the procession is expected to fade into insignificance before the senior procession begins. It is earnestly hoped that every class will be represented.

The present plans include a chief marshal, and a marshal for each class. The class marshals will carry banners. The committee recommends that the banners be of one design, the coloring and the numerals indicating the class. Suggestions in regard to the design will be welcome. Each class secretary will be informed of the final choice. Each class is asked to choose some insignia to be worn or carried during the procession.

A wish has been expressed that an alumnæ song be written to be sung on this occasion. As the time is short, the committee feels that this year the song should be of a popular character set to a popular air, rather than a masterpiece to be adopted for all time. Anyone who is willing to write a song, will kindly send it to the chairman of the committee, 207 Weston Road, Wellesley, Mass., not later than May 15.

FLORENCE JACKSON '93,
Chairman.

Through the efforts of the Alumnae Association reduced railroad rates have been obtained, as last year, for persons attending Commencement from all points in the New England and Trunk Line districts. A full notice of the way to obtain the reduction will be mailed to *each member of the Alumnae Association* one month before Commencement.

The following addresses of alumnae have proved to be unreliable. It is earnestly requested that anyone possessing information about the present addresses of these alumnae will kindly send it to the General Secretary of the Alumnae Association at 184 Elm Street, Northampton, Mass.

Mrs. Worcester (Grace Worthington Bushee ex-'02) 100 Pembroke Street, Boston.

Mrs. John Reid (Mary L. Richardson '93), 247 S. Main St., Manchester, N. H.

Mary Wham '06, 963 Hamilton Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Elizabeth S. Dickerman '94, 2049 East 115th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Mary Elizabeth Hoy '98, 461 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. W. A. Logan (Edith D. Jenkins '00), Rio Vista, Grand Av., Keokuk, Ia.

Margaret Lowe '06, Fitchburg, Mass.

Application for rooms on the campus for Commencement must be made to the respective class secretaries. Judging from last year's experience it will be useless for any class later than '98 to apply for the campus, as the places will be taken by the older classes.

MRS. J. S. GARRISON, Chairman of Committee.

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Florence Dixon, 20 Belmont Avenue, Northampton.

MARRIAGES

'98. Ruth Harland Duncan to John Duff. Address, 23 Burroughs Street, Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts.

Alice Belle Ricker to John E. Keach. Address, Forest Service, Washington, D. C.

'00. Carolyn Lauter to Fred Paddock Robinson. Address, 2518 Bellefontaine Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Mildred Morse to Ernest Perley Bartlett. Address, 5225 Jefferson Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

ex-'00. Blanche Annie D. Elmer to Andrew Pierson Hoover. Address, Auburn, New York.

'01. Gertrude Fiske Hall to J. Nelson Hood. Address, Richmond Hill, Long Island.

Clara Dwight Sprague to Harte Cooke. Address, Auburn, New York.

Sarah Nicoll Woodward to Cameron Farquhar MacRae. Address, 4 Minghong Road, Shanghai, China.

- '02. Katherine Harter to Henry Morgan Alexander. Address, 3814 Prospect Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.
- '05. Amy Evelyn Collier to James McDowell Patterson. Address, 10 Cary Avenue, Chelsea, Massachusetts.

BIRTHS

- '00. Mrs. Clayton Kendall Haskell (Bertha W. Groesbeck), two sons, Anson Groesbeck and Henry, born March 11, 1906.
- '03. Mrs. Warren Sherman Hayden (Elizabeth Strong), a son, Sherman Strong Hayden, born February 9.
- '05. Mrs. Donald Roderick McLennan (Katherine Cole Noyes), a son, Donald Roderick McLennan, Jr., born February 28.

DEATH

- '04. Ellen Augusta Brackett, at the Minturn Hospital, New York City, March 7.

O Fairest Alma Mater

Words by Henrietta Sperry '10

Music by H. D. Sleeper

Not too slowly.

To you, Oh Alma Mater, Oh mother great and true, From all your loyal children Comes

mf *mp*

up the song a - new, Where swings the red sun upward, Where sinks he down to rest, Are

cresc. *poco rit.* *Chorus a little slower*

hearts that backward turning Still find you first and best. And gladly, singing to you always, Our loyal

cresc. molto *rit.*

hearts with joy shall fill. Oh fairest, fairest Alma Mater, You hold and claim us still

By many a hearth your daughters
Their love for you shall tell,
Until in turn their children
Shall learn to love you well,
And still the ranks renewing
And stronger year by year,
Are one in deep devotion,
To you we hold so dear.—Chorus.

You gave us dreams unnumbered,
And life we had not known,
And now, Oh Alma Mater,
We give you back your own.
For memories, for friendships,
That bless each passing day,
And toil unsought we render,
And debt unasked we pay.—Chorus.

ABOUT COLLEGE

ON "SWEARING OFF"

"Oh Helen, Helen, see what's here,
A box of Page and Shaw!
Ten pounds from my nice Harvard man,
What could a suitor, more?"
But Helen gave a sigh and said,
"Although it looks just dandy
You know that, dearie, for my health
I'm swearing off on candy."

"Oh Hattie, Hattie, leave your work
And come and take a tramp,
We'll see new sights, and hear new sounds,
And have a change from Hamp."
But Hattie shook her head and said,
"Run off and stop your talking,
Until my argument is done,
I'm swearing off on walking."

"Oh Hilda, Hilda, I wont ask
That you come out and play
For fear that you've sworn off the same,
As all the others say.
But Hilda shook her head and laughed,
"Pray don't be so despairing,
You've found at last the one you seek,
I've sworn off on off-swearing!"

EDITH L. JARVIS '09.

THE MORNING AFTER THE GLEE CLUB CONCERT

A girl sat in a math. room seat
 And tried to hide her muddy feet.
 Her hair was straight and very flat,
 She did not wear her furs or hat.
 Her cheeks were pale. No violets graced
 The maiden's slender little waist.
 She looked upon the girls with men,
 And very softly sighed she then.
 Their faces fair were animated,
 Their locks with care were undulated,
 With greatest skill each puff was placed,
 And violets adorned each waist.
 They were a fetching sight to gaze on,
 Their garb was so ruedelapaixian.
 And as she watched these girls with men
 The maiden softly sighed again.
 "One has my new lynx furs," she said,
 "One took my hat right off my head,
 One wears my suit just lately pressed,
 She said that she must look her best.
 One has my long-engaged marcel,
 But even that I could stand well
 And cheerfully their fun could view
 If one girl hadn't my man, too."

ELIZABETH S. CLARK '09.

The recent modification of the Social Regulations by the committee on social rules has caused a great deal of discussion among the students, and has been the chief subject of interest since the

"Social Regulations" mass meeting in January. Until recently the girls were apparently permitted without comment to go for Sunday dinner to any of the houses on the list of places authorized by the committee. The rule, if there was one, discouraging this, had become a dead letter, and the girls were allowed to use their own discretion, while the faculty watched the result and decided what should be done next. The girls made too free use of the privileges allowed them and the rule that was finally decided upon forbids them to take their guests to Sunday dinner out of town, but permits them to go to Plymouth or Collins' Inn here in Northampton.

The entertainment of gentlemen has been the most strongly agitated phase of the matter, for the girls and women who visit the college can be entertained in the girls' rooms, or if this is not done, at least have not the same fear of a college dining-room or parlor that a man would have. Some people think that the girls should be permitted to have more freedom with regard to Sunday, but I wish to prove that the committee is justified in limiting the mode of entertainment and that the students should not entertain their guests out of town on Sunday.

The first argument offered by those opposed to the new rule is that there is no whole holiday at Smith as at most colleges, and consequently Sunday is the only day left on which to entertain friends. The girls also plead that Sunday is the only day a great many of their visitors can come, and wish on that account to be allowed to take them out to dinner. The limitations of the campus house are cited. "Only six guests are allowed at Sunday dinner, and any way no man would ever come so that dining-room full of girls."

In reply to the first question, the girls have two half-holidays, and by having classes Saturday morning it is made possible to have a greater number of the other afternoons free than would be possible if five days were forced to hold all the two and three-hour courses. Moreover, the question is not one of holidays, but whether the New England Sabbath is to be turned into an European Sunday—whether it is to be a day of recreation or of rest.

As for Sunday dinner, even if the visitor is unwilling to venture into the college dining-room, it scarcely seems necessary that every moment be spent with him. At home, when a friend visits your city or town, he does not consider himself insulted if he is not invited to every meal, or if your whole time is not devoted to his entertainment.

This brings up the argument that the opponents of the new rule considers one of their strongest. "The girls entertain at home on Sunday, so why can't they do it here?" In an organization as large as Smith College, where fifteen hundred girls are concerned, individual ideas of conduct, and of right and wrong, cannot be regarded as a standard for ruling the general conduct. One all-embracing rule has to be made to which there can be no exceptions. The reputation of the college also has to be considered, and actions which would be permitted at home might be misinterpreted by the town's-people, who are notoriously critical of the college and all appertaining thereto. Many things considered proper by some families are thought quite the reverse by the majority—Sunday card-playing, for example.

Thoughtless girls, carried away by a desire for "fun," do things they would not for a moment consider, were an older person there to sober them, or if they realized that they were really affecting the reputation of their college. The case may be cited of the girls who, at one of the out-of-town dinners, pushed back the table and danced.

A phase of the matter that those who think the out-of-town house, such as Clary's Farm, an ideal place for Sunday dinner, fail to consider is the case of girls who are staying out there for a rest. Many of the places where Sunday dinner is served are also places to which the girls go when they are run down and are in need of quiet, or when Sunnyside is overcrowded. Their peace is disturbed and much of the benefit of their vacation from college is lost if a crowd of noisy, laughing young people comes to the same farmhouse to have a good time and their dinner away from the campus restrictions.

There is not a race that has not a day of rest, whether it comes on what we call a week day or on our Sunday, and it scarcely seems fitting that the members of a Christian community should be behind those they call heathen, in that respect. The benefit of complete rest was well-known to the ancient Hebrews, and the seventh day is appointed in the Mosaic Law for rest and

worship. A period of rest and change from the routine is necessary to our health. Every organ in the body gets rest at one time or another—even the heart, though in its case it is but for a moment at a time. If we make Sunday like every day in the week, neither brain nor body gets a rest, and the result on our health, and especially on the nervous system, is easily seen.

If we attend all the religious services that we are expected to on Sunday, there will be no time for going out of town. After breakfast come the house exercises, and those end just in time to let the rooms be straightened up before church. After church, dinner, the Sunday music and home letters fill the afternoon till vespers, and the model college girl who attends the S. C. A. C. W. meeting in the evening will have had no time to long for ventures afield.

To those who ignore every other consideration, it seems as if the tradition of their ancestors would make some appeal. The old adage, "When in Rome do as the Romans do," is never out of place, and the fact that our college is located in New England in a way obliges us to keep the New England Sabbath in the old Puritan spirit found there.

Few women's colleges have as much liberty as Smith, and no complaint should be made at the restriction of the new rule when so much latitude in other directions is given. At Wellesley visits of men are limited even more closely than at Smith, and the girls there seem to suffer no ill effects. At some women's colleges only certain days are allowed for receiving visitors, while here we have every day in the week. The only time reserved is the hour from one till two on Sunday.

The case of the man who refused to allow his daughter to come to Smith because of the stories of the college girls' actions which he heard recounted in one of the small towns near by, shows the cumulative effect of individual action and the necessity of the limitation made by the new rule. Each girl had thought that what she did could make no difference, and celebrated her Sunday as suited her best, and her actions were later cited as showing the depravity of Smith. Stories are continually being told of the violence done the feelings of the neighbors of the college by the actions of the girls on Sunday, and more than one visitor to Northampton has expressed surprise at the number of girls leaving town on Sunday, on pleasure bent.

These opinions will not soon be forgotten, for the human brain is a thing of habit and an impression made there is not easily effaced, but we can in time live down our reputation, and it seems to me that the easiest way to do this is to accept the new rule as it stands, without further argument.

ETHEL O. LEWIS '09.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE VAERIE GREENE

Containing the Legend of Sophia, or the Spirit of True Learning

Canto I

Sophia seeks in college halls

To fill a yearning mind,

And how to know the Blatent Beast

If she him e'er should find.

The faire Sophia travelled up to Smith,
 Disdaining all the quiet home-like pleasures,
 Her lot to cast in with (as says the myth)
 Those imps who on Parnassus delve for learning's treasures,
 And get it out, by force or other measures.
 Ne was there mayde, ne was there teacher found
 In all that place where sure there be no leisure's,
 Did more in downright earnestness abound,
 For she loved not one whit the word "condition's" sound.

"The Blatent Beast," quoth she, "I doe pursne,
 And through the world incessantly doe chase
 Till I him overtake or else subdue
 Yet know I not or how; so to this place
 I now am come to learn to know his face
 So, if I see him anywhere about,
 I may not take him for a china vase."
 Says Alma Mater then: "Haile, noblest wight!
 You shall this quest achieve if you will stick by't."

With that she fiercely at it flew and layd
 On hideous strokes with most importune might,
 Her friends with heart's dismay and inward dolor prayed
 To see her bent in study all the night,
 Tried all the charms of inter-mealien diet,
 Would ask her out this or that sight to see,
 But could not make her stagger—this firm mayde.
 At last they Amherst brought her o'er to see,
 But she loathed fussing and the "D. K. E."

Canto II

Flirtatious in his touring car
 Sophia takes from home,
 Shows her the dance, while Blatent Beast
 Still unpursued doth roam.

So tickle is the state of earthly things,
 Such is the weaknesse of a mortal wight,
 That when her roommate's second cousin brings
 From near-by halls a fair dispiteous knight,
 And he, sore-smitten, asked her if he might
 Escort her to a dance that afternoon
 She took his gentle offer at first sight;
 And when his auto tooted up full soon
 She took *it* for the Blatent Beast, so varied was its tune.

The knight to happie blisse was high upreared,
 To barn-dance teach her he his mind did lend ;
 As through the prancing couples she was steered
 Thought he, "'Twould be a world of fun no end
 To make this earnest mayde a bit unbend,"
 So murmured softly, " Would that it were sent
 That thus with you I might my whole life spend."
 " No place is this," said she, " for lady gent,
 I'll quickly wend me home," and quickly home she went.

Canto III

Sophia turns to her first quest
 And mourns her lapséd zeal,
 Fulfils her Alma Mater's hopes
 And seeks her highest weal.

She stay'd not to advize which way were best.
 Sophia faire in common car returned,
 And while she yet in state attire was drest,
 And all her heart full hot within her burned,
 She wrote him that his lightsome love she spurned.
 " In prime of youthful years am I—too young "
 (You see " to love herself in school " she'd learned).
 These cruel words at his fond head she flung,
 Ne did she reck ne care how sorely she him stung.

Sore daunted with this buffe, she 'gan adoize
 Of her first quest which she had so forgot
 And all the valour of the enterprize
 To search out Blatent Beast in hidden spot
 (A very direful taske for maydes, I wot).
 She thought she had him once, her zeal did burn,
 But it was nothing but her roommate's trot,
 She has not tracked him yet, but naught can turn
 Her mind from duty and the great desire to learn.

VIRGINIA C. CRAVEN '10.

On the evening of March 21, the Dickinson House gave a presentation of the time-honored comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer." The rollicking humor of this play held the amused attention of the audience. Elise Montgomery made an attractive Miss Hardcastle, and the parts of the servants were very well taken. But the crudity of the performance, as a whole, might be taken as a strong argument in favor of establishing a better organized

system for the management of college productions. The cast was as follows :

Sir Charles Marlow,	Josephine Emerson
Young Marlow (his son),	Margaret Norris
Hardcastle,	Alice Friend
Hastings,	Frances Wintringham
Tony Lumpkin,	Helen Reed
Diggory,	Florence Pattison
Mrs. Hardcastle,	Ethel Lewis
Miss Hardcastle,	Elise Montgomery
Miss Neville,	Helen Stevenson
Maid,	Katherine Hall
Servants,	{ Grace McGuire
	{ Louise Gates
	{ Elizabeth Dow

The annual revival of an Elizabethan play by the Harvard Chapter of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity promises this year to be the best thing in theatricals the chapter has ever done. The play—the tenth pro-

duction of the chapter—is Ben Johnson's "Bartholomew Fair." "Rare Ben Johnson" is next to Shakespeare himself among English dramatists, and "Bartholomew Fair" is one of the jolliest, liveliest, and most life-like of all his plays. It was so popular at the outset that all the best actors in London played in it during the first years of its fame, and sixty years later, during the Restoration, it was revived and again became a great favorite. And it is still a thoroughly good play because of the rollicking fun that its real, live people have with each other in a lively London fair three centuries ago, when clothes and manners were different enough to be interesting, but when human nature was really just the same as it is now.

The scene is in London, mostly in the typical Smithfield fair, full of hucksters and booth-keepers, who will sell you anything from gingerbread and hobby-horses to roast pork and bottle ale, or who will pick your pocket in exchange for a ballad or less. The sky-blue young squire, Cokes, who comes up from the country, with his testy guardian, Waspe, to see the fair and incidentally get his marriage license; of a couple of gorgeous gallants, Quarulous and Winwife, who are after the same girl; and of a fat, pompous Latin-spouting justice, Overdo, who goes around disguised like a fool (never suspecting how great a fool he is), looking for "enormities." Into the fair where they are come Littlewit, a proctor, and his wife, with her mother, Dame Purecraft, and the latter's friend, Rabbi Zeal-of-the-Land Busy, who is a "superlunatical" Puritan hypocrite. Mrs. Littlewit has taken a violent notion that she must have some roast pig at the fair, and so to humor her the two Puritans, her mother and Rabbi Busy, agree to go along and eat to the downfall of the wicked. Rabbi Busy promises to "eat exceedingly and prophesy."

The play will be given in the Academy of Music on Monday, April 20. Tickets, \$1.00, 75 cents and 50 cents, are on sale at the theatre.

The South Atlantic Quarterly for April contains an article by Dr. John C. Hildt on "John Randolph's Mission to Russia."

Professor Churchill spoke before the State Normal Faculty Notes School, Westfield, Mass., on the subject, "The Parthenon."

A German translation of Mrs. Lee's short story, "Friederic Chopin—A Record," appears in a recent number of the *Neue Musick-Zeitung*, Stuttgart-Leipzig.

Professor Gardiner read a paper on "The Problem of Truth" before the Philosophical Club at Yale, January 31. This paper is published in the March number of *The Philosophical Review*.

Miss Strong illustrated the volume of sketches called "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," by Eliza Calvert Hall, published March, 1907. The *Hartford Courant* says: "Miss Strong's beautiful portrait frontispiece and pen-and-ink sketches for this book put her in the front rank of illustrative artists."

Miss Bernardy has spoken recently on topics connected with Italian Immigration at Worcester, Easthampton, Amherst, Florence, and before the Smith College Settlement Association. The first of January Miss Bernardy called on President Roosevelt, and published an account of the visit in *Giornale d'Italia* of Rome, Italy, February 11.

Miss Hanscom spoke on "Some Fallacies Regarding College Education" before the Norwich College Club, January 25.

Professor Sleeper gave an organ recital at Wellesley College, March 11, and one at Columbia University, April 7.

An article by Harris H. Wilder appears in the *Anatomischer Anzlinger*, with the title, "Zur Körperlichen Identität bei Zwillingen."

Through Miss Grace B. Watkinson (1902) now in Zürich studying zoölogy, the department has obtained a small but valuable collection of implements in stone and bone from the prehistoric Swiss Lake Dwellers, also a few flints from the glacial gravel in France, showing the rudest and earliest human workmanship.

Professor Story and Miss Holmes gave a recital on January 25, in New York, by invitation of the New York Smith College Club.

The *Botanical Gazette* for January contains a paper by Miss Sophia Eckerson, Demonstrator in Botany, entitled "Exudation and Root Pressures in Common Greenhouse Plants." It contains the results of a comparative study of these functions in the plants used for educational purposes in this country.

Professor Wood spoke before the New York Association of Smith College Alumnae, February 29. He attended the convention of Religious Education Association, Washington, D. C., February 12, 13, and was elected member of the Council of the Association.

Miss Scott has edited "The Essays of Francis Bacon." The plan of the book is somewhat wider than that of any other edition. It is a library book suitable for the general reader of literature, while at the same time the notes, purposely brief and comprehensive, adapt it to the needs of the student. An introductory essay, in two parts, furnishes a biography of Bacon and a criticism of the "Essays." Bacon's frequent Latin quotations are all translated and traced to their originals in Latin literature. In a similar way, the cita-

tions show Bacon's extraordinary familiarity with the Scriptures, both the Authorized Version of the Bible, and the Vulgate. All the notes, classical, literary and historical, are placed on the page, below the text. There is a full index of matters. The book has been beautifully printed, on good white paper and in clear type, by the De Vinne Press, of New York. The types, of various kinds, were all carefully selected, with the view of making the page pleasing to the eye in harmonious printing effects, in legibility, and in simplicity. The publishers are Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Class of 1908 announces the following cast and committees for the presentation of Isben's "The Pretenders" as their senior play:—

Håkon Håkonson,	Marion McClennan
Inga of Varteig,	Elizabeth Parker
Earl Skule,	Margaret Bright
Lady Ragnhild,	Ruth Leigh O'Donnel
Sigrid,	Gertrude McMahon
Margrete,	Helen Appleton
Gutharm Ingessor,	Jane Thompson
Sigurd Ribbung,	Antoinette Doughty
Nicholas Arnesson,	Margaret Sayward
Dagfinn, the Peasant,	Frances Richardson
Ivar Bodde,	Adeline Hill
Gregorius Jonsson,	Louise Keyes
Paul Flida,	Blanche Batson
Peter,	Margaret Mills
Master Sigard of Brabant,	Sarah Hull J. Simpson
Sira Viliam,	Elinor Moody Goodridge
Jatgeir Skald,	Eleanor Elizabeth Fitzgerald

General Chairman—Mary Byers Smith. Business Manager—Helen Margaret Hills. Assistant Business Manager—Harriet Abbott. Stage Manager—Ethel Middlebrook Bowne. Assistant Stage Manager—Madge Topping. Advisory Member—Adriana Louise Studebaker. Secretary—Besse Ella Cary. Costume Committee—Kate Bradley, Flora Burton, Betty Gates, Anna Russell, Myrtle Smith. Scenery Committee—Betty Conant, Helen Ufford, Gladys Gilmore, Jean Chandler, Amy Everett. Music Committee—Mary Arabella Coale, Hazel Allen, Clara Ford, Helen Harris, Florence Prince. Press Committee—May R. Davidson, Gladys Wood.

There will be a mass meeting of the S. C. A. C. W. in the Students' Building Wednesday, April 22, at two o'clock, to elect officers for the ensuing year.

The Phi Beta Kappa Society announces the election of the following members from the class of 1908 :

Ida Barney	Mary Dow
Dora Bosart	Josephine Emerson
Ethel Bowne	Eunice Fuller
Florence Boyle	Gertrude Harvey
Beatrice Briley	Marjorie Henry
Annie Gertrude Brown	Anna Holbrook
Bessie Cary	Dorothy Kenyon
Fannie Carsley	Victoria Larmour
Bertha Reynolds	

CALENDAR

- April 15. Hubbard House Dance.
- “ 18. Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
- “ 22. Open Meeting of Telescopium. Lecture by Prof. Todd of Amherst College.
- “ 25. Dance : Mrs. Sessions', Miss Quinley's and Mrs. Hewgill's Houses.
- “ 27. Lecture by Mrs. Humphry Ward.
- “ 29. 3 P. M. Lecture by Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead.
- “ 29. 8 P. M. Vocal Recital by Miss Ball.
- May 1. Open Meeting of the Philosophical Society. Lecture by Prof. Judd of Yale University.
- “ 5. Song Recital by Mr. George Hamlen.
- „ 9. Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
- “ 13. Junior Promenade.

The
Smith College
Monthly

May - 1908

Conducted by the Senior Class

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EDITORS:

ANNE COE MITCHELL,

DOROTHY DONNELL,

EDITH LILLIAN JARVIS,

ALICE MARJORIE PIERCE,

HELEN MAHLON SPEAR,

LEOLA BAIRD LEONARD,

ANNIE JOHNSTON CRIM,

ELIZABETH SPADER CLARK.

TREASURER,

BUSINESS MANAGER,

LOUISE HOWARD COMSTOCK.

MARGARET PAINTER.

ALUMNÆ TREASURER,

GERTRUDE ELISE BUSSARD.

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MAY, 1908.

No. 8

ABBOT SAMSON AS TREATED BY JOCELIN
AND CARLYLE

In his "Stray Studies," John Richard Green says, "In the wandering, gossipy pages of Jocelin of Brakelond the life of the twelfth century so far as it could penetrate abbey walls, still glows distinct for us round the figure of the shrewd, practical, imperious abbot who looks out, a little travestied perhaps, from the pages of Mr. Carlyle. These pages are found in Carlyle's "Past and Present,"—pages that radiate with the light and life of the old monastery of St. Edmund's which, on the eastern slope of a prosperous town, "still runs, long, black and massive, a range of monastic ruins." It may seem strange that any have turned to look back through seven long centuries to this ancient abbey, but still not strange to those who know Thomas Carlyle; and who know that he is above all a hero-worshipper, and that here in the "Merry England" of Richard I and the crusaders he has found a hero and has stopped to worship. This hero is Abbot Samson, "a veritable monk of Bury St. Edmunds—worth listening to, if by chance made visible and audible. Here he is;

and in his hand a magical speculum, much gone to rust indeed, yet in fragments still clear; wherein the marvellous image of his existence does still shadow itself, though fitfully and as with an intermittent light."

He is a man whose life has been handed down in the ancient Chronicle of Jocelin of Brakelond which lies almost forgotten among the dusty Harleian manuscripts in the British Museum. If it were not for Carlyle, it might be entirely forgotten.

Students have made translations of its forty-three folios; and historians, "Dryasdusts" Carlyle would call them, have used the bare facts for learned treatises, but they still left the abbot in oblivion. It was Carlyle who found the man and said to us, "Readers who please to go along with us into this poor 'Jocelini Chronica' shall wander inconveniently enough, as in wintry twilight, through some poor stript hazel-grove, rustling with foolish noises, and perpetually hindering the eyesight; but across which, here and there, some real human figure is seen moving; very strange; whom we could hail if he would answer; and we look into a pair of eyes deep as our own, *imaging* our own, but all unconscious of us; to whom we, for the time, are become as spirits and invisible."

One of these "real human figures" is the Abbot, while another is "Boswell" Jocelin. This Jocelin is referred to by an ancient writer as "Master Jocelin our almoner, a man of exalted piety, powerful in word and deed." He himself tells us in his chronicle that "as the Abbot's chaplain he was constantly with him for six years and had an opportunity of becoming fully conversant with the worthiness of his life and the wisdom of his rule."

Jocelin must indeed have been "fully conversant," for he has set down in true Boswellian fashion the life and the character of his Johnson. He begins with the rule and death of Abbot Hugh, tells of the canvassing, the election of Samson, his return to the abbey, his reforms in the religious and secular life of the monks, his struggles with knights and townsmen and, finally, of the crisis of his life when he looks upon the body of St. Edmund. He lauds his wisdom, his impartiality, his temperance and diligence, his economies, and his administrative ability.

Jocelin tells his simple narration in "Monk Latin," and we have to content ourselves with a translation, and not the origi-

nal. But judging from this translation, his style is clear and direct with vivid statement of facts, relieved by little description of places, but full of incidents and events and enlivened by dialogues and occasional questions. It is couched in quaint Biblical phrases.

These are the author, the material and the style of the chronicle in which Carlyle found "Brother Samson; a man worth looking at,—stout-made, erect as a pillar; with bushy eye-brows. the eyes of him beaming into you in a really strange way." Carlyle delighted in just such a man of action, a practical worker, the man silent and thoughtful while he himself was living in a separate world of imaginative beauty, was ever impractical, Quixotic, was "the eulogizer of silence in thirty-seven volumes." The philosopher and the sentimentalist struggled within him, and he dreamed of philosophical lessons that could be drawn from the life of the twelfth century work, while he poured a flood of sentiment about this man with the clear eye.

Carlyle has seized greedily upon the facts left him by Jocelin. In "Past and Present" we find them one by one,—that is, everything about the Abbot. He says of Samson's economies, "Jocelin's anecdotes are filled to weariness with it," so he leaves out these, though all else about him is restated. His interest is in the man, and he tells all that glorifies him,—all perhaps except one thing,—the Abbot's recognition of the new England, the England which awakened to clamor for "the right of self-government, the right of free speech in free Parliament, the right of equal justice by one's peers," and that was ready to pour out its blood for these rights. John Richard Green realizes this. Here he knows the Abbot better than the monks who grumbled because Samson gave the charta to the burgesses, better than Carlyle who *tells* how the angry women chased the "cellarius" with brandished distaffs, but simply because it is vivid and dramatic. The Abbot with his clear eye saw its true meaning and granted exemption from the tax.

Carlyle calls Jocelin "one other of these vanished existences, whose work has not yet vanished." This "work" he has, but as he says, "it is no easy matter to get across the chasm of seven centuries," and he is determined to pull all the events and men of the "work" across the abyss. "These old St. Edmundsbury walls, I say, were not peopled with fantasms, but with men of flesh and blood made altogether as we are"—and so he sets out

to resurrect a man from out these abbey walls and he brings forth Samson alive, and sets him in the nineteenth century. Carlyle never for a minute projects himself back through the years, he is always of our century. Perhaps his philosophizing more than anything else keeps him there. He always weaves philosophy in with the tale. He moralizes when Samson has been suddenly transformed from a sub-sacrista to My Lord the Abbot, saying, "For if a noble soul is rendered tenfold beautifuller by victory and prosperity springing now radiant as into his own due element and sun-throne; an ignoble one is rendered tenfold and hundred-fold uglier, pitifuller." He tells how Henry of Essex was warned by the figure of St. Edmund on the battlefield, adding "thus does the conscience of man project itself athwart whatsoever of knowledge or surmise . . . he has in him."

Carlyle throws himself heart and soul into the task. He grasps fact after fact eagerly, greedily, and he fondles them, shapes them into a wonderful whole, full of sequence, vividness, dramatic feeling,—a living, throbbing whole. He works himself into a white heat of excitement, then out come pouring musical words, forceful expressions, long rhythmic sentences, paragraphs of imaginative beauty. Besides charming our ears, he engages our eyes by his pictures. He painted the French Revolution "in huge blotches of color." See how his brush with decisive strokes goes here, there, everywhere and on the canvas we have a monk—Jocelin. "An ingenious and ingenuous, a cheery-hearted, innocent, yet withal shrewd, noticing, quick-witted man; and from under his monk's cowl has looked out on the narrow section of the world in a really human manner. . . . The man is of a patient, peaceable, loving, clear-smiling nature; open for this and that . . . Also he has a pleasant wit, and loves a timely joke, though in mild, subdued manner. A learned, grown man, yet with the heart as of a good child."

This is the best characterization that we have of Jocelin. If only we had one of Carlyle by Jocelin to compare with it! If we could only ask his opinion and get an answer, "but no, Jocelin, though he talks with familiarity, like a next door neighbor, will not answer any questions." So we must rest content. What we *can* compare is their treatment of the same tale,—and study the author thus.

We have Jocelin the chaplain in a twelfth century monastery, Carlyle the writer in the nineteenth century ; Jocelin the simple, religious monk, Carlyle the doubting, dream-wracked, neurasthenic ; Jocelin the keen observer, who has lived with Samson many a year and relates his virtues and his foibles with something of the Boswellian tendency, Carlyle, the dreamer, who looks back across the centuries and sees a man of noble deeds and thoughts, and puts him on a pedestal, calling all to come and admire.

I have said that Carlyle used the same material that Jocelin did. He did not use it all, however, and so expanded or contracted certain parts that they can hardly be recognized. For instance, take Hugh's death. Jocelin tells the details of the fall just as a spectator would ; how "his knee-pan was put out and lodged in the ham of his knee," etc., etc. Carlyle dispatches his fall, his illness, his death all in a sentence, then continues, "he dropt his rosaries, closed his account-books, closed his old eyes and lay down into the long sleep . . . Forlorn old Hugo, fare thee well forever !" Again Jocelin describes at length how the altar candles have been carelessly patched and rubbish heedlessly left near the shrine. Has he not seen it there ? One night the monks on watch fall asleep ; one of the candles falls on the rubbish. Fire ! The shrine is in danger ! The whole monastery is awakened. Carlyle through the span of years can dismiss the catastrophe in a word and pass on. It was always so. But Carlyle catches at the strange, the picturesque,—and glories in it. So he quotes at length the solemn scene when the holy body of St. Edmund is uncovered. He quotes it all, for truly Jocelin tells it well, and then exclaims, "What a scene ; shining luminous, effulgent, as the lamps of St. Edmund do, through the dark night ; John of Dice, with vestrymen, clambering on the roof to look through ; the convent all asleep ; and the earth all asleep, and since then, seven centuries of time mostly gone to sleep !"

Yes, and with those seven centuries have gone to sleep many years of evil, among them much blame against Samson.

At first Jocelin is lost in admiration for his master and his ingenious regime ; later his faith seems shaken. He dislikes the way he gains the priorship for his favorite, Herbert. He once hints at his even taking a bribe. He rebels that the Abbot has flooded the pastures by wantonly banking up his fish pond.

He joins the meeting of the monks about Ralph. Toward the end of the chronicle, he says, "therefore returning home with all speed . . . timid (as was not his wont), by the intervention of the prior he sought advice of us (a thing he heretofore had seldom done)." Then before Samson leaves for Europe he promises on his return to grant some of the privileges to the abbey. Jocelin's chronicle ends with the doubtful words, "In promises any man may wealthy be." Is the trouble here? The Abbot had seldom asked advice; he had taken some of the privileges away. There was Boswell Jocelin ready to advise, but the superior asked help from no man. There he was fretting under lost privileges and he forgot the wise rule of the master. Perhaps such "stains of evil" as the fish-pond incident were judged by offended pride and fretted liberty.

It is interesting to compare some sentences of Jocelin's and Carlyle's, for instance after the election. According to Jocelin, "'By the eyes of God,' said the King, 'the Abbot-elect *thinks himself* worthy to govern an abbey,'" but according to Carlyle, "'By God's eye,' said the King, 'that one, *I think* will govern the abbey well,'" —a vast difference.

Carlyle owns that the Abbot must have faults, all men have, but forthwith he dismisses the thought. Samson's foibles delight him. He relates with glee how he awaits the three lords who each claim recompense as the ancient bearer of the standard of St. Edmund, and the Bishop of Ely who greedily asks for wood from the monastery's best forest, but sends a careless messenger with the request. He admires him because he stands up for his rights of wardship even against King Richard. He applauds Cœur-de-Leon when he sends Samson a gift of a ring, and exclaims, "Thou brave Richard! thou brave Samson! Richard too, I suppose, 'loved a man' and knew one when he saw him." Carlyle certainly "loved a man;" and, seeing that the Abbot was one, he saw little fault in him. Perhaps the years have been the strongest test, and they have washed away the "stains of evil."

Nothing could be more different than the style of these two authors. For an illustration: they both tell how undecided the monks were about choosing the new abbot and the visions they had, one—that "he should rage among us as a wolf." Jocelin ends with "and then many people spoke many things and each was fully persuaded in his own mind." Carlyle says, "Such is

the buzz and the frothy simmering ferment of the general mind and no—mind.”

Remembering always that we have but a translation of the chronicle, Jocelin's style seems clear, direct, straightforward in statement, with quaint Biblical phraseology, fascinating in its simplicity. Carlyle is a master of style. He gives a strange jumble of words and ideas, but out of it comes a distinct, telling impression. Here is a Latin word, there a Latin phrase, fitted in musically, to give variety and the effect of antiquity. Here we have a mingling of thoughts,—the secret vote of the elections is like the winnowing-machine and the secret ballot of his day; Saint Edmund, once landlord Edmund, has his abbey and shrine; no doubt Arkwright will have his monument a thousand years hence. Here we have a sharp contrast. Monk Samson goes to the elections behind the last of his fellows with his frock-skirts looped over his arm; Abbot Samson comes riding into Bury St. Edmunds with the populace cheering him from the street; they are having a holiday on purpose, and all the bells of the town are ringing merrily. It is a jumble. Yet not that, but a curiously complex work of art, wonderfully fashioned together. At times he is too effusive, too excited; words fly out of his control. But remember! he is treating of a hero, a rare thing indeed. At such times the barbarians build bonfires and render thanks to the gods for the hero.

The chronicle ends. Jocelin stops with that “In promises any man may wealthy be.” Carlyle says, “There are no words more; but a black line, and leaves of blank paper. Irremediable; the miraculous hand, that held all this theatric machinery, suddenly quits hold; impenetrable time—curtains rush down; in the mind's eye all is again dark, void; with dinning in the mind's ear, our real phantasmagory of St. Edmundsbury plunges into the bosom of the twelfth century again, and all is over.” But all was not over. Carlyle goes on to tell us the lesson of Samson's life. “*Genuine Work* alone, what thou workest faithfully, that is eternal, as the Almighty Founder and World-Builder himself. Stand thou by that; and let Fame and the rest of it go prating.”

On New Year's day, 1903, six skeletons were excavated from beneath the floor of the ruined chapter house. From an ancient manuscript we know that one was that of Abbot Samson of St. Edmunds. These are the bodily remains of the Abbot, but the

real Abbot, with the man who made him live again for us, will go down through the centuries, perhaps seven times seven centuries, hand in hand, carrying the message of Carlyle and the example of Samson's life in the pages of "Past and Present."

BEATRICE CONANT.

THE WITCH MAIDEN

Pale and fair, pale and fair,
With clinging ashen-colored hair,
And heavy brows that curvingly
Shade my eyes, which more can see
Than a mortal deems is there ;
All day long I spinning sit,
Till the glow-worm's lamp is lit,
And the frail stars, one by one,
Shine upon my work, undone.

Silvern bright, silvern bright,
Shines my flickering spindle light :
Flashing in and out it weaves
Magic thread which man deceives
When he deems it pure and white ;
For that shimmering thread is wrought
From crafty deed and treacherous thought !
So I smile as still I see
How my web grows speedily.

Singing low, singing low,
As my fingers come and go,
Turns my wheel that singeth clear
What no mortal man could hear
And his heart beat calm and slow ;
Witchery and peril dwell
In the song it singeth well :
Ah, beware ! lest you should feel
The swift enchantment of my wheel !

KATHARINE DUNCAN MORSE.

THE PLACE OF MUSIC IN THE COLLEGE CURRICULUM

With the growth and change in artistic and educational ideas of the last twenty-five years, there has naturally come a deep and general interest in the question of musical education. One phase of this question concerns the part which music shall play in the regular college course leading to the A. B. degree. Is college a proper place for the study of music, and should musical courses be given credit as courses in other departments are? Although there is difference of opinion on this subject, there are good and sufficient reasons for answering both of these questions in the affirmative.

Those people are few and far between who now consider that there is something enervating and effeminate in the study of music or of any fine art. With the most progressive and enlightened thinkers, music holds a high place among educational subjects because of the very nature of its discipline and its many aspects. It is not only a fine art,—it is a science and a literature as well. Moreover, its careful study demands an unusual co-ordination of power. The student who attacks the subject in a serious, methodical way, trains his ear in keen and accurate hearing, his eyes in quick and comprehensive seeing, his hands,—and, in organ-playing, his feet—in physical dexterity of a high order. Such consideration of the powers of mind, body, and soul is a high recommendation for a subject in a course of collegiate training.

There are two classes of music courses which must be taken into consideration; those which are of a theoretical and historical nature, and those which are purely practical. Little objection is in evidence against the first class. Such courses as the theory of music, harmony and music history take their place naturally in a college curriculum. They are comparable to the courses in almost any department of college work, for instance, in a modern language, such as German. The theory of music may be compared to the foundation work in grammar, the courses in harmony, counterpoint, orchestration and the like, to the more advanced work in German composition and reading,

increasing in difficulty and scope just as the succeeding courses in German increase in difficulty and scope. Music history is of course comparable to the history of German literature. It may be said further in favor of the study of music history that a knowledge of it greatly adds to one's knowledge of general history, in that it gives a revelation of the æsthetic and emotional life of a given period.

A large majority of the prominent colleges of to-day offer such theoretical and historical courses on an equal basis with others, counting equally with them towards the A. B. degree. In point of fact, this recognition of music is not so much the development of something new as a return to the old. Plato believed in the musical education. Much attention to the study of music was given during the Middle Ages, in connection with the student's training; and, in England, Oxford and Cambridge have had chairs of music for centuries.

The second class of music courses, those which are purely practical, are not yet so generally admitted among colleges as worthy of counting towards the A. B. degree. The experiment has, however, been tried, and with success; and an increasing interest in the question is being manifested. Hours of practice on any musical instrument or in singing may be compared with the laboratory work required in sciences, and should be credited as such work is credited. Of course, rigid standards must be upheld, work must be subjected to examination, and the number of hours of credit to be given must be determined upon. It is a significant fact that, whereas several of our colleges already allow either full or partial credit for this practical work in music, in many others where such credit is not given there is a growing opinion that it should be, and this opinion is by no means limited to teachers of music.

The objection is often raised that college is not the place for music study, that one should go to a conservatory of music for it. There is much that may be said in answer to this objection. In the first place, it must be remembered that music is not the only education. In order to be a person of culture, one must have a general knowledge of many subjects as well as a full knowledge of some one subject. The conservatory is a place for specialization and develops the musical side of the student to the exclusion of everything else. As a consequence, the musician who is turned out is one-sided. He may know all

there is to know about one branch of music, or one side of a branch of music, but there his knowledge stops. He lacks the balance of an all-round education. The advance of music in America has been greatly retarded by just such musicians, who pretend to interpret the great musical compositions, or to give a knowledge of the art of music. They can do it only from their narrow, one-sided point of view. The number of incompetent music teachers in our country is largely due to the fact that they lack the culture, the wide interests and sympathies, the philosophy of life which form so great a part of the equipment of the college graduate. It is just here that the value of the college education comes in. One may *major* in a certain subject in college, but one cannot *specialize* in any one subject to the exclusion of all others. So that even were a college student to major in music, he could not help getting at the same time the foundations of a general education which would broaden and universalize his point of view to an extent invaluable to him in later years and in the further pursuit of his pet subject.

The very fact that the college education will be so invaluable to the musician is a strong argument in favor of the crediting of music courses in the college. The person who intends to make music his profession, and who sees and desires the advantage of a college education, cannot well afford to spend four years without giving any appreciable attention to music, as the average person would have to do, if his music study during those four years could not go hand in hand with his other studies and count in the end toward his A. B. degree. For one cannot well do extra outside work in college without detriment to health or without slighting to some extent the required college work. Therefore, since the music study and the college education are each in themselves so valuable, there seem to be good grounds for combining the two in a way which will be to the advantage of both and to the exclusion of neither.

This has been tried and proved to be practicable in Smith College, and a brief sketch of the experiment and its success will be one of the strongest arguments in its favor. A series of courses in theory and the study of harmony in its various phases is offered and credit given just as to analogous courses in other departments. For practical work with voice, violin, cello, organ and piano, credit is given under certain conditions.

To quote from the course of study pamphlet, such work, "may be counted within the minimum number of hours if advanced in character and *accompanied by theoretical work* for at least one year. Students wishing work to be thus counted must stand a test as to advancement, quality of work previously done, ability to read simple music at sight, and correctness of ear. . . In computing hours, six hours of practice and lessons a week count as two hours, and not more than these may be taken within the minimum." The student then may count two hours of practical work, and the largest combination of theoretical courses which a student may take, according to their sequence—amounts to four hours, making a total of six hours of music study—by no means an undue proportion and no more, in fact, not so much, as is often permitted those who are majoring in other departments of work.

The counting of practical courses is not open to so much abuse as many suppose. Account is taken of practice hours by the various individual teachers, and any deficiency in the number must be made up or such deficiency will lower the student's standing. It is the testimony of the Smith College faculty in the music department that their system of credits works wonderfully well, and to the satisfaction of both teachers and students.

What has been done can be done again ; and it is to be hoped, and by the apparent tendency of the times, expected, that the time is not far distant when all colleges will offer some such scheme as Smith for giving full credit to music courses, and for placing the music department on a par with the other departments of college work.

KATHARINE MUSSEY SEWALL.

THE PRINCE

The first Prince I remember used to come sliding down the moonlight through the window of the nursery. He wore pale blue velvet clothes and had long yellow ringlets, and a golden star on his forehead, and he would say I was to be Queen of the Moon. Then I would go to sleep. In the morning I would make mud-pies with the snub-nosed boy next door, and would almost forget the Prince—but not quite.

The next was as radiantly beautiful as the first. His black hair was cut short and round in the approved style of story-book pages, and his velvets and satins were scarlet this time, with a golden glitter about them. He came most often when I sat by a woodsy stream, with my hands clasped 'round my knees. He told me that hand in hand we would seek adventure, that he would love me forever and protect me from highway-men, and—"Quit moonin' and come fishin'," calls the Wilson boy. Vanish the Prince, forgotten almost—but not quite.

When I reached a wiser age and thought I knew that fairies were not true, when I was in my thirteenth year perhaps, my ideal was a cow-boy of huge proportions and picturesque garb, but still he was the Prince. He was to do wonderful things for me, probably rescue me from a herd of "locoed" steers. Then we would canter for miles side by side, not needing to talk, and we would camp at night under starlit skies. But the boy who danced best in our Saturday afternoon class, asked me to dance oftener than any other girl, and, when he wore his first Tuxedo, then I almost forgot my cow-boy king—but not quite.

When I was sixteen my Prince wrote sonnets to my eyelashes. I hadn't any worth mentioning, but that was a minor matter. He wore his hair long, too, like the Prince of my earliest remembrance, and he had the same beautiful nose that characterized every Prince from the beginning, a nose really statuesque in its perfection. When Red, my boy chum, would almost rudely take away my Tennyson, and say, "Cut that, girl, and come rowing," I would drop my poor poet, almost forget him in fact—but not quite.

At eighteen, things were very different with me. Then the Prince was to be a man of the world, he was to have been everywhere and seen everything, but when he saw me first he was to be quite overcome. He was a "masterful man", was this Prince. He did not bother to beg for my love, he just picked me up and ran away with me without my consent; and in my heart of hearts I worshipped him. But when young Witherton deferentially pleaded to come up for the evening and read me a little Meredith, I forgot that I couldn't really understand much of George Meredith, and the Prince was almost forgotten, too—but not quite.

A little after that I went to college and really didn't bother much with the Prince until I met him. Of course I didn't even

tell my diary that he was the Prince, but he was, and deep down in my heart I knew it. I recognized him first by the nose—exactly the nose of all my dreams. Soon I found he combined the qualities of all my dream-men. Like the Princes of my early youth he was good to look upon, and well dressed. To be sure, he did not wear velvets nor satins. On the other hand, he did not look like the men in the magazines. He had the reckless daring of the cow-boy; and, though his clothes were conventional, he, too, looked nearly as picturesque on horseback. His sonnets were not to my eye-lashes—he had a sense of humor. Somewhat his poems resembled “The Love Lyrics of a News Boy,” but they were clever. He had all the eagerness of my “masterful man” redeemed by a thorough respect for me. Oh, certainly he was the Prince—and he loved me.

But then there came a solemn lawyer man, not so very young, with a very funny nose, and with quite no sense of humor, and I loved him. I cannot say why. It has been said that when a woman can tell why she loves a man she—doesn’t. He had not the personal charm of the Prince; though brave and strong, he was not recklessly bold, he could not write a rhyme, and he would not carry me off whether or no. More than anything he wanted my love. And I—I only know he is my man—and no Prince. I have forgotten the Prince—quite.

MARY MARJORY JAMES.

THE GYPSY CALL

Do you know, do you know
That in days of long ago
When the smoke went up at twilight from the hills,
When you smelt the timber burning,
And you heard the rapids churning,
That it made your heart skip beatings with its thrills?

Can you guess, can you guess
Whence there came the mad behest
Just to wander o’er the hills and ford the streams,
Just to live a life of roaming,
From the dawn light till the gloaming,
And to feel and know the happiness of dreams?

Can you say, can you say
What enticed your heart away
When a thousand ties were binding you at home?
Just the springtime call to gladness
In the world's old youth of madness
And the gypsy blood that ever loves to roam.

Even now, even now
When the sunshine melts the snow,
And the sap commences running in the trees
You can find no way of staving
That old springtime call and craving.
And you're up and off in answer to the breeze!

ANNE COE MITCHELL.

SISTER VERONICA

"I'll tell you a queer thing that happened when I was down in San Salvador on the Bella Rosa mine," said Richards, leaning forward from his chair to light a fresh cigar. "You all knew Wallace,—at least, Ross and Wayne did. I guess you were abroad the year he was in the city, Hugh, but you've heard me speak of him,—civil engineer, young Englishman surveying for the Central American road. He was a mighty nice chap; and, as I had known him up here slightly, when he moved down to San Salvador we struck up quite a friendship. He rented a little house opposite an old convent which had been empty for the last seventy-five or a hundred years. It was a picturesque, romantic sort of place and we used to sit up in his balcony in the evening and look over into the quaint old garden, with its grass-grown paths and fallen trellises, and talk about the time when it must have been some one's joy to keep it neat.

"The curious part of Wallace's life down there began on the day when I had stopped in a moment to leave some magazines which my sister had sent me from the north. As I was coming out he rushed past me into the street. There was a drunken Spaniard coming galloping down the road and Wallace, at considerable risk of his own life, grabbed the bridle and stopped the horse. I waited to see what he'd say; for, so far as I could see, there was no reason for what he had done. Wallace, still hanging on to the horse with one hand, turned and bowed to the middle of the road, apparently.

“‘Pass on in safety, sister,’ he said in Spanish, ‘I am sorry you had this alarm.’

“Then he began to berate the man in the public highway, saying that if he, Wallace, had not arrived when he did, nothing could have saved the nun and it would have been ‘murder, man, murder.’ It was all a mystery to me and to the trooper, too—for we had neither of us seen any one—least of all a nun in that God-forsaken place. I got Wallace into the house, thinking he must have had a touch of the sun; but he seemed perfectly rational. A few days later, he told me that he had seen the nun again.

“‘She comes out every evening to water that rose tree, and oh! Richards, you must hear her sing. She is the most beautiful woman I ever saw. The sin of shutting up a creature like that in a convent!’

“I asked a lot of the men about the convent, but they all said that it had been empty ever since the last old nun died in, 1803. It belonged to the rich man of the place, so I went to him, for I was getting interested. He said that the place was never opened now, although it used to be in the time of the old priest every year at the feast of the Ascension to get certain white roses that grew there and nowhere else. Sister Veronica’s roses they were called, but he had forgotten why. That was long ago, and under the new priest—‘oh, well. The señor knows how it is.’

“One night I was sitting up with Wallace on his balcony. We were talking about the siding from the main road to the mine when suddenly—

“‘There she is!’ he cried. I looked, but I couldn’t see anyone. ‘Where?’ I asked.

“‘There coming out of the door. Isn’t she wonderful? Her face is so pure and white, rising from that black habit. Listen,’ he whispered, ‘Did you ever hear such a voice? Veronica!’

“I sat and listened, but I did not hear a sound. He hushed me when I spoke, and sat there as if in a trance, gazing down into the garden and listening—listening. I got out. It was too queer for me. His man said that he did that night after night, but that, except for that, he seemed just as usual. It went on for some time; and then, early in April, he stepped on a snake out in the swamp and died. I felt pretty much cut up about it, for I knew that I hadn’t done all I might have for him.

“Weston, one of his men, and I watched by his bed the night

before he was buried. He lay there on the bed in his mud-stained clothes, for there was no one to prepare him for burial, and we sat on either side of the bed. Late in the night I felt a sort of drowsiness stealing over me that I could not fight off; and I guess I was asleep in pretty short order, I'm ashamed to say. When I woke up, I looked over at Weston, and I saw by his face that he had slept, too. Rather conscience-stricken we both turned towards Wallace and there—believe me or not as you choose—there he lay, dressed for burial as he would have been at home where people cared, and in his hands was—a—white rose, such as Wallace had told me once his nun took care of—a semi-double one with a great yellow heart and large loose petals. Its perfume filled the whole room. The man at the door said no one had come in; and Weston and I were sure we should have heard any step in the room—but there it was.

“Wallace was buried in the morning, and we all went over to the old church to the service. The priest droned out the words senselessly; everything went on as it always did with him, without any sincerity or depth of feeling. When he came to the responses and waited for his acolyte to reply, a voice up in the gallery which the sisters had always used took up the chant. I give you my word I never heard such a a voice. We sat there and listened as if it had been an angel. The priest stumbled and lost his place, but recovered himself, and the service went on to the end with this wonderful voice replying.

“When it was over, Weston and I waited a moment after the others, and went up the crazy, creaking stair-case to the nuns' gallery. We had to break open the door, for it was locked. The gallery was empty and the door which connected it with the convent was walled up as they had told me. It was too much for us. Later in the day we got the keys of the convent and went over there. The lock was so old and rusty that nothing could move it, so here again we had to break our way in. The dust was thick all over the halls and in the empty cells. In the garden the rose tree lay dead and overrun by climbing vines. There wasn't a soul—not a living creature but rats in the place. I have Weston to vouch for all this, too. What do you make of it?”

MARGARET SEABURY COOK.

DRIFTWOOD SPARS

"Like driftwood spars which meet and pass
Upon the boundless ocean plain
So on the sea of life, alas!
Man meets man—meets and quits again."

The sun had just sunk behind the distant Estrelles and the sudden evening chill was creeping into the Riviera garden where Helena Ambrose sat with her mother, taking coffee and wondering for the first time at the mysterious loveliness of evening on the Cote d' Azure. To Helena it seemed as though she had come at last to the land of all her dreams. A hesitating breeze rustled in the palm leaves above and stirred the perfumes floating in the air, wafting her now a scent of heliotrope, now of orange blossom or a cool salt breath from the sea. She leaned forward to inhale the heavy fragrance of a branch of roses tumbling over the balustrade before her, and in doing so her glance rested on a man standing beneath the wall,—his hat off and head thrown back, drinking in the splendid western color which in return poured its glorifying light over his fine upturned face.

"Look, mother," she whispered, pressing her hand on her mother's arm, "Oh, it's too late," as he gave a toss to his head, shaking the heavy blonde hair from his forehead and strode off among the palms. "There was a man there I'm sure we've seen before—I can't think where. Oh, I hope it was some one we know; I've been desperately lonely lately with no friends to talk to. He was English, I think."

"That reminds me," said her mother, drawing her scarf about her shoulders as they rose to go in, "I met General Graham and his wife in the hall; they want you to join them in a walk to some village to-morrow. I told them you would probably go."

"Oh mother, I haven't spoken to a soul but you, except waiters and porters, for months! Don't go in quite yet—wait till it grows dusk here in the garden. You are afraid of the cold? Very well," and they walked through the perfume-laden air between beds of heliotrope and roses to the lighted hotel entrance.

"This is even more beautiful than last night," sighed Helena the next day, standing on the hard bare ground of the piazza topping the precipitous hill-town of Dolceaqua, her glance sweeping inland to the lofty snow-capped ranges of the maritime Alps. "What a place to live in!" and she turned to General Graham with a happy laugh, brushing back the stray wind-blown curls. "How splendidly that man walks," she continued. "Like the spirit of the wind and height—why, he's the one I saw last night."

"Yes, that's Brooke, my friend who's going to lunch with us. He's rather deaf, so speak clearly," and they both turned to watch the alert figure which mounted the brow of the hill.

"Brooke, we've got an addition to our party to-day—Miss Ambrose, Mr. Brooke," the General greeted him.

"How do you do?" smiled Helena.

"This is awfully jolly, don't you know," he responded with a marked Oxford accent, and they sat down together on an ancient stone bench beneath a spreading plane tree, while Mrs. Graham bargained with a big-eyed little Italian boy for a bunch of mandarinos which he held out temptingly to her.

"Did you ever see anything more glorious?" asked Helena, looking at the green branch with its yellow fruit. Then she caught his eye fixed on her with such a puzzled scrutiny that she involuntarily asked, "Where have I seen you before?"

"I beg your pardon?" questioned the Englishman in the very gentle tones so rare among deaf people.

"Oh—I was only wondering," she began, raising her voice in some confusion.

"Why I was staring so? Did you ever go to a little Northumberland watering-place called Alnmouth?"

"Oh—that is where I saw you! I was so scared then—" and she laughed and blushed a little at the recollection.

"Yes, do you remember how I jumped down over that grassy dune with my golf clubs in my hand after my lost ball, and you were sitting on the sand looking over the sea? But why were you scared?"

"Why," she smiled with the feeling of comradeship born of a former meeting, "the tide was coming in, and you see I'd been in paddling and my shoes and stockings were on a little heap of sand, and the water kept creeping nearer and nearer, and I couldn't get up to rescue them and I couldn't go home without

them, and you kept on hunting for that ball! I was distracted. I'd seen just where it fell and told you but you didn't seem to—" and she hesitated.

"I didn't hear you, of course," he said shortly, rising and walking across the piazza to meet the General.

"He's very sensitive about his hearing," said Mrs. Graham as Helena turned towards her in dismay. "He's not used to it yet. He's always been awfully keen for hunting, you know, and a year ago he took a bad header from his horse and he's been deaf ever since. It's pretty rough on him."

"Dreadfully," said Helena, her sympathy aroused.

Two hours later the two young people in advance of their party were springing down the stone terraces and crossing the narrow grassy strips of the last olive orchard before the hotel, she laughingly scorning his help and taking the long jumps with an agility that made his eyes bright with admiration.

"You American girls *are* independent!" he smiled.

"Oh, we learn how to take care of ourselves."

"Pardon me?" he questioned in the patient, gentle tones that seemed pathetically inharmonious with his vigor. "Forgive me for asking you so often to repeat. I hear very badly, you know. I shouldn't really impose on you by asking you to talk to me."

"Oh *no*, don't say that," Helena said quickly. Then smiling, "You can't realize how fine it is for me to have some one near my own age and speaking my language to talk to. I've been lonely, very, these last months."

They were winding up the steep approach to the hotel now, and General Graham, who had been behind the last mile, came up with his wife, saying, "We all walk to Seborga to-morrow, then? Well, *a rivederci*."

"*A rivederci*," Helena responded, and mounted to her room, feeling as though she had known Mr. Brooke for months.

Helena and her mother lingered at the hotel for three weeks; several days out of each week she joined one of the excursions from the hotel to the gardens and hill-towns in the neighborhood. Looking back on it now as she climbed down the steep descent from the chapel of Santa Croce on the last day of their stay it seemed more like three very happy days. She glanced at Mr. Brooke swinging along at her side—he left the next day, too, for Paris—and smiled to think how constantly he had been

in her thoughts—she pitied him so much! She hardly wondered at his sensitiveness—somehow deafness seemed more a thing to be ashamed of than any other bodily ill; and at first it had been very hard to talk to him, though now she habitually raised her voice—for she had talked a great deal to Mr. Brooke, letting him walk by her on almost every expedition because he seemed to mind talking with her less than with any of their other acquaintances.

The precipitous path led down among a growth of low scrub pines through which occasional sparkling glimpses of the Mediterranean would flash upon them. At intervals they passed shrines of pink or orange stucco with an image or a strange fresco of the Virgin in a niche partly hidden behind vases of shabby artificial flowers—tawdry magenta and orange and red.

"I wonder why all colors harmonize in this atmosphere," mused Helena, sitting down in a patch of shade to get her breath.

"Pardon me?" patiently questioned her companion, a bit wearily, too. "It's awfully rough on you to make you keep repeating all the time, don't you know. I ought really to keep off by myself and not bother people—"

"It's much worse for you than me, I think, if you are always feeling that I mind,—I really don't in the least. I never think of it now. But you are very brave to go out among people as you do," she continued, looking off at the distant sea. "It must be very hard."

"Oh, it's not so bad, but it *is* hard sometimes. Hardest meeting the old friends and realizing that they pity me. They try not to show it, but they all pity me," he spoke slowly and with difficulty.

"I am very, very sorry," said Helena, feeling the inadequacy of the words but not thinking of anything else to say. "Shall we go on?"

As they started down again, Mr. Brooke began abruptly. "The worst part of travelling as well as the best," he said, "is the friends you make. Like 'ships that pass in the night,' they drop so suddenly out of your life; it's a terrible wrench sometimes, don't you think?"

"Let's run down here," Helena responded, suiting the action to the word and dashing with breathless speed down the steep path. "I made some observation of the sort once myself some time ago, but you didn't agree. You said it seemed right that

they should vanish with the scenes you had known them among."

"Miss Ambrose—I could never have said that," he broke in rather jerkily as they sprang down the mountain, scattering the stones in the path to every side.

"Oh, yes, you did," Helena laughed teasingly.

"May I ask your mother about your plans? If we're in the same place at any time I can look you up."

"Certainly," said Helena, and they ran on in silence.

"Oh, that was great!" she panted, as they slowed down on reaching the valley below. Their path lay now through a level olive orchard, and beside a clear stream that wound away among the trees, singing a rippling little accompaniment to the subdued tread of their feet. As they walked along under the gnarled gray trunks of the olives, Helena noticed a stranger coming towards them along the path. The man politely lifted his hat and asked the way of Mr. Brooke, while Helena went through the same struggle in which her delicacy of feeling had involved her on many similar occasions as to whether she should answer herself and make Mr. Brooke feel that he had to be cared for by a woman, or give him the pain of telling the stranger that he must speak loudly; finally she walked on, unable to decide which would humiliate him the less. She had grown into the habit of keeping constantly on the alert to save him from embarrassment when they were together.

"You must speak louder, sir, I don't hear very well," his gentle voice floated out to her as he courteously responded to the stranger, and she clenched her hands in sympathy for him. "I wonder if he will miss me when I leave to-morrow morning," she thought to herself, feeling a pang as the realization forced itself upon her that she was about to leave this land of sunshine and color—and friends.

That evening after a general round of good-nights in the salon, Helena went out into the hall to take the lift to her room.

"Will you say good night to me, too, Miss Ambrose?" Mr. Brooke's deep, quiet voice sounded from one of the alcoves in the hall as he rose slowly to his feet and laid down his cigar.

Helena started and turned, hesitated and wondered why she hesitated, took a step towards him and observed conventionally, "Tired after our tramp? It was a stiffer one than usual."

"Tired! No. You look pretty fit, too. We've got you in good form these weeks."

"Yes, I'm sorry they're over." There was a pause. At last—

"I must pack—we leave early, you know. Good night," she said, holding out her hand. He clasped it in a firm grasp and did not immediately release it.

She found herself thinking nervously, "I must get away before anything happens," without having any definite idea of what it was she feared might happen. "How one gets into the habit of shaking hands on every occasion after living among the French awhile," she began. There was another pause. He did not speak and she finished rather lamely, "It is such a custom among them," and looked up for a response; then at something she saw in his gray eyes, looked quickly away, anywhere, in a panic of embarrassment, at the red plush sofa where he had been sitting, at the marble-topped table, then out through the window into the riotous beauty of the moonlit garden, burningly conscious all the while of his look.

"Good night," she repeated, trying again to draw away her hand.

"Miss Ambrose—" his voice shook as he covered her hand with his other and held it to him. "I have no right to say it—the way things are. I'm only half a man—but—" he was drawing her towards him. She felt dizzy and could only think slowly and wonderingly, "I have never in the whole world seen anything half so beautiful as the look in his eyes," and then suddenly all her New England primness asserted itself—a *man* holding her hand to his heart, *hers*, Helena Ambrose! In a panic, unreasoningly, indignantly, she snatched it away and freed herself, only dimly aware of the cruel pain in his face, and, whirling away, swept down the hall and up the stairway, forgetting the lift, forgetting everything till she stood at last in her own room.

"Oh!" she gasped, "Oh!" and began excitedly to pull out dresses from her drawers and closet. Suddenly she stopped her packing and stood very still. It dawned upon her that it was joy, not anger, that was driving her to such exertion.

"I love him," she said slowly. "I have been loving him all this time and have never known it. Oh, I'm glad we found it out to-night—in time," she laughed happily and tenderly.

"I wonder if I shall ever pass another such happy night," she thought as she helped her mother dress in the morning. As

they took their coffee and rolls in their room and the time for departure approached, Helena found her excitement growing uncontrollable. "Suppose he doesn't care! He may have been only going to thank me for being good to him." Then, remembering the look in his eyes, she smiled. "The moment our eyes meet I shall know, and he will know," the color rose in her cheeks.

As they stepped out of the lift into the lower hall, they were pounced upon by a crowd of friends who had collected in the office to see them off. In a kind of daze Helena heard herself saying the correct thing in reply to their good wishes, but a sort of shyness held her in its grip whenever she tried to look toward Mr. Brooke. He made no effort to speak to her—almost avoided her. All was confusion about her. She had a terrible feeling of the force of circumstances, of her powerlessness to stop the hurrying tide of little events or to turn them from their conventional course.

"We will start at once," she heard her mother say. Was he going to let her go without a word? Had she hurt him so last night? There were numberless farewells and handshakes; she was helped into the carriage. In the confusion, Mr. Brooke's hand had held hers a moment. She tried to speak his name but her mother broke in, "Are you sure you have my smelling-salts, Helena? Drive on, driver," and the wheels moved. She felt choked and helpless. "He will be at the station," she found herself repeating again and again. He was not.

"Mother, did you give Mr. Brooke our itinerary?" she asked suddenly.

"Why, no," her mother responded. "I forgot it in the confusion and he didn't ask for it. There's the train. Why do you stand there? Hurry and get places."

"Oh, why did I snatch away my hand?" thought Helena passionately. Not till she was on the train and the carriage started did she realize she was leaving him behind. Then a terrible feeling of loneliness, of the unspeakable emptiness of life, sank into her heart. The train gathered speed.

"Pardon me—pardon me—pardon me—", it seemed to be saying the haunting words as it rocked, "Pardon me—pardon me—pardon me—", with each jolt of the train his gentle voice seemed to reproach her. They were leaving the town. Suddenly she

started. She remembered a spot where the road from the hotel to the beach crossed the tracks. He had said laughingly a week before, as they stood waiting for a train to pass, that he would be there to wave her good-by. She flung herself past her astonished mother to the door of the carriage. She pressed her face to the pane. There he was, scanning each coach as it rattled by! She clasped her hands over her heart to stop its wild beating, and suddenly it gave one great throb. They had passed him and he had missed her in his eager scanning. She sank back on her seat. "Pardon me—pardon me—pardon me—", pulsed the train, and with every jar it was rushing farther away.

MARGARET APPLETON MEANS.

A LOVER'S SONG IN SPRINGTIME

Rosamond, Rosamond,
Rose of the world.
Oh, the garden world is sweet!
There are lilies fair,
There are wild flowers rare,
Torn from the rocks where the mosses curled;
And the heavy scent of the lilac steals
With purple glory unfurled.
Oh Rosamond, rose of the world,
I am coming to you, my sweet.
The spirit that dwells in the garden feels
And is caught in the spell of your grace,
Oh Rosamond, rose of the world,
With your wonderful flower face.
Oh, the golden mesh of your hair!
And the quick, light glance of your feet!
If you knew how I loved, would you care? Would you care?
I am coming to you, my sweet,
In the wonderful hush of the morning,
Through the garden with dew still pearled,
Oh Rosamond, Rosamond, Rosamond,
Rosamond, rose of the world.

FLORENCE BATTERSON.

SKETCHES

MAY DAY

May day !

Play day !

Time when violets blow !

And mayflowers sweet and daffodils,

Along the meadows, on the hills,

Are laughing as they grow.

May day !

Fay day !

Time the elves awake !

Opening wide their sleepy eyes,

Blinking at the fireflies

Dancing fairy fete.

May day !

Gay day !

Time the world is glad !

All the winter's care and woe

Now is gone when flowers blow,

Earth is pleasure-clad.

MILDRED SIDNEY BALDWIN.

"Yes," murmured Barbara over her coffee cup, "I was once in a house play, the hero, in fact ; and on the same night the villain of a by-play. It seems funny to me

Play and By-Play now, but oh, at the time it was awful !"

"Which, the by-play or the real play?" inquired the marcelled alum. as she stretched her daintily-shod feet toward the blaze on the hearth.

"Ask Kate," replied Barbara, "she was the heroine of both plays! But we have the 'K. K.' all to ourselves so I can have the fun of telling you. Kate and I were all in costume, in fact, we had gone fully half-way to the Students' Building, when Kate remembered that she had forgotten her make-up box and went back to get it.

"You see it really was Kate's fault, for if she hadn't gone back it could never have happened! I promised to wait for her, and sat down on the steps of College Hall and began to say my lines over and over. I was awfully scared because I had never acted at college before and had never been a man in my life; and, what is more, I am sure there is no girl in college more essentially feminine than I. I don't understand base-ball, I can't whistle, and I love feather boas and fruit salad! Besides, I take ridiculously short steps for a girl my size. 'Ay, there's the rub,' my size! I am tall and I sing alto, and that is how I came to be a man. Well, here I was waiting for Kate and realizing that I didn't feel a bit like a man, and how could I act like one unless I did? At last I decided that the thing for me to do was to get into a manly frame of mind, so, since it was dark, I threw off my cloak, put my hands in my pockets and began to walk back and forth with long masculine strides. I was very 'chesty' (Kate used to say all men are chesty), and I tried to whistle a tune. I was so interested that I didn't notice that a man had approached me until he said:

"'By heck, what's your worst trouble!'

"Imagine my feelings! Every vestige of manliness left me! I felt like running away, but I didn't. I just stood there with my knees shaking. It's a wonder he didn't see it. Never before did I realize what advantage petticoats are to a scared person. It seemed hours before either of us spoke, but I suppose it couldn't have been long before he asked me what time it was. Then I realized that he thought I was a man. I almost laughed, but I answered in my deepest of tones, 'About quarter-past seven, I think.'

"'That's too early to call, isn't it?' he asked in a friendly tone. 'I suppose you are awaiting the proper hour, too, aren't you?'

"Here I thought I saw my chance, so I tried to persuade him that it was not a bit too early, that I rather thought the girls here liked early callers. Of course I didn't dare say too much for fear he would detect the make-believe in my voice, but I don't think he did. I was so anxious to get rid of him, for what would happen when Kate returned?

"'Well, I don't dare risk it,' he said. 'You don't know my lady. She's a stickler for etiquette! But perhaps you do know who she is. Do you? It's Kate Morris.'

"Well, I almost tumbled over I was so surprised, and I almost laughed. To think I was entertaining one of Kate's friends!

"Do you?" he said. "Isn't she a corker?"

"Well, of course I was just crazy to tell him what I thought of Kate, and I told him I liked her better than almost any girl I had ever met, and that she certainly was beautiful and so sincere! I was a little bit proud of myself and thought I was giving Kate a wonderful boom, and the funny part was I had forgotten I was talking 'man to man,' and was so interested in what I was saying that I was startled when I heard Kate all out of breath say:

"Oh, Bobbie darling, you were sweet to wait for me, dearie—" and then the man rose, and I did too, of course, and then I heard him say:

"Excuse me, Miss Morris. I am sure I had no intention of interrupting a tête-à-tête!" and before either of us realized it or could speak, he had bowed and gone.

"It was an awful moment—and I laughed! But Kate just stood there dazed, and then sat down and cried. All I could get from her was, 'It's Tom! It's Tom!' We all half suspected that Kate had once been engaged to Tom; but there had been some sort of trouble, and lately all references to Tom had been tabooed among Kate's friends. So when it came over me what I had said and that Kate really cared—oh, I never hope to spend such an unhappy moment again!

"And the worst of it was that Kate didn't know where Tom was living now nor where to write. When we did find out, I went 'way to New York and made him come to see me so I could explain the matter to him in person. It was frightfully embarrassing and my knees shook again as they did on that awful night, but I had on petticoats this time, thank fortune! What did Tom do? He looked and looked at me and then just roared, grasped my hand tight and shook it hard! All he said was, 'Well, that accounts for the whistle!' Then of course we both laughed again. And—well, they are married now and I was the maid of honor and everything turned out like a fairy story!"

"You were a very mild villain in the by-play. I should say you were sort of diluted with some guardian angel stuff," suggested the alum. with a smile as she finished her last piece of cinnamon toast.

"Yes, perhaps," replied Barbara, "but I made up for it in the other play. I was the most villainish hero they ever had, and I have never been asked to act since."

LOUISE DAY PUTNAM.

THE CASTLE OF FULFILMENT

Far down the road of Heaven
With dust of stars all white,
Forth goes my soul a-faring,
Across the plains of night.

For somewhere at the sky's edge
There stand dim hills and high,
Where through the pass of shadows
The pilgrim stars go by.

Up to the mystic portal
The great white highway gleams,
Where rises, fair and shining,
The castle of my dreams.

There vows of no fulfilment,
And deeds left all undone,
May gain completed beauty
That here they have not won.

There all the hopes that vanish
Stand lovely by its walls,
And all the songs unuttered
Are music in its halls.

There longings and desires,
The children of the hours,
Like birds come homeward winging
To rest upon its towers.

My feet have never trodden
My halls—that are not mine—
But sometimes through the darkness
I see its turrets shine.

So down the great white highway,
With pilgrim staff and bell,
My soul seeks for the castle
Where fulfilled visions dwell.

HENRIETTA SPERRY.

So many freshmen who are shy and self-contained have an unhappy time during their first few months of college.

They never seem to meet people ; or,
Through a Window if they do meet them, they never get acquainted with them. Roberta wasn't

that kind at all—she was lucky right from the start. She hadn't been in college a week before she had some of the most interesting experiences. The most interesting of these came in through the window one night after ten o'clock. Roberta said it was wonderful how many nice girls you got to know by having a first-floor room ; and you got to know them so well, too, because even a senior couldn't put on airs when she lay across the window-sill half in and half out. Roberta said she dated her first thrills of affection for Angelina from the moment when she grabbed her by the shoulders in a vain attempt to hoist her over the sill. Angelina weighed two hundred and twelve and one-quarter pounds, and the window was five feet from the ground ; and Roberta weighed ninety-nine pounds. So the inevitable happened—instead of Angelina's going in, Roberta came out. Fortunately they landed in a flower-bed which had just been dug up, so they weren't hurt at all. They are both girls with a strong sense of humor, and so, instead of Angelina feeling that her dignity had been damaged or Roberta being uncomfortable and ill at ease because she was with an upper-class girl, they both lay there and laughed and laughed until they were almost hysterical. When they could manage to collect themselves, Angelina boosted Roberta up, and Roberta climbed in. Then she lowered a chair outside for Angelina to stand on ; and Angelina stood on the chair, and the chair broke. Angelina was awfully apologetic, and picked up all the pieces carefully, and passed them in to Roberta. Then Roberta lowered another chair and another chair ; but all the chairs in the room were cane-seated and they were all more or less antiquated, so they weren't of much use. Angelina passed them back and apologized a lot for being so destructive. She said she would have them all re-seated. At last when there weren't any more chairs left, they began to get a little worried ; for, although it wasn't cold, still it was chilly. Of course as long as they were exercising this way it was all right, but now that the furniture had given out they began to feel the chilliness of the night air. So something must be done at once, but what it was they couldn't for the life of them think.

Suddenly Roberta had an inspiration. She had been hanging her pictures, and the step-ladder was still in the hall. She said she was almost ashamed to get it because it was so stupid not to have thought of it before; but Angelina was awfully nice about it, and said that it was quite natural that she hadn't thought of it, and that anyway it was only under the stress of actual necessity that great thoughts like that were ever evolved. After she got in, she kissed Roberta good night; and Roberta said she didn't sleep for an hour and fifteen minutes afterwards.

The next day Roberta went down-town and bought new curtains for that window. She had been intending to hang old ones there, but they would never do now since it was through this window that her best friend had come into her life.

MILDRED WILLCOX WILSON.

ROSE TIME

Wild roses by the roadside and rose-vines on the wall,
But the roses on the dial are the sweetest flowers of all,
For, ever as they linger, they hide the shadowy trace
Of Time that passes fleeting o'er the ancient sun-dial's face;
So, while the summer's with us in her robe of gold and green,
Time enters not the garden where the hours pass unseen.
And when the roses wither and their green leaves drop at night,
Turning yellow in the darkness as if stricken by a blight,
Then, through all the months of winter, we may read the hours plain,
That bring us through cold weather to the rose time once again.

MARGARET SEABURY COOK.

The Widow Martin was a large and important-looking personage who conducted a small boarding-house in an enterprising manner. Across the street from

The Balance of Power the Widow Martin dwelt the Widow King, who likewise dispensed village hospitality at the rate of four dollars per week. The Widow King was blessed with one son, Johnny, originally Jonathan, who invariably gave his age as nine years thirteen months. The Widow Martin was possessed of one daughter, Matilda Antoinette, of almost the same age and disposition as her imp-like neighbor across the way.

The children of these two bereaved ladies were thoroughly congenial, but not so the ladies themselves. For between the Widow Martin and the Widow King there existed a keen rivalry born of a mutual desire to outdo each other in regard to the number of boarders each could secure. The Widow Martin "pitied" all wretched beings who dwelt under the Widow King's roof, and the latter lady reciprocated that sentiment toward all whom Matilda Antoinette's mother sheltered.

This rivalry was all very well in its way, and often occasioned much humorous comment in the little village, but when it became so intense that active warfare was waged over a single new-comer into the community, the villagers in general, and Johnny and Matilda Antoinette in particular, viewed the matter in a more serious light.

"Tildy," said the Widow Martin upon the day following the new-comer's arrival at the "Tavern," "you run over to the hotel and tell that new man that your ma has got a nice bed and some good, wholesome victuals waitin' for him, and that if he wants a real nice, comfortable place he'd better come right over."

"Yis, ma, I'll go on my way to school," replied the obedient "Tildy," "and I'll say we have real good things to eat," she added as she went into the pantry and boldly appropriated a large, savory cookie.

Meanwhile, in the little house across the way, the Widow King was saying, "Johnnie, I want you to go and see that stranger up to the hotel and tell him as how your ma wants another boarder, and that the room is good and so is the victuals—none better," she added with a spiteful glance across the way.

"Yes marm," responded Johnny, "I'll go on the way to school"; and, taking his cap, he left the house and immediately forgot his mother's injunctions in the absorption of a game of marbles.

But Matilda Antoinette was more thoughtful. She stopped at the inn, and, going up to the stout drummer whom she found in the doorway, she listlessly repeated her mother's instructions and straightway took her departure without having ascertained to whom she had spoken or waiting for an answer to her remarks. To Matilda Antoinette, as long as she said the right thing, it little mattered whether it was addressed to the right person or not.

That it did not reach the right person was proved by the fact that, while the Widow Martin spent the following day in a flutter of expectancy, she spent the evening in a gloomy silence betokening disappointed hopes. What if the Widow King had got that new man! At length she decided to make another attempt to secure the newcomer, and accordingly again instructed Matilda Antoinette to go to the inn and repeat her information. Curiously enough, the Widow King had adopted the same resolution, with the result that Matilda Antoinette Martin and Jonathan King, bent upon the same errand, met in front of the little tavern. The girl's elfin face lighted up when she perceived Johnny.

"Want a new boarder?" she inquired knowingly.

"Ma does, I don't," he scornfully replied.

"So does my ma," said the Widow Martin's daughter, "but say—" and here the two small heads came close together and words were spoken which were meant for no other ears.

Soon, however, they went up the old worn steps and inquired for the "new man." They found him in the miniature office.

"Be you lookin' for a boardin' place?" they asked. He replied that he was, and did they know of a good one?

"Oh, sure," Johnny as spokesman informed him. "We know a fine one. It's at the Widow White's. She don't usually take boarders, but she heard of you," he threw in flatteringly, "and said she'd take you if you wanted to come. There be two other boardin' houses in the village, but they ain't as good as the Widow White's"; and without more ado the Widow King's Johnny and the Widow Martin's Matilda Antoinette escorted the new-comer to the Widow White's.

The next morning the little town was alive with the news that the Widow White—who really did not need him—had secured the new boarder. Mrs. Hopkins, the store-keeper's wife, hurried over to see how the Widow Martin bore up under the calamity. She found that lady outwardly calm.

"If it hadn't 'a' been for Tildy," she remarked with maternal pride, "he'd 'a' gone to the Widow King's. I didn't have room for him myself, so Tildy sent him to Widow White's."

To Mrs. Hopkins, the Widow King likewise seemed satisfied.

"Of course I couldn't take him myself," she said, "and Johnny heard as how he was a-goin' to the Widow Martin's, and so he just sort o' steered him to Widow White's. That Johnny's a knowin' one."

Meanwhile the two conspirators out in the barn were comparing notes.

"Ain't you glad you ain't got extra dishes?"

"Ain't you glad you ain't got extra chores?"

"You bet!"

"You bet!"

JANET SIMON.

THE LOVE OF YESTERDAY

The fire burns down within the grate,
The flickering shadows feebly stray
With neither thought of pain nor hate;
So fades the love of yesterday.

The glamour and the sheen are gone,
The thrill and wonder will not stay;
Alas, it is a thing forlorn,—
This tarnished love of yesterday!

The heart grows numb and dull from care,
With shuddering we turn away;
And sick contempt and faint despair
Succeed the love of yesterday.

Ah! little love that gave delight,
And held my heart in transient sway,
Ye could not last throughout the night,
Poor, feeble love of yesterday!

Lo, free from sorrow or regret,
I quit the game I cannot play;
But can one ever quite forget
The love that he loved yesterday?

KATHERINE DUNCAN MORSE.

"Elizabeth," said Mrs. Marcy as she came into the music room, "did you know that Elsie had broken her engagement?"

Elizabeth finished the
From Generation to Generation last phrase of the "Largo"
before replying. "Sensible girl," she remarked calmly.

"Why, I thought you liked Mr. Brandt," said her mother in some surprise. "I'm sure he's an excellent young man."

"Oh, he's all right," assented the girl. "He 'means well,' as people say when they want to be particularly spiteful; but he's nobody Elsie wants. He's shorter than she is."

"I really don't see how she could have done better," persisted Mrs. Marcy. "The Elliots are not wealthy and there are two younger girls. Mr. Brandt is a rich man and has no bad habits. I am sure she would have been happy with him."

"Mother, she would have been bored to death. He has a most execrable habit of punning. I know just how she feels, for I—" Elizabeth stopped short. "I think she did quite right," she finished lamely.

Mrs. Marcy settled herself comfortably in a huge rocking-chair and took up "The Shuttle." "I hope she won't marry some one who will be unkind to her," she said.

"At any rate, I had rather be beaten than bored," said Elizabeth firmly. "But why can't she stay single? Lots of attractive girls do."

"If she didn't intend to marry him, why did she say she would?"

"Just for fun, I suppose," said the girl, now openly frivolous. "Probably she wanted a new sensation. Besides, a girl may be engaged and not be engaged to be married. No doubt her intentions were, like those of the youth in the story, 'honorable, but remote.'"

Mrs. Marcy sighed. "It's rather hard on the man," she said gently.

"Oh, he'll forget all about it in a week. The trouble is, mother"—this in an argumentative tone—"that you don't understand this sort of thing. You've never had experience. You just married father."

The older woman's lips twitched. "Perhaps marrying father wasn't so simple a matter as you seem to think," she said with the smile that in past days had been a thing to reckon with. "But how do you know so much about such matters? Have you ever been engaged?"

It had come, then. Elizabeth had thought it would sometime, but not just yet. As she answered, she involuntarily braced herself to meet—she knew not what.

"Yes," she said.

She stared hard out of the window as she spoke. She could not bear to meet her mother's eyes. Where were the arguments that she had prepared for this very occasion?

"May I ask," it was her mother's voice, slightly sarcastic and vastly amused, "may I ask who the fortunate man was?"

But Elizabeth had no answer ready. Reproaches she could have met, arguments she could have answered, but this calm acceptance of her news disconcerted her. She had not expected this.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Marcy meditatively, "if it was anyone I know?"

"It was John Newall," stammered Elizabeth.

"Oh—Jack? You're not engaged to him now, are you?" this last very hopefully.

"Not at all," said Elizabeth in a virtuous tone. "The engagement was broken six months ago."

Her mother settled herself comfortably in her chair. "Tell me about it," she commanded. And Elizabeth, who had quite recovered her self-possession, began.

"In the first place, I was not in love with him; I was in love with love." This sounded somewhat familiar, but her mother did not seem to notice. "He was at May's house-party last fall, and we went golfing together a good deal. It was the old story of propinquity. He asked me to marry him; I told him you would never consent, but after he begged very hard I promised to be engaged. I really should never have agreed, but there was a full moon that evening, and you know scientists agree that moonlight has a strange effect upon the brain. Then I came home and did not see him for a month. You know how it is about absence. When I went to Boston in the winter, he was there, too, but—well, I changed my mind and broke the engagement."

"But why?" said Mrs. Marcy impatiently. "You surely had some reason."

"He wore crocheted ties," said Elizabeth solemnly, "green ones, and he's so dark. The first time I saw him wear one I felt that he was not for me. Besides, his tastes were low, very low indeed. I was pining for symphony concerts and the opera, and he urged me to go to see the Roger Brothers. Once he even asked me to attend a vaudeville. I escaped by telling him that you didn't approve of such things. He sent me 'The Fighting Chance' and 'Fables in Slang' when I wanted a set of Ibsen. The day after I broke the engagement I went to a symphony concert. I felt so free that I hardly knew myself. Then I read Pater and Carlyle for a week and felt still better."

"I was engaged once, myself," ventured Mrs. Marcy reminiscently.

"Why mother!" Elizabeth's voice was full of reproach. "You never told me."

"It is just as well to have a few reservations. Still, it was rather interesting at the time. My mother and father did not want me to marry, but I became secretly engaged to Ned. My mother always used to read my letters, and I knew that if I did not offer to let her see his, she would suspect. Finally we devised this plan. He would write an ordinary, friendly letter, and inside of it he would put another which was—well—a little more friendly. One I showed to my mother, the other I reserved for my own use."

"But Ned?" cried Elizabeth excitedly. "Who was he? Where is he?"

"Really, I hate to answer like a paper-covered novel," said Mrs. Marcy, "but Ned is your father."

"Oh," the girl's tone was replete with disgust. "So you *married* him?"

"I did," assented her mother modestly, "though I did have some trouble with my family. By the way, Elizabeth, why did you tell Jack that I would never consent to his marrying you? You must have known that it wasn't true."

"Well, I had to tell him something."

"It would seem to a disinterested observer," Mrs. Marcy eyed the girl keenly, "that you didn't care much about being married."

"Perhaps I don't," replied Elizabeth, and her tone was thoughtful.

HELENA FRANKLIN MILLER.

THE MER-BABY PART

On the shining sand
In the mer-man's land
At the bottom of the sea,
Lulled by the motion
Of the kindly ocean,
Sleeps a dimpled mer-baby.

But soon he awakes,
 And pleasure he takes
 In poking the slow gray snail,
 When lo! he espies
 With wondering eyes
 His own little slippery tail.

In gurgling glee
 He eagerly
 Starts in pursuit to swim;
 But vain is his wish,
 For this silvery fish
 Is the mer-baby part of him.
 LOUISE HOWARD COMSTOCK.

O-o, ugh! It hurts. Something is squeezing me. What is it? Where am I? *What* am I anyway? Why-y-y! there is something hard all around

The Rooster's Point of View me. That is what hurts. I'll push it away. Ow! that bumped my head and the horrid thing didn't budge. I'm mad! I hate this slippery place and I won't stay here another minute. I'll peck it. Oh, dear! this old thing hurts my head every time I move; but I don't care, I *will* get out. There! it cracked. But I am so tired I can't give another peck. I'll rest a minute. Now I'll try again. There! I've made a hole! I'm going to put my head through. Oo-oo! I'm stuck! I don't care, I won't go back to that horrid, stuffy place, I *will* get out someway. I've done it. My! what a big place this is,—but I don't know whether I like it or not. I'm all wet and cold. I—I don't know what I want, but I want something *now*. Oh-h! *that's* what I want, that big fluffy thing that is coming toward me and is talking so nice. It's *my mother*. I *know* it's my mother. She is asking me to come under her nice, soft feathers and get warm. I'm going.

. . . I've been with my mother and my brothers and sisters a whole day now, and I've found out lots of things. I'm a chicken and my mother's a hen. I heard some people that came to look at us say so. They were such big people that I was afraid of them. I just peeked at 'em from under one of my mother's feathers, then I stuck my head in quick. I wish I

didn't have any brothers and sisters. They tumble all over me, and I want my mother all to myself.

. . . I've been in this place quite a while now. I heard one of those big people say that I am two weeks old. I'm scared of those great, horrid people; they try to catch me. When I'm in the house, I hide under my mother. They're afraid of my mother and don't dare to touch me then; but sometimes I'm playing out in our front yard when they come. Once when they were after me I ran 'round back of our house and got lost and then they caught me. I was so scared that I almost died, but they gave me back to my mother before I did quite. Now I run for my mother as soon as I see 'em coming.

My mother is teaching us two games, the game of scratching and the game of pecking. In the game of scratching we see which can dig the biggest hole. It's lots of fun and it's real exciting, but when my brothers and sisters scratch dirt in my eyes I get mad. I get the maddest though when we play pecking. We all try to see who can peck up the biggest number of pebbles, and sometimes my brothers and sisters push me and peck the pebble I'm after, then they tumble all over me.

To-day my mother told us that when we get big those people won't give us things in a dish, but we will have to scratch for a living. I wish I was big now, because it will be just like playing games all the time, but my mother says we'll get sick of it.

. . . I heard those people say that I was four weeks old to-day. They said something else that was awful funny. They said that I was going to be a big rooster and that my tail feathers had already sprouted. At first I didn't know whether I wanted to be a rooster or not, but I just saw a big rooster strut by. If my tail feathers will ever grow as tall and wavy as his, and if I can ever step as high and spread out my toes as wide and crow as loud I'll be glad I'm a rooster. I told my mother that when I get big like that I will take care of her, but she said I will have lots of other hens to look after then and will forget all about her.

. . . Those people said to-day that we were getting so big that they were going to let us out of our yard so we could run wherever we liked. I am so glad I feel as if I could crow over it. I don't see how that big rooster can strut and crow so grandly. "Strut" and "grandly" are two new words I've learned; when I get bigger I hope I can strut and crow grandly.

When my mother heard those people say they were going to let us out of our yard she gave us a lesson how to behave. Whenever she says, "Cluck ! cluck ! cluck !," low down in her throat, it means that there is danger and we must run straight to her. She says that we will find lots of new things to eat, but we must be careful and not try to swallow too big pieces, for we might get choked. We mustn't go too far away from her, either, or we'll get lost.

. . . I've been out in the world with my mother over three three weeks now. It's a big place, but I've learned my way around pretty well. I've been 'way around this big house and the next house and across the road. The road is a dangerous place. Great teams come along and try to kill us ; even my mother is scared and runs.

I heard those people say that they were going to take my mother away to-day and were going to put me with a flock of hens. I'm sorry to lose my mother, but won't it be grand to be like my big rooster with a flock of hens to take care of ! When I heard them say that I just stretched my neck and opened my mouth and *crowed*, and I've been crowing ever since. I think I must look like my big rooster now. I am sure I can step as high, and when the wind blows I can feel my tail wave. I think I will make a good impression on my hens. I shall be kind to them and protect them, but I shall allow no quarreling and shall insist that they respect me.

. . . I have taken care of my flock a whole month now, and have found this world to be a very disappointing place ; things are not what they seem. I always thought hens were silly things, but I never realized how obstinate and unreasonable they are. They are determined to scratch in the gutter or in the road. It would be all right if they would only keep together and all run in the same direction when there is danger ; but some of the idiotic creatures will get on the opposite side of the road. When a team comes along they will wait until it is almost upon them, then, instead of staying where they are, they lose their wits and try to fly across. Their wings aren't made for flying and they make such an awkward piece of work of it I am ashamed of them.


Another time when they try my patience is in the morning. They are the laziest things I ever saw. I have heard people hold hens up as models for early rising, but if they only knew

how loud I have to crow to wake them up they would give the credit to me. But when once aroused the din they set up is deafening. Nothing can equal those cackling females.

The last drop was added to the cup of my impatience yesterday when those silly hens insisted upon going out in a hard rainstorm. When they set their minds upon a thing there is no stopping them, so there was nothing for me to do but take them out in that dribbling rain. I wouldn't have cared so much for myself, but their disgraceful appearance was more than any respectable rooster could stand. If there is anything that I detest it is a wet hen.


I used to think that I was the most fortunate rooster on earth, but I have changed my mind. It seems as if the whole world is against me. I thought that the cares of a flock of hens were burden enough for anyone to bear, but I have seen a sight this morning that has made my blood run cold ever since. My legs are so weak now that I have to lean against the barn for support. I saw one of those horrible people, who used to torment my chickenhood, shake from the window a bunch of long, beautiful feathers, which I can swear belong to my beloved brother. The sight of his dear feathers carries me back to the days when we were both happy chickens. Then came the hope and aspirations of my young roosterhood. And to think that after all the trials I have endured for my hens' sakes I may be rewarded by being made into a bunch of feathers which those people call a feather duster. As I look back over my life, that memorable day when I first fought my way from my shell into this wearisome world seems but as yesterday. And what is the use of it all? "Nothing but an egg yesterday and a feather duster tomorrow!"

EVELYN LOUISE RYDER.



In Memoriam

It is ever a wide step from "the things that are seen" to those "that are unseen and eternal." In the midst of the joy and excitement of returning again to our beloved college, it was a severe blow to find that one of our number had passed into another world, and would join us here no more. Winifred Evans died on April 1 at her home in Atlanta, N. Y., after an extremely painful but mercifully brief illness. All her friends, and particularly the members of the senior class, will feel her absence very keenly. Her constant energy and cheerfulness were ever a source of inspiration to those who knew her. Faithful to her work, loyal to her friends, she lived a life of intense activity, inspired by a vital interest in all that was highest and best. We shall all miss the "glimpses of sunlight" we borrowed from her, but we can never forget the cheerful, kindly face, and the memory of Winifred will ever tend to brighten our lives until we are all lost in the great Light of Eternal Truth.



EDITORIAL

The other day a number of us were taking a walk out in the country when, on a dusty bit of the highway, we encountered a very small child dragging a heavy bundle and singing away happily to herself as she trudged along. Later on we saw an old man, bent with years, sitting at the door of a small white farm-house puttering over some bits of broken harness and whistling to himself as he worked. Somehow the two incidents seemed curiously connected, for there was such a noticeable similarity of expression on the two faces. In both shone a radiance and a sweetness which seemed to come from some hidden, inner source; it was as if both the child and the old man had been lifted to a realm outside this work-a-day world and yet not wholly unconscious of it, for they worked away busily even as they sang.

There are many people to whom a dreamer is a fool—and to be pitied. He is an unpractical man, a man who accomplishes nothing. Perhaps this may be true of some dreamers—those who spend their time in useless dreams and accomplish nothing else—but there are others who clothe all the little wearisome and irritating tasks of life with beauty and poetry and who sing even as they work. The little child who trotted along the highway dragging her huge bundle of clothes was not discharging her duty any less surely because happily, and the old man at work in the sun was perhaps accomplishing more because he was whistling at some happy thought than he would have been had he been grumbling at the thought of the broken harness.

It is a good thing for the world that there are some workers in it who still have the ability to see the poetry of life, who can "look up at the stars" even as they discharge the little round of burdensome duties. It is well to be a worker, but there is no need of being a drudge. Many of us are so tied down and hampered by narrowing routine and cramping practicality that we

haven't any time at all left in which to rejoice at the wonders of the universe which lie all about us. We make ourselves martyrs to duty, accomplishing much in its name but ruining our own dispositions in the process. We are so intent upon executing just the particular stint required of us that we feel no sense of pleasure in the actual performance of our task, but merely a sense of relief at its accomplishment. Life to many of us is filled with dry, dead facts, burdensome duties, exacting details, and we march through them all in a seemingly noble way, conscientiously led to perform just such things as we feel are required of us. If only we would pause for a moment and, taking a deep breath, look about us, perhaps we might discover, as Robert Louis Stevenson did, that,

"The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

If we had the realization of this strong within us perhaps then we could pick up our burden again, whether it consists of a bundle of clothes, a broken harness, or a long list of irritating duties, and with our eyes filled with sunshine and our hearts with happiness go on our way rejoicing in the poetry of life.

But we mustn't forget, as the useless dreamers do, about picking up the burden. The poetry of life may lighten it for us, but it should not and cannot do away with it altogether.

The prosaic man has weighed his burden down to the smallest fraction of a pound, he knows its size, shape and color, and he is very busy shifting it from arm to arm in order to lessen its weight; but your dreamer is so intent on other and more glorious things that he seldom knows he is carrying it at all, and often he has strength and desire to reach out a helping hand and gently lift the burden from other and weaker shoulders.

EDITOR'S TABLE

In spite of the pragmatic doctrine that truth is worth only its face value, there are a few people left in the world who cling to the beautiful idea that truth as an abstraction is still with us. The abstract truth, the kind that "crushed to earth will rise again," et cetera, constitutes an ideal sinking fund on which even the pragmatists occasionally draw cheques. Without question it is the bank account of literature, and the methods engaged by its promoters in presenting it to the world furnish an unfailing source of interest to the casual critic. Truth in the hands of these literary zealots becomes nothing more than a ball of dough, and the final shape which it assumes depends largely on the intention and skill of the kneader. For the sake of those idealists who take comfort in their beautiful abstraction theory, let us add that the shape has nothing to do with the substance, which remains entirely unchanged. The ball of dough assumes three different aspects,—i. e., truth as it is, truth as it is not, and truth as it ought to be.

The province of truth as it is belongs entirely to the dogmatist. For to him, truth as it is means truth as he sees it. It is not difficult to imagine what a wrenched and varied aspect one poor little dough-ball of truth will present after it has been rolled around by enthusiastic devotees, each of whom has a different conception of it. Like all dogmatic doctrine, it produces very little effect. We usually give it a knock ourselves, mumbling something like, "Let us set our mark against such doings and do otherwise," and pass on.

With truth as it is not, the nature fakir and other members of his class rule supreme. Only in burlesque and satire should this class be given any recognition whatsoever. This last statement will make Mr. Kipling feel easier, and will permit Lewis Carroll to retain his time-honored place.

A little reflection will prove that the writers dealing with truth as it is, and truth as it is not, have an easy time in com-

parison with those presenting truth as it ought to be. The former classes can expect nothing more than a tentative grasp on public opinion, and very often write from purely individual motives, so that the result of their work frequently perishes with the turning out of its last edition. On the other hand, those who present truth as it ought to be face a difficult problem. The majority of these writers are earnest and clear-sighted, and not infrequently do they instigate some reform in thought. They begin, therefore, with a public which is sometimes prejudiced, often unsympathetic and always open to conviction. Here enter the literary "methods" mentioned on the preceding page. Just how have reformers caught the public in the past, and how do they catch it now?

Let us go back to Aristotle. He is a very good person to begin with, in view of the fact that he has compiled a neat volume on almost every subject from the ethics of municipal ownership to the proper form for a love-lyric. Aristotle had a definite preconceived idea of the masses, realizing, however, that they formed a distinct unit in the public which he had to convince. To Aristotle they seemed incapable of managing their own welfare. Now Aristotle understood perfectly what the plain man needed, but feared that if he explained too much, the plain man would grow suspicious and have none of him. Therefore *Aristotle used bait*. He led the uneducated along attractive by-paths until he finally brought him to the house labelled "Thine Own Good," and gave him the key thereto. The way in which Richard Carle coaxes his donkey along in "The Tenderfoot" is an admirable illustration of the Aristotelian method. Mr. Carle holds over the beast's head a stick from which some vegetables are suspended so that they fall about a foot from the poor creature's mouth. The donkey doesn't know, but he keeps moving. The only difference between the donkey and Aristotle's commoner is that the latter eventually gets his reward. With Aristotle the end justifies the means. Doubtless he and the plain man shook hands at the end of their trip.

To pass on from the ancients who deluded the public for its own good, we reach a time when all delusion was thrust aside, and John Stuart Mill's doctrine of public discussion was the working principle. Then everybody talked everything over. Facts were set forth coldly and statistically, and the result was that only the plodders ever arrived at any conclusions.

But those days are also gone by. How is it now? We have gone back to Aristotle's plan of using bait! Although times have changed somewhat, and the public attitude is slightly modified, final conquest is solely a matter of entertainment. The public cries out to be amused, and as P. T. Barnum has said, it "loves to be humbugged." The maxim of the present-day writer is, "Be entertaining!" He merely elaborates on Aristotle's admirable method, and he has a double advantage in the aid of the illustrator's art. Our magazine pages glisten with sprightly articles on botanical or geological conditions in remote parts of the earth, and the accompanying illustrations of weird trees and rocks would do credit to the most profound psychologist of color. Children read with glee zoölogical treatises in words of one syllable. It is something like entertaining the reverse of angels unawares.

What does all this prove? Nothing, except that truth changes little and human nature still less. Some of the ancient classics quite fit in with modern conditions. There is a current opinion that the *Odyssey* has a distinctly up-to-date tinge, and that *Penelope* with her train of suitors is equal to anything that *Mrs. Wharton* has ever done. So be it. Herein both the lover of abstract truth and the pragmatist may still find comfort, each according to his own light.

At the Academy of Music, April 24, "The Girl and the Graduate," presented by the Wesleyan Musical Association.

From various newspaper accounts preceding its arrival, we had been led to believe that the play was a severe and rather unpleasant take-off on *Smith*. We were glad to learn that our fears were quite ungrounded. There was nothing about *Smith* in the play except that a few girls were called "Smith girls." The music was unusually good, due probably to the fact that the cast was made up from the college glee club. The feminine parts were very well taken. On the whole, the piece was carried off with a vim and spirit which quite counteracted any deficiencies it may have contained.

A. F. H.

The Tech Show, "Over the Garden Wall," was given at the Academy of Music, April 18. The "show" was a comic opera, and a good one. The plot was that of a match made between

two young people with no particular interest in each other, by three conspirators who use the time-honored means of denying the man and maid each other's company. With this plot as a basis, bright, catchy songs, effective dances and clever local hits were introduced. The whole performance went off with a snap and spirit which was testified to by the enthusiastic audience.

A. M. P.

The April exchanges possess two excellent characteristics, variety of material and absence of local color from the editorials. In some we find interesting bits of literary criticism and appreciation. *The Mt. Holyoke* has an original and well-sustained sketch entitled, "The Setting of 'Far from the Madding Crowd,'" showing how Mr. Hardy brings the characteristic scenery and climate of Wessex to bear upon his plot and characters. *The University of Virginia Magazine* contains two splendid articles. One is called "R. L. S.—The Prince of Children"; the other is a review of D'Annunzio's "Daughter of Jorio." In nearly all this month's exchanges, the prose excels the verse.

We print the following verse :

MAETERLINK

Darkness; the dumb, mysterious moon, the kind
 And patient star throngs, sick with fear, that wait
 Above the whispered warning of the wind;
 Subconscious forces of the soul, that bind
 Impotent phantom things to love and hate,
 The splendid triumph of Life's master, Fate!
C. S. W. in Columbia Monthly.

AND A VAGABOND PASSED

He came to the Inn through the morning,
 And sang outside
 A little song of smiles and tears,
 And naught beside.
 But we welcomed him with noisy cheers
 Till he stepped inside.
 Largesse of laughter he flung to us
 From a merry throat;
 For he was a spendthrift of his heart
 To the last groat;
 And nothing he kept for sale in the mart—
 Tho' torn his coat.

He sat and talked a while with us,
Then went away.
For none of the crafty guile of us
Could make him stay ;
And he was many a mile from us
At close of day.

Singing he tramped toward the sunset light—
The wind blew chill—
Forever he vanished from our sight
Beyond the hill,
And, oh, the Inn was sad that night,
The Inn was still !

—Leon Rutledge Whipple in
University of Virginia Magazine.

IT'S SADDLE, MY HEART, AND AWAY

I.

The morning is cool and crisp with rhyme
And bright with the laughter of holiday time.
The tall, dark pines along the hill
Are touched with flame by the sun until
They glow and burn like slowly kindling embers.

*It's saddle, my Heart, and ride away
In the rosy light of the dawning day
To bid good-morrow,
A sweet good-morrow
To a lass with eyes of grey.*

II.

The evening is hushed with silent light,
And the fields are clothed in glist'ning white ;
The keen stars glitter frostily ;
But a friendly hearth gives warmth to me
While the pine-knots fall in slowly dying embers.

*It's saddle, my Heart, and ride away
In the gathering dusk of the dying day
To breathe good-night,
A sweet good-night
To a lass with eyes of grey.*

—W. J. Funk in
Nassau Literary Magazine.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

ON SEEING "THE SPINNER"—BY MILLET

(Quoted from the Boston Transcript.)

She sits in the green-gloomed stillness,
Quiet, with folded hands,
Dreaming of far-away castles,
Of blue sky and golden sands.
Her eyes are full of the splendour
Of sunset and crimson sea,
And white-winged ships a-sailing away
Ever so quietly.

The sunlight glints through the whispering leaves
Across her hands clasped there.
And the far-away green of the wheat fields
Glimmers golden-fair,
And the shadows deepen around her,
But she does not see nor care.

Across a neighboring meadow,
A cow bell tinkles sweet,
And far away on the hillside
And adown some village street,
Comes the ripple of children's laughter,
And the tramp of hurrying feet.

And the shadows darken and deepen,
But she sits in the dimness there,
With dream-filled eyes and quiet hands,
And all the visions fair,
That have come to a maid since the world began,
Come to her, sitting there.

V. PAULINE HAYDEN '07.

The great reading room at the Club was nearly deserted. Now and then some one drifted in, looked curiously at the group in the corner, and aimlessly wandered out again. There was hardly a sound in the room but the occasional crackling of the open fire,—for the half dozen men who were sitting before the windows overlooking the avenue were unusually quiet. They were a curious group, typical of our most cosmopolitan city. All but one were in

middle life—and their faces wore the keen, astute look which we have learned to associate with the successful man of the world. In strange contrast to the rest of them was an old man in clerical garb. To him the others seemed to pay a certain deference, called forth not only by his profession but by his compelling personality. He was a famous Anglican divine, who had come over in the fall for the Jamestown Exposition, and was now visiting his sister, the wife of the banker who sat beside him.

The silence was broken by the corporation lawyer. "It's queer magazines will print such rot as this," and he pointed to an article in a well-known monthly which lay open on his knees. "Why, the papers are full of it, and the worst of it is, they get clever fellows to present the matter in a scientific fashion, and try to take us in with the prestige of their names. For my part, I can't see how men can be induced to write up all this moonshine about the sixth sense, the unseen world and the power of hypnotic suggestion. It proves conclusively that the American people love to be duped, that's all."

"You're right, Stevenson," put in the architect, "we're all with you on that. But what takes me is how such a hard-headed race as we are during business hours, can be so ready to swallow the most extravagant yarn, when we are seated before the open fire of an evening. But we really don't believe it,—why, we don't believe it any more than the modern children believe fairy-stories; and yet like them we devour the biggest yarn,—only *we* try to cover our childishness by saying that *this* is science! Bah! let's have good, honest table-tippings, if we must have excitement, but leave the unseen alone."

A round of laughter followed this, in which the clergyman did not join. He was looking meditatively down the avenue at the crowd of gay, careless *matinée* girls who were hurrying home after the play.

"Look here," began the banker, "What do you think about it, Doctor? You haven't said a word. Tell us what the clergy think on the subject. We've heard from two of the professions already."

There was a general silence as the old priest hesitated. "Well," he said with a strange smile, "As I look out on your avenue here with its feverish activity, and its restless pleasure-seekers, such a thing as a message from the unseen world seems to smack either of mediaevalism or charlatanry. But yet—" He paused as if he hated to go on. The men drew their chairs closer around him, and one of them glanced resentfully at the fire as a stick broke in two, and fell with a hiss between the andirons.

"Yes, I could almost agree with you. I *would* agree with you in fact, had I not had an experience which shows me we cannot dismiss the matter so easily. The story seems rather out of place in your Twentieth Century Club; but as it is the only reason for thinking as I do, I'll tell you if you will forgive an old man's garrulousness."

"It was some years ago when I was in the early fifties. Life had always treated me generously. I had a large church which was dear to me,—and people had been kind enough to speak well of the work done in my parish. New lines of effort continually opened before my church, and I had the joy which comes from good health combined with the hearty support of my people. At this time I was busy on a series of addresses on practical religion,

which I was about to deliver at one of our universities. On the day in question I had given word to the servants that I was not to be disturbed. What was my surprise then, when my man Jeffries, to whom my word is law, knocked, and after my rather surly, 'Come in,' opened the door. 'Well?' I asked shortly, for I was displeased at the interruption.

"'Beg pardon, sir, but there's a lady down stairs, sir, who wishes to see you.' And he handed me her card.

"'But,' I said impatiently, 'I told you I would see no one. Tell her I am very sorry, but I cannot be disturbed.' And I turned around in my chair.

"Jeffries still stood on the threshold.

"'If you please, sir, if you would only go down. The lady is in great distress, sir.'

"By this time I must admit my curiosity was aroused, for I have never known Jeffries to take the slightest interest in the casual caller. So with a smothered exclamation of impatience, as I looked at the half-written sheet, I went down to the drawing-room.

"A very beautiful woman in deep mourning rose to meet me as I entered. She was about fifty years of age,—tall, graceful and appealing. But her face! I forgot my unfinished address,—I forgot the thousand and one things which I had thought I must do. I saw only her face on which was written, I can only say, the tragedy of the world. We clergymen constantly witness heart-breaking scenes, but in this one frail woman seemed concentrated the sorrows of many, and the anguish of it all was mirrored in her eyes.

"In a quiet, well-controlled voice she begged my pardon for interrupting me; and, thanking me for coming, asked if I would do her a favor. My assent seemed drawn from me by some unseen power, whereupon she said she knew I would think her visit strange, but she had heard that I had been blessed with influence over young men. So she had come to ask me,—and here she hesitated as if nerving herself against a refusal,—to go with her just outside London to see her only son.

"As I did not refuse immediately—how could I?—her eyes drew me—she went on to say very simply that her heart was bound up in this young man who had been squandering his fortune and name,—and yet with it all had splendid possibilities—would I come?

"Before I knew it I had astonished the calm Jeffries by giving orders for my bag; and in less time than it takes to tell it, I was driving out of London in the brougham of this unknown widow. She spoke very little on the way out of the city,—her mind seemed at rest to think I had come. And I was so under the spell of I knew not what—that I could not talk.

"Just at the entrance to a fine old estate she spoke to the coachman and the carriage stopped. To my surprise she thanked me, and said she wished me to go on alone, begging me not to tell her son that she had urged me to come. I was to pretend that I was an old school friend of his father's, and she assured me that, as such, I would be sure of a welcome. And so she left me. I never saw her again."

"Go on, don't stop there," urged the lawyer, leaning forward and not noticing that the ashes from his cigar were falling hot on his hand; for the priest had stopped, and to all events had forgotten that he was talking.

Drawing himself together the priest resumed. "It puts it mildly to say I was puzzled as I walked up to the door. The dusk was gathering—for night sets in early in November—and I shivered, though not with cold, as I mounted the steps. The blaze of light from the hall reassured me, as I was ushered in. The master of the house was in his study, 'whither I was escorted. In much perturbation of spirit I crossed the threshold.

"A tall, graceful youth of twenty-five or thereabouts, plainly resembling his mother, greeted me; and, as she had said, welcomed me as his father's friend. I could see, however, although his good breeding attempted to conceal it, that he was puzzled at my appearance just at that time.

"We sat down before the fire. Everything in the room spoke of luxury. I admired a book that lay on the table near me, whereupon he launched into a dissertation on its merits. This gave me a good chance to study him. My face was away from the light, but on his the fire gleamed. The upper part of his face was good. Intellect and culture were there, but the mouth was weak, and the lips too full. Taking these in connection with his receding chin, I made my estimate. You know an old priest gets to summing up people unconsciously.

"Dinner was announced and we went down. There is no chance for personalities before a butler, but I drew the lad out on different lines; and I was gratified to see that gradually a certain hauteur, which was probably the covering for a dislike of my profession, was passing away. We had our wine in the study, as he wished it; and then, somehow, I can't explain it, he had opened his heart to me, and showed me the failure he had made. Never mind what it was—the silence of the confessional hangs over it—but it was one of those sad stories I hear only too often.

"But the lad, as if comforted that he had unburdened his tragedy, got up with the light-heartedness which was part of his weakness, and said he had treated his guest shabbily. So he led me out to see the house. We entered the gallery where the family portraits hung, and he told me tales of his ancestors.

"As he stood before his father's picture his face clouded. 'Poor dad,' he said half to himself, 'to think that at my age you had to die of apoplexy or some such thing.'

"'And this,' I interrupted, trying to divert his thoughts, 'is your beautiful mother.'

"'But how did you know? You say you never saw my father after leaving school, and—my saintly mother has been dead for two years!'

"Now, I am not superstitious, but I must confess I felt suddenly very weak, yet I managed to say, 'O, you resemble her picture—how beautiful she was.'

"A silence fell between us which I did not care to break. The events of the day had been too much for me. Shortly afterwards I went to bed. All night long I slept heavily, and the servant who awakened me in the morning told me that the young master had died in the night of an internal hemorrhage.

"That's the story. I don't pretend to explain it. Call it hallucination or distorted fancy. I am no scientist. One believes what one has been through oneself."

The glare of the street lights shone full on the men's faces. Outside on the avenue a hurdy-gurdy was grinding out, "Love Me and the World is Mine." No one spoke for a moment. Then the lawyer picked up the magazine which had fallen to the floor, smoothed out a crumpled page, and laid it carefully on the table.

ESTHER JOSEPHINE SANDERSON '04.

The following letter to Elizabeth Spader Clark '09 will perhaps illustrate the attitude of one of Smith's most interested alumnæ in regard to the new Social Regulations. The writer, Mrs. Charles Morris Cone (Kate Eugenia Morris '79), was the president of the Alumnæ Association between 1903-5, and is a woman to whom Smith College is greatly indebted in many ways.

'79 sends greetings to '09 and endorses Miss Lewis' observations on "Social Regulations" in the current MONTHLY.

That is a good, sensible, strong article, and voices the sentiment of those who seek the best good of the college.

That it should need to be written marks the degree to which times have changed.

Gentlemen to dinner and over Sunday! Gentlemen to whom the girl isn't engaged!—Mercy on me, Old Smith College never dreamed of such a thing.

Mine came timidly to call on me at the Dewey House just before supper and took me to drive over to Amherst on Saturday afternoon. I never dreamed of feeding him.

Not that I can't see good in the present customs. I have a son to whom the hospitality of at least one institution for women is the bright spot in his own academic career. But there is reason in all things, and when my boy goes to Smith College for some festivity, I hope his young lady entertainer will take him to church on Sunday and to vespers Sunday evening.

Sincerely yours, my dear Miss Clark,

KATE MORRIS CONE '79.

Through the efforts of the Alumnæ Association, reduced railroad rates have been obtained, as last year, for persons attending Commencement in the New England and Trunk Line districts. A full notice of the way to obtain the reduction will be mailed to *each member of the Alumnæ Association* one month before Commencement.

The following addresses of alumnæ have proved to be unreliable. It is earnestly requested that anyone possessing information about the present addresses of these alumnæ will kindly send it to the General Secretary of the Alumnæ Association at 184 Elm Street, Northampton, Mass.

Mary Elizabeth Hoy '98, 461 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. W. A. Logan (Edith D. Jenkins '00), Rio Vista, Grand Av., Keokuk, Ia.

Anna M. Goodnow '98, Windsor Hall, Waban, Mass.

Eva B. Lamprey '91, Willard Hall, Danvers, Mass.

Mrs. Nathan W. Green (Anna Harrington '95), Green Hill, Worcester, Mass.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

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Mrs. E. C. Hayes (Grace T. Osborne '02), 5426 N. Lawrence St., Olney, Philadelphia, Penn.

Edith L. Spencer '02, 18 Spring St., Amherst, Mass.

Application for rooms on the campus for Commencement must be made to the respective class secretaries. Judging from last year's experience, it will be useless for any class later than '98 to apply for the campus, as the places will be taken by the older classes.

MRS. J. S. GARRISON, Chairman of Committee.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'07.	Emily Kimball,	.	.	.	Feb. 23-Mar. 6
'95.	Bertha Foote Bardeen,	.	.	.	March 3
ex-'05.	Jessie G. Garlock,	.	.	.	" 5
'03.	Bertha L. Johnson,	.	.	.	" 6-8
'03.	Marion Hill McClench,	.	.	.	" 7
'05.	Marion L. Pooke,	.	.	.	" 7
'07.	Sophie O. Harris,	.	.	.	" 7
ex-'09.	Mary Gertrude McEvoy,	.	.	.	" 9
'07.	Agatha E. Gruber,	.	.	.	" 11
'05.	Annie M. King,	.	.	.	" 11-14
'06.	Clara Winifred Newcomb,	.	.	.	" 12
'07.	Margaret Buss,	.	.	.	" 12
'07.	Ethel Kenyon Loomis,	.	.	.	" 12
'07.	Bertha Wilson Smith,	.	.	.	" 12-25
'07.	Ethel R. Dow,	.	.	.	" 14-17
'00.	Mary Wilder Kent,	.	.	.	" 21-23
'00.	Katherine H. Lyman,	.	.	.	" 21-23
'99.	Harriette W. Patterson,	.	.	.	" 25
'99.	Mary E. Goodnow,	.	.	.	April 7
'84.	Katherine Jameson Greene,	.	.	.	" 10-11
'99.	Emily P. Locke,	.	.	.	" 10-12
'97.	Margaret Elmer Coe,	.	.	.	" 10-13
'99.	Edith E. Rand,	.	.	.	" 10-13
'01.	Fanny Garrison,	.	.	.	" 10-13

THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

'03.	Alice Grosvener Fessenden,	.	.	April	10-13
'03.	Laura Post,	.	.	"	10-13
'98.	Elizabeth B. Thacher,	.	.	"	10-20
'04.	Katherine Behr,	.	.	"	11
'06.	Josephine A. Lane.	.	.	"	11
'06.	Minnie L. Shedd,	.	.	"	11-13
'05.	Emily Sophia Emerson,	.	.	"	11-17
'07.	Sophie Ridgely Lytle,	.	.	"	11-17
'07.	Emily Schaufly,	.	.	"	11-17
'00.	Gertrude Isabella,	.	.	"	11-17

'06.	Lucia Shapp Noyes,	.	.	"	23-25
'06.	Julia Thomas,	.	.	"	23-27
'06.	Josephine A. Lane.	.	.	April 24-May 3	
'99.	Agnes Mynter,	.	.	April	25-27
'02.	Gertrude Ogden Tubby,	.	.	"	25-29
'06.	Abby Mead,	.	.	"	25
'06.	Bernice W. Dearborn,	.	.	"	28
'06.	Ruth S. Finch,	.	.	"	28

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Helen Spear, Lawrence House, Northampton.

'97. The engagement is announced of Miss Ada Knowlton to Oswald Chew of Philadelphia. They are to be married June 3 in Marion, Massachusetts.

'03. Caroline Van H. Bean has been in England since last July, visiting friends and painting in Devonshire. Her return is indefinite. Address, care of American Express Co., 5 Haymarket, London.

Myrtie M. Booker has announced her engagement to Mr. Clement Franklin Robinson, Bowdoin '03, Harvard Law School '06.

Rodericka Canfield announces her engagement to Mr. Louis Foristall Baker, Brown '03, of New York City.

Florence E. Ripley announces her engagement to Mr. Grenville Norcutt Willis of Greenfield, Massachusetts.

- '07. Cherrie E. Duffey is principal of the Weston, Vermont, High School. Address, Box 69, Weston, Vermont.
- ex-'08. Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Allen announce the engagement of their daughter, Clementine Allen, to Mr. Dana Barry Somes of Boston, Harvard '08.

MARRIAGES

- '97. Ruth Dutilh Jenkins to Robert Moore Jenkins. Address, Olmsted Road, Riverside, Illinois.
- '99. Eunice Pearl Klock to Frederick U. Dunning. Address, 155 Main Street, Oneida, New York.
- '00. Mary Bell Holt to Mr. Leon Valentine Walker of Portland, Maine, February 28. Address after September, 3 Walker Street, Portland, Maine.
- Bertha I. Smith to Clement Fessenden Merrill, May 12.
- '01. Annie May Ashworth to Frank W. Fish. Address, Box 554, Tucson, Arizona.
- Sarah Nicoll Woodward to Rev. Cameron Farquhar MacRae, February 17. Address, 4 Minghong road, Shanghai, China.
- '03. On February 18, Emma Hawley Sterling of New York to Judge Wilfrid H. Sherrill. They are at home at 75 Washington Street, Poughkeepsie, New York.
- '04. Margaret Foster Nichols to Poyntell C. Staley, April 25.
- '06. Esther Scott Searle to Albert Harvey Shoup. Address, Greensburg, Pennsylvania.
- Jessie Vallentine to Charles Thayer. Address, South Hadley, Massachusetts.
- '07. Mary A. Foot to Rev. James Lord. They will be at home after May 1 at the Methodist parsonage, Linwood, New Jersey.

BIRTHS

- '96. Mrs. William L. Walsh (Lucy Pierce Bartlett), a son, born April 10 (died April 11).
- '98. Mrs. Louis H. Hall (Georgiana Coyle), a daughter, Virginia Coyle, born June 27.
- '99. Mrs. Henry S. Hitchcock (Emilie C. Tomlinson), a son, Curtiss Sumners, born August 18.
- '04. Mrs. Leverett Dale Bristol (Addie Louise Knox), a daughter, Cora Belle, born April 25.

DEATHS

- '82. Mrs. J. F. Fielden (Ada Grant Gardner), died March 21.
- '00. Mrs. F. T. Murphy (Cornelia Brownell Gould), died in December.
- '07. Edith Chartes Gallagher died at her home in Milton, Massachusetts, May 7.

ABOUT COLLEGE

"MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW"

Little I ask. My wants are small,
One "Merry Widow" that is all;
Cerise and wings—I ask no more—
And just to graze my own front door.

And now that I can swim so fine
Before Gym. faculty in line,
Just one canoe to paddle 'round,
One friend to fish me out ere drowned.

And just one faculty to say,
With two-thirds of his class away,
"Well, bless their simple little hearts,
Spring bats are better than the arts."

But most I want one man for Prom.
I do not care where he is from.
Christian or one-armed Hottentot,
Just one man surely on the spot.

A hat, a boat, a man, a bat,
I ask no more—now say, is that
Requiring too much of the Spring,
When I might ask for anything?

VIRGINIA CRAVEN '09.

THE REFLECTIONS OF A JUNIOR

(Before the Prom.)

I cannot tell you what a blow
It would be if I did not go.
I'm sure the sixth man I've invited
Will answer to my note, "Delighted."
I wonder if my dress will look
As well on me as on the hook,
If my new hat trimmed with cerise

With that green dress is quite at peace,
 I wonder if a fresh marcel
 Will last through the next day as well,
 If I can glide through the barn-dance
 While others wiggle, kick and prance,
 And if that long train I can manage,
 And if my lace dress I will damage.
 This big event in my career—
 I can't believe that it's so near;
 And I can't tell you what a blow
 It would be if I did not go!

(After the Prom.)

A wiser girl I am to-day
 And sadder, I regret to say.
 My new dress is a dull gray shred,
 I wish I'd worn last year's instead.
 And Oh my ankle, how it feels,
 Who, who invented those French heels?
 And Oh the sunburn on my arms,
 My marcel's out, gone are my charms,
 Gone is the day, my money's gone,
 And still my sixth Prom. man stays on.
 The next Prom. I attend, I guess
 I'll wear both canvas shoes and dress,
 And I will let my Prom. man know
 Both when to come and when to go.
 But still when all is said and done
 I think I had a little fun.
 In after years 'twill be, no doubt,
 A pleasant thing to talk about!

ELIZABETH SPADER CLARK '09.

The student body of Smith is made up of girls from all parts of this country who have been prepared for college in widely different ways. After meeting certain preliminary requirements they are enrolled as students, and enter upon a life with many common interests. They expect to find many things different from their previous experiences, and there is one thing that generally comes with a shock to those who are making their first acquaintance with Smith, and that is the fact that a record of their standing in classes is not given them. There has been a great deal of dissatisfaction in late years and a great deal of discussion concerning the present system, which shows that it is a question about which the girls are very much concerned, and about which there must be some reason for discontent.

There are many reasons why they should know their rank, not because they have been accustomed to it, for if it is a detrimental custom it is well

to do away with it, but because the benefits which accrue from the knowledge of one's standing are greater than the resultant disadvantages.

First among these advantages is the fact that a girl obtains a sensible attitude toward the kind of a course to pursue. College girls are young in years and experience; to many of them this four years is the one great chance of their life to develop the best in them and to bring out latent possibilities, and they often have latent possibilities of which they never dream. Perhaps, as is often the case, some high school teacher has told them that the languages are their sphere, or some mother, fond of the family traditions, has urged her daughter to follow in her footsteps and specialize in some branch of science. Very often the girl herself does not know what she wants, and her respect for her mother's or teacher's experience leads her to follow their advice. Later she finds that she has made a mistake, that she is trying to develop one of her impossibilities. For example, I got the language habit in high school. It may have been because it seemed so wise and important to be delving into Greek roots as the old gray-haired professor did, or because there was the saving of bodily activity which I objected to in more wide-awake subjects as the sciences, but at any rate all agreed that the languages must be my sphere, and I had visions of myself conversing fluently in the near future in any language living or dead. So I came to college and took my Greek, Latin and German, and ridiculed the idea of taking anything else in their places; for were not languages my sphere? Later I found time gone which could have been much more profitably employed in subjects which my blindness kept me from being interested in before. If I did poor work sometimes, I never thought of blaming it on the subject for that was my sphere, but perhaps I thought that the teacher could not get the same point of view as I, or that I was tired that day, or that the lessons were unusually hard for such an interesting subject.

There are many girls with these mistaken views. Their present teachers could easily tell them that they have no aptitude for the subject, but politeness or lack of personal interest restrains them, and so many a girl goes on to the end of the course not knowing what she is doing and not developing her best possibilities. Now I believe that the simple method of letting her know her standing would save the girl some of these troubles. She would know what subjects were useless for her to pursue and she would also know in what ones she was proficient, and if she had no interest in them she soon would realize this and she could shape her course more sensibly and suitably.

If the standings are made known a girl obtains her right place in the eyes of the other students and of her parents. There are so many phases of life at college that a girl is sure to be in her element somewhere in the same degree that she is out of it somewhere else, and it is this fact that leads to a girl's abilities being over or underestimated. The lives of some girls have been more social than others, and consequently at a reception or dance they are more likely to make a good impression as entertaining and wide-awake girls than do those who have not had these social advantages. Some girls have a great business capacity, they can manage everything from the lunch counter to senior dramatics. Other girls are clever in athletics, fine basketball players or champions at tennis. All these girls, of course, soon become

known to the other girls, and generally are judged in everything by what is known of them in some one phase. The girls often argue that since a girl is clever at conversation or good at tennis she must be a good student, while in fact these girls are very often of mediocre intellectual ability. Some girls get a superficial idea of a subject and make a very good or even brilliant appearance in the class and are judged as good students by their classmates who have not the inner knowledge of their work which the instructors have. Girls who do not carry their bluffing to extremes are generally favorably ranked, while the student who honestly does her best, whose work is solid, but who has not the gift of bluffing, is often overlooked in the race. Of course she may get her reward in the long run, but it generally is a long run.

The parents, too, are often misled by what their daughters are doing. They write of their good times, of honors bestowed on them, of their not getting low grades or conditions, and so the parents are very much pleased, and encourage their daughters in all their activities, not knowing how thin was the layer of knowledge that stood between them and a low grade.

If our standing were given us, not only would we ourselves have the satisfaction or dissatisfaction of knowing what we were doing, but we would get our right places in the eyes of the other students.

The publishing of marks also raises the standard of the college by giving fresh incentive to study and by encouraging the girls to better work.

Those who disapprove of marks say that girls should study for love of it and not for marks. I have heard of people studying for love of it. I believe that they did this in the Middle Ages, and perhaps there are some who do it now, but they are few and far between. It is a very pretty picture to think of fourteen hundred girls all so filled with the love of learning as to need no other incentive to study, but are girls fashioned that way? It would seem the modern girl is not. Moreover, because a girl does not study for love of it is no proof that she is studying for marks. Marks are only a sign-post by the way, to keep her in the right direction.

They also say that a girl can judge for herself what kind of work she is doing, and perhaps sometimes she *can* give a relative estimate of her work, but this is not always a true one. There are many girls who do not estimate their own value high enough, and this consequently involves a great deal of useless discouragement and worry which could easily be avoided if they only knew how they really stood. On the other hand there are girls who are over-confident in respect to their abilities and they also could be saved the unpleasant surprise of a low grade or the extra trouble of a condition. We have only this one life to live and there is no use in burdening it with superfluous troubles.

Those opposed to marks also argue that competition arises when standings are known. Of course competition arises, but what of it? Isn't this age one of competition, politically and socially? When competition ceases advancement ceases, so why should it be banished from the educational institutions? College girls are beyond the age when they receive only the bad results of competition unwisely directed, namely, narrow selfish aims, a blunted moral sense, strategems and unfair methods. If these were the elements in competition which affected her they would have taken hold of her in the lower

grades, and if they still persisted after she entered college she would soon find the spirit there so antagonistic toward them that she would try to free herself as soon as possible.

It has also been said that studying for marks reduces the work to a mechanical basis. The girls who work mechanically are generally born that way. They have always worked like machines. These students always have passed their examinations successfully, but have seldom exhibited any originality. They have already started upon their mechanical careers before they enter college, and the abolition of marks would not affect them as automats in the least.

If the girl's work is dangerously poor she is supposed to receive a warning in time to raise her standard, but this warning system is indefinite. The fact that these warnings are given mainly to members of the first and second classes and only a minority of them to the juniors and seniors, is no proof that the two upper classes have profited by their experience of the first two years. It is because the work of the first two years is mainly compulsory, often something which they care nothing about, and they think there is no use in wasting any superfluous energy on a subject which is of no interest to them. Then it is that they get a reminder of their neglected duties.

Some say that publishing marks would make extra work for the already over-worked office. Since the marks are kept by the office and doubtless in a tabulated and systematic form, it does not seem to me that there would be much extra work involved in publishing them. At any rate the resulting satisfaction would more than compensate for the extra work. And the work would not be much greater than that which is expended on the sending out of warnings, low grades, and conditions. If marks were not kept at all it would alter the situation, but they are kept, and of what use are they if not known to those concerned?

The fact that all other colleges of like standing, as Wellesley and Bryn Mawr, publish the marks and find it beneficial is of significance.

Some of the faculty in Smith College have adopted a system of marking written lessons and examinations, which is very useful to the students concerned and serves practically the same purpose as the publishing of such marks by the office.

The system of publishing marks is advocated by our greatest American psychologist, Professor William James, who says in his "Psychology" that the knowledge of our marks determined by minds other than our own saves our brains, for it relieves them of uncertainty, conjecture and worry.

ANNA WHITAKER '09.

The Peasant in Literature—a title already made familiar to us through the public press—was the subject of Mrs. Humphry Ward's lecture in Assembly Hall, on Monday evening, the twenty-seventh of April. To one who listened to her with any openness of mind, the sensitiveness some of our journalists have displayed at her application of the term peasant to the American farmer must have seemed either a borrowing of trouble or merely a method of manufacturing copy. Mrs. Ward was thoroughly human and as broad and hearty in her sympathies as man or woman well could be. She had not the

intensity of the proverbial philanthropist, nor the insularity which we, on this side of the water, find in some of her countrymen, nor the preciosity of the litterateur. On the contrary, she manifested a cordial interest in the pleasure of life, a ready and engaging way of entering into the American spirit, and her interest in letters was primarily an interest in human beings. No better proof of the humanness of her touch could be found than in the hearty response which greeted a passing reference to the originals of two of her own minor characters. And nowhere did the flexibility of her sympathy show more fully than in her readiness to appreciate the beauty of Pierre Loti without parting company with her own sturdy belief in the greater wholesomeness of English literary tradition. Her essay established no point, reached no conclusion. It was cursory rather than a study, and touched more on the beauty of natural description and of literary feeling that had chanced to be associated with peasant life, than on the real essence of the subject promised in the title,—the Peasant himself. A lecturer of less prestige could hardly have ranged from Theocritus to Pierre Loti without seeming rather novel at the art of writing, but this untrammelled way of literary journeying has its charm when the traveler is as expert as Mrs Ward in the description of impressions.

HERBERT VAUGHAN ABBOT.

Among the valuable additions which have recently been made to the College Collection are two portraits, one by James McNeill Whistler, the other by Mr. George De Forest Brush. Both are highly

The New Portraits at the Hillyer Gallery characteristic examples of their respective authors and notable works of art.

Mr. Brush's work represents a young girl of thirteen or fourteen years, of rare beauty and distinction of type, with a bloom as of health, and yet delicate to the verge of fragility. This head bears all the characters that we are used to associate with the art of Mr. Brush. It has a charm of line which is like music, and if there is a far away echo of fifteenth century Italy in it, there is nothing but pleasure in the reminiscence. The little head is without affectation of any kind, and belongs, as regards its type and expression, to our own day. If there has been something a shade too obvious, at times, in Mr. Brush's consciousness of the antique, it is happily absent in this charming work. The exquisite purity of line may be fairly called classic, using the word in its finer significance, and excluding the implication of anything imitated or academic.

In color, also, the little picture has a penetrating charm. I cannot remember any work of Mr. Brush in which the color, as a whole, is truer or more beautiful. Here the artist has lavished his most intimate gifts. With truly wonderful research he differentiates the changes of color and tone revealed in the maiden's face from the shadowed forehead down, through the rose of the cheek, to the still whiteness like "the hawthorn buds," of the lower neck (blanched to a higher pallor, as it is, by contrast with the dark dress). The model for the portrait was the artist's little daughters.

The Whistler picture is a very notable addition to the College Collection. It is a portrait of an English lady, the late Mrs. Louis Jarvis, after whose recent death it became available for purchase. The picture is an upright panel

measuring 15 x 24 inches. Its idea is of the simplest. A lady of unusual and curious but distinguished features sits quietly facing the spectator in such a manner that the effect barely fails of being bi-symmetrical.

The hair is of a delicate red, with cooler lights, and the flesh has a tone sometimes found with hair like that. The eyes are violet in impression and are the darkest note in the picture.

The picture as a whole is a close harmony of pearly grays whose several notes are very subtly related. The background is gray, of red-violet suggestion, and nearly neutral. The dress is a subdued note of yellow, low in key, and likewise almost neutral. The neck has two lovely notes of white in some fluffy, lace-like material. This is held together with a ribbon of red-orange quality recalling the hair, but sharp and concentrated,—the only positive color note in the picture. The whole scheme grows more beautiful every time one looks at it, and this is the experience even of college students who have had little opportunity for the study of painting, and who find this "dull" color and somber tonality unpleasant at first sight.

Those who study the picture for some weeks—those who go before it, alone, twenty or thirty times and give it a chance to speak—will find, too, that Whistler has offered us something more than a beautiful arrangement in red and gray. He has "found the life" (*Il a trouvé la vie*). The lady is not staring at us as the superficial observer believes, but is gazing beyond, and thinking—of something which we do not know about. The expression is subtle and evasive.

The head is finely modeled. The tones which on first sight seem flat and arbitrary, gradually yield a great feeling of *rightness*, as of actual flesh and bones beneath the clothes, to say nothing of a skull beneath the hair. And we must remember that this has been accomplished in the face of difficulties. For Whistler loved low effects of light, and was here trying to give the impression of this fascinating if not beautiful person, as seen in the dim interior of his London studio at the close of day. Yet there is nothing here which remotely approaches black! The tones form a close chord from the middle of the scale. As wonderful as anything else in the picture is the sense it holds of a Presence,—a living personality, more truly living, perhaps, than any one of all who keep her company.

ALFRED VANCE CHURCHILL.

Professor Todd of Amherst College gave a lecture on Mars at the recent Open Meeting of Telescopium. He studied the planet last summer from the Chilian Pampa. This spot was chosen as it was in the best latitude and had the best atmosphere for observing. Professor Todd used his own telescope, which he had carried from Amherst. A number of pictures which he took were shown on the stereopticon screen.

Most astronomers agree that the polar caps on Mars are snow. This is the simplest explanation of the fact that they act as our polar regions do, increasing in winter and decreasing in summer. Professor Todd showed some slides illustrating this change and suggested the theory that the Martian seasons are similar to ours. He believes that the lines on the surface of Mars are artificial, for they are too regular to be the work of nature. As they grow wider in the spring and summer seasons, it is generally supposed that they

are lines of vegetation growing along irrigating canals. This all points to the presence of intelligent beings on Mars.

Professor Todd considers the crowning success of his trip to be due to the fact that his photographs show that some of the canals are double and some are not. This proves that the doubling is not an optical illusion as has been suspected.

Romeo and Juliet

(Presented by the "Lend a Hand Dramatics Club")

On the eleventh of April, in the afternoon and evening, Northampton enjoyed a performance of *Romeo and Juliet* which, aside from its intrinsic merit, was most interesting to the college audience. But it did not need that interest to commend it, for as purely an artistic production of Shakspeare's greatest love story, we doubt if it has ever been surpassed by amateurs. It had in marked degree all the dignity, the finish which comes from both broad conception and attention to details, the Italian atmosphere, and the depth of quality which college women have been so successful in affecting in their Shakspearean productions. Though somewhat long, further cutting could scarcely be done without marring the effect. *Romeo* and *Mercutio* stand forth in the memory from a company which reached a high degree of work. Miss Saville presented a boyish, refreshing hero, handsome and lithe in appearance. His development and the feeling of subjection to fate was worked out in a thoroughly satisfying manner. *Mercutio* had all the brilliancy and fire which we like to have the actor find in that character. The *Queen Mab* passage was splendidly done and the duel and death renewed the old regret that *Mercutio* must leave the play so early. *Juliet* did some nice acting in the scene where she drinks the potion, but her presentation suffers by comparison with the other leading parts. The nurse was most excellently portrayed and Mrs. Perry showed remarkable taste in her conception of a difficult part. *Elsie Kearns* handled the rather repressive part of *Friar Laurence* wonderfully well, her splendid voice and clear enunciation being particularly pleasing. It is unfortunate that in such a production such an artistic blemish as the repulsive appearances of the beggar and apothecary should have been allowed.

The play was given by the Lend a Hand Dramatic Club, for the benefit of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics, the Boston Trade School for Girls and the Smith College Library Fund. The club is unique, having been started some years ago at the suggestion of Dr. Edward Everett Hale who felt the cultural value of dramatic art for young women and saw that it could be made a profitable enjoyment for charitable ends. The members are young women, chiefly college graduates, who are admitted to membership after demonstrating their dramatic ability before a committee. A performance is given almost every year and a high standard is maintained. Miss *Ethel Hale Freeman* is to be especially commended for her splendid work as director of the play.

The honorary patrons, names testifying to the high charitable, cultural and artistic merits of the Lend a Hand Club were: Dr. Edward Everett Hale, President L. Clark Seelye, Dr. William J. Rolfe and Mr. Alfred Young.

MABEL RAE '08.

The first regular meeting of the Council was held October 13, Alta Smith, the President, presiding. The following officers were elected for the year:

Annual Report of	Secretary, Annie A. Wheelock 1909;
the Smith College Council	Treasurer, Katherine Bowman 1910.
from September, 1907, to May, 1908	As there seems to be a very general opinion that there are too many entertainments during the first few

weeks after the opening of college, and as there seems to be a lack of interest in the event, the Council suggested that the sophomore reception to the freshmen be discontinued in the future, the question to be considered and decided by the reception committee next year.

At a conference meeting of the faculty and Council on October 21 it was decided to have the usual exercises on Washington's Birthday, every effort being made to shorten the various exercises.

At a meeting of the Social Regulations Committee and the Council, members of both felt that there was a misunderstanding among the girls as to the interpretation of some of the rules for social regulation. Upon the question of entertaining on Sunday the majority of the Council agreed that all such entertainment outside of Northampton should be discouraged. Several felt, however, that exception should be made of two houses for this purpose outside the town, and at a mass meeting held January 15 it was decided to embody this desire in a formal request to the committee. The president and the committee felt that such exception would be impracticable.

The Council met with the Dramatics Committee and decided to lessen the time spent on house plays. The Council voted to set aside a sum of money with which to buy some new scenery to be rented to houses giving plays in order to lighten the work of scenery committees. The Council voted to have a room finished up in the basement of the Students' Building for the permanent use of the Furniture Exchange.

At a mass meeting held April 22 with regard to the nature of the new chapel it was the prevailing sentiment that it was desirable to have a building that could be used purely for devotional purposes, but at the same time it was realized that a building suitable for use in lectures and musicals was indispensable. In the matter of the election of the president of the Council, the change to election by the college at large was voted down and the present method of election by the Council was retained.

ANNIE A. WHEELOCK, Secretary of the Council.

At the annual meeting of the association, it was voted to accept the amendment to the constitution providing for a missionary department in the association to take the place of a separate

Report of the Smith College	missionary society. The work will be
Association for Christian Work	carried on in practically the same way as formerly, but the missionary department

will be directly under the supervision of the Christian Association.

This summer, Smith will support and superintend a Children's Summer Home at Mount Ivy, N. J. The management of this home is under the supervision of the Rivington Street Settlement of New York, so the Smith

girls will not have the entire responsibility of the Home as they did at Waterloo last year. Any girl who wishes to spend part of her vacation helping at this Home may apply to Clara Hepburn, Wallace House.

The officers of the S. C. A. C. W. for the year 1908-9 are as follows :

President, Clara Hepburn 1909
 Vice-president, Annie Wheelock 1909
 Recording Secretary, Helen Denman 1910
 Corresponding Secretary, Mary Alexander 1910
 Treasurer, Mary Bates 1911

The Current Events Club announces the election of the following officers for the ensuing year :

President, Mildred Lane 1909
 Secretary, Mary Alexander 1910
 Treasurer, Katharine Whitin 1910

The Gymnasium and Field Association announces the election of the following officers for the ensuing year :

President, Carol Park 1910
 Vice-president, Elizabeth Hays 1909
 Secretary, Marian Ditman 1911
 Treasurer, Sara Evans 1911

The Oriental Society announces the election of the following officers for the ensuing year :

President, Eleanor Upton 1909
 Secretary, Elizabeth Spader Clark 1909

CALENDAR

- May 16. Albright House Dance.
- “ 20. Open Meeting of the Clef Club.
- “ 23. Alpha-Phi Kappa Psi Play.
- “ 27. Dance—20 Belmont, 30 Green, Delta Sigma, White
Lodge.
- “ 30. Memorial Day.
- June 2. 2 P. M. Beginning of Final Examinations.
- “ 11. Senior Dramatics Rehearsal.
- “ 12. Senior Dramatics.
- “ 13. Senior Dramatics.
- “ 14. Baccalaureate Sunday.
- “ 15. Ivy Exercises.
- “ 16. Commencement.

The
Smith College
Monthly

June - 1908

Conducted by the Senior Class

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EDITORS:

ANNE COE MITCHELL,

DOROTHY DONNELL,

EDITH LILLIAN JARVIS,

ALICE MARJORIE PIERCE,

HELEN MAHLON SPEAR,

LEOLA BAIRD LEONARD,

ANNIE JOHNSTON CRIM,

ELIZABETH SPADER CLARK.

TREASURER,

BUSINESS MANAGER,

LOUISE HOWARD COMSTOCK.

MARGARET PAINTER.

ALUMNÆ TREASURER,

GERTRUDE ELISE BUSSARD.

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BENVENUTO CELLINI AS A REPRESENTATIVE
ITALIAN OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

Under the confused and disorderly conditions of the sixteenth century the old masters produced their wonderful works. Compared to those days, this is a peaceful time. And yet, in this age of specialization, how many men could be found who are masters of as many branches of business as the Florentine goldsmith Benvenuto Cellini, who was only one of the many versatile men of sixteenth century Italy. At the present day, the saying that a person can do but one thing at a time and do it well, is fixed close before the eyes of every one, and it is interesting to know there *were* men who refused to recognize this rule, and who, far from making a failure of all that they attempted, produced the models for future art.

The inconsistency of the Italian mind and life was evident in their cities. Along filthy streets, blocked half the time with brawlers, there rose splendid marble churches, out of which came swaggering braggarts, who, after receiving absolution for their sins, gaily started off on the merry game of life again,

lying, killing, stealing until the next confession. Dukes, popes, cardinals, all were the same,—extravagant, immoral at times, though always devout sons of the church, and, on the other hand, artistic, philosophical and scholarly. War, or the rumor of war, was abroad in every city, and more often than not, a pestilence or a terrible fever was raging. Intellectually, æsthetically and morally, they were corrupt. Superstition rather than intellectual ideals swayed their minds; of profound meditation and philosophy they had very little; they combined sensuality with the soullessness of paganism, bringing immorality not only into their lives but into their art. Their intense love of the beautiful was confined to the things of this world, a voluptuous love of gorgeous color and graceful outline without a trace of moral or intellectual beauty. Religion was entirely separated from the ordinary course of life, for it was something to be used in time of great need rather than as a daily help, so that the nobly beautiful was lost, and a soulless animalism appeared in its place. The individual will, the individual conscience was the only moral authority, and, as a result, the greatest freedom and lack of restraint prevailed. Every man protected his honor with fierce impetuosity, but in just what that honor consisted it is difficult to say. An honorable man could kill another by stealth or in the open, could lie and steal, be faithless in every respect, and yet be admired and respected by his fellow citizens. Let a joke be played upon him, a sneering remark directed toward him or his family, and he could not rest until vengeance had been taken. Such was the versatile Italian of the sixteenth century.

Benvenuto Cellini was born in Florence in 1500, and lived there until he was about eighteen. Some of his time he spent practising on the flute to please his father, but it was as an apprentice to a goldsmith—a preliminary training for his future career as an artist—that he was mainly occupied. Owing to a quarrel with some young men, he was forced to leave Florence, and for the next two or three years he travelled to Siena, Pisa and Bologna, steadily working at his art. When he was about twenty-three we find him at Rome, no longer in the employment of masters but as a skilled artist in the service of Popes Clement VII and Paul III. His fame as an artist procured a great number of orders for him from nobles and ecclesiastics, but he was forced to leave Rome because of a quarrel with the Pope,

and for the next few years he was in France at the court of Francis. Benvenuto Cellini's ungovernable temper seems to have got him into difficulties here as well as elsewhere, for he quarrelled with his fellow artists, fell into disfavor at court and finally, in a fit of pique, came back to Florence. Here he spent the rest of his life under the patronage of Cosimo de Medici. At the age of sixty-nine he died, an honored citizen, and was buried in the church of the Annunziata. His funeral oration was delivered "in praise of his life and works, and also of his excellent disposition of mind and body."

Without doubt, he was the finest goldsmith of his time, and during an age when this art was at its height. Men spent money lavishly on plate, jewels and seals; and, as these were considered objects of true art, each piece was worked out with the greatest care by masters such as Benvenuto. The elaborateness of some of these small pieces is shown in his description of a button for a pontifical cope, which he made for Pope Clement VII. "I had laid the diamond exactly in the middle of the work, and over it I had represented God the Father sitting in a sort of free, easy attitude, which suited admirably well with the rest of the piece. His right hand was lifted up, giving his blessing. Under the diamond I had drawn three little boys, who supported it with their arms raised aloft. . . . Round it were several figures of boys, with other striking ornaments most beautiful to behold." This was where Benvenuto Cellini excelled—in small pieces, where he could work out the details to his heart's content. Setting jewels was a profitable employment and one that he eagerly learned. He made a brooch for a countess, in which the jewels were set in the form of a fleur-de-lis adorned with little masks, figures of boys and animals, and the finest enamel, so that the diamonds of which the fleur-de-lis was composed appeared with redoubled lustre. When asked the price, he answered, with a courtly bow, "The most valued recompense which could crown my endeavors is the satisfaction of having pleased your ladyship," but he naïvely adds that a bag of gold was sent to him by the same lady, with which he was perfectly satisfied.

Every cardinal at Rome had a seal on which his title was engraved. It was made as large as the hand of a child ten years old, and the title was embellished with a variety of figures. The trade of a seal engraver was distinct from that of a goldsmith or

jeweller, and an enthusiastic worker like Benvenuto Cellini could not rest until he had mastered it, too. Enamelling and making models were separate branches of the business. Benvenuto says, "These several branches are very different from each other; insomuch that the man who excels in one seldom or never attains to an equal degree of perfection in any of the rest; whereas I, having exerted myself with the utmost assiduity to be eminent in all these different arts, at last compassed my end." His designs were praised by Michelangelo, and his statuary by popes and kings. About the only pieces of his work which are preserved, are a nymph in bronze made for the château of Fontainebleau, and which is now in the Louvre, and a bronze statue of Perseus for Cosimo de Medici, which is still in Florence. His excitement while casting his Perseus was intense. After the furnace had been started to melt off the wax mould, he says, "The shop took fire, and we were all very much afraid that the roof would fall in and crush us. From another quarter, that is, from the garden, the sky poured in so much rain and wind that it cooled the furnace"; and, to cap the climax, he was suddenly stricken with a fever and went to bed, where he incessantly cried out, "I am dying, I am dying." As suddenly, the impulse to get up seized him, and shouting at his journeymen "until his voice could be heard to the skies," he rushed now to the furnace, now to the melting bronze, helping, directing, and in the meantime offering up a fervid prayer as was his custom, for, in such cases as this, his religion sustained him, but when the trouble was over, it was as quickly laid on the shelf and forgotten until the next danger. "My prayer being over," he says, "I took a plate of meat which stood upon a little bench, and ate with a great appetite. I then drank with all my journeymen and assistants and went joyful and in good health to bed." This was the man who had been so deeply afflicted an hour before because he was dying.

He was admitted to the most illustrious societies of artists, painters, goldsmiths and sculptors, which met several times a week to discuss the arts. Their meetings were not always of this serious character, for they sometimes gave elaborate dinners. They were brilliant affairs with gay costumes, flashing jewels and tables decorated with silver and gold, and, in the background, a trellis of flowers from behind which came soft music.

He had a restless spirit and travelled not only all over Italy, but also to France—a long journey when travelling was by foot or on horse-back, but this only offered greater opportunity for adventure, without which this fiery traveller would have died of ennui. When the call to arms sounded, he was the first to drop his tools, take up his sword and dash off for the scrimmage. He had small regard for human life, his own or anyone else's. "He claimed the credit of having killed Charles of Bourbon as though it were some sort of virtuous action. And at the siege of Rome, with the Pope beside him on the battlement of St. Angelo, he had right royal sport shooting people in the city below. Both His Holiness and Benvenuto were nearly convulsed on one occasion at the manner in which a cannon-shot cut a man clean in two."

Benvenuto Cellini had the vices, as well as the virtues, of his time. He lacked intellectual ideals; he was immoral, and his religion was of little value in his life. He was intensely superstitious, conceited and boastful. Together with these bad qualities there were blended many good ones, such as a faithful devotion to the standard of honor of the times and to his family, courage and perseverance in his work. All these characteristics he possessed in common with the rest of the Italians of his time. As a man he was like the rest—it is only as an artist that he was greater.

RUTH BARTLE.

NIGHT'S WANDERERS

I walked down the long deserted street,
The pavement gleamed 'neath a mist of rain,
And a gray ghost-woman passed me by,
Her dead eyes filled with pain.
Like the mist of a dream she passed me by,
But I felt the breath of her hard-drawn sigh.

The lights in the windows were yellow dim
Like the candle-guards of the dead,
And more ghosts came in a noiseless crowd,
While a leaf dropped down from a tree, more loud
Than any word they had said.

And they hurried on and were lost in mist,
They were hidden away by the night.
Oh, had I been dreaming? Who could say?
They would laugh at my ghosts in the light.
Poor, wandering ghosts, who had lost their way,
And wistfully sought it at close of day!

FLORENCE BATTERSON

AT THE COMING OF SPRING

That Spring was smiling-eyed and glad,
And scarlet flowers in her hair she wore,
And like a star in whitest white was clad.

And all the night with scent of flowers was mad.
Like gentle rain the fragrant blooms did pour
Down from the dancing trees. Durst Love be sad?

Then Love and Spring did wander hand in hand,
Out from the crowded street
Into the country land.
Down lanes that border on the meadows, sweet
With wild field flowers ran their hurrying feet—
Like silver moonlight splashed on some sea-strand.

And when they passed,
The laughing gardens blossomed to the view,
Young lovers clung and loved their love anew,
Old lovers laughed to find their love still true;
Until at last

A tired woman of the city smiled,
Saying she dreamed Love was not always sad,
But went with one clad all in whitest white—
Crowned with fair flowers, and smiling-eyed, and glad.

FLORENCE BATTERSON.

EDUCATION AS SOCIAL ADAPTATION FOR SOCIAL EFFICIENCY

The time is past when unconscious action is necessary or excusable—when progress can be left to the old slow method of natural evolution. Now the variable quantity is the environment, which the human mind adapts to its own needs—mean-time adjusting itself to an ideal environment which it will mold out of the old. This is a conscious age—which means that the

questions "why" and "how" are no longer the exclusive right of a few priests and rulers, who asked these questions and then imposed their own answers upon the herd. The governor of Massachusetts, in his proclamation on Lincoln's Birthday, declared that we are in the midst of a social revolution, quiet and peaceful, but no less a revolution, which is to end in equal opportunity for all, as our other revolution has established the principle of equal rights. Now this revolution is nothing more nor less than a growth in social consciousness—society is gaining a corporate intelligence which will eliminate waste in the social machine, as individual intelligence eliminates it in private business. All progress in the past has depended on individual achievement and the subsequent socialization of this achievement, which was imperfect and inadequate in proportion as the means of social communication were meagre, and as the achievement was imposed on people without their wish or understanding. Through democratic education this socialization is a much more rapid process, and is bearing its first fruits in a growing social consciousness.

The end of social consciousness will be social achievement, whose nature we are ignorant of because we have never experienced anything like it; and our concern is only with forming consciousness, that is, with bringing it forth. This must be done by more democratic education, which now, thanks to the all-pervading spirit of science, may be lifted forever from an empirical basis, and be made to accord with a philosophy democratic and monistic. At present our educational ideals are the inheritance from a dualistic past which held a barrier between the intellectual and active sides of our nature—between a class that enjoyed and ruled, and a class that thought not and produced. This ideal must go, and in its place a more worthy one be held—that of educating every individual for social service, for social efficiency. Emerson, whose philosophy was hardly utilitarian, said, "A man fails to make his place good in the world unless he not only pays his debt, but also adds something to the commonwealth. Efficient universal education—that makes men producers as well as consumers, is the surest guarantee of progress in the art of peace, is the mother of national prosperity."

Now are our schools furnishing such education; do they make producers, artists, creators, or consumers merely? The

latter unfortunately is the case. Our unskilled trades are recruited from immigrants, and the ideal is held out to the child that he must put himself above unskilled labor. At the same time, the schools do not provide training for any trade; and those who cannot for any reason go on with the purely intellectual training, have to go into factories where no skill is required, while those who stay through the grades do so largely with the idea of becoming clerks and office-boys—again a non-productive occupation. During this time no inspiration has come for anything else, and the child in business fast loses all capacity for craftsmanship, though he may gain in mental quickness. The latest report made by the New York Commissioner of Education states “that certainly not more than two-fifths and undoubtedly not more than one-third of the children who enter our elementary schools ever finish them, and that not one-half of them go beyond the fifth or sixth grade. It is hardly less surprising that only one-third of the pupils who go to the high schools remain beyond the second year, and that only about one-sixth of those who enter, remain to graduate.”

This is certainly startling. The reasons, briefly, are these:—the great majority of our people must earn their living in some trade, and the school does not provide for those who are to be craftsmen, but only prepares for professional and business life. The ideal of the public school at its initiation was to furnish enough intellectual training to each individual to make him fit for political participation in government. Anything beyond the three R's was looked at as a matter for intellectual concern, and industrial and social training was assured outside the school. This is no longer the case, and we are growing farther every day from the time when all but a few had naturally a vocational education, and when through the relatively simple village or country life a child could be assured adequate social experience. The factory system, and the subsequent spread of city conditions, make it necessary that the schools should enlarge their aim and scope to meet all the needs of modern social and industrial conditions.

This means at first sight a tremendous and even revolutionary undertaking, so identified in our minds are the schools with exclusively intellectual ministrations; but modern revolution means setting free the forces of evolution. Let us see what forces are at hand. It is an axiom of progress to use material

already provided. Our aim is to create social consciousness: this to be done by educating producers who are not blind workers, but alive and perceiving. What steps have already been made toward this? In the matter of machinery there still remains the total divorce of our schools from politics, a step absolutely necessary to effective work. As to the subject-matter of formal education—beginning at the top, we have a growing respect for social studies in our universities; we have technical and professional schools, trade, agricultural and commercial schools, started as business ventures and now being taken over by the state; the study of science and civil government in high schools, and finally, manual training in high and elementary schools,—with the kindergarten universally accepted.

These factors all make for social solidarity; but they are as yet largely ineffective because of the loose coördination between the various parts of our formal educational system, that makes subject-matter and ideals overlap at certain points, while at others they are held too distinct. Thus we have separate schools for “moral development, practical ability, general culture, discipline and professional training.” There is needed a unifying principle to bind these parts together. This ideal social efficiency is admirably illustrated in another phase of our education, represented in the schools by medical inspection and treatment, that is more and more being extended to the home life of the children, together with the teaching of physiology and hygiene. The same spirit is shown in the treatment of the exceptional child—whether precocious, defective, dependent or delinquent. This spirit, which sees the child in relation to society, must be the normal one.

The elementary schools as the basis of all higher education, and as the only education available for the vast majority of our people, must be the centre of interest. The demand made on them is that the individual be rightly oriented—that he find his place in the world, with an adequate perception of the meaning of society, and his relation to it. At present the most promising element in the common school curriculum is the nature-study and manual training, though these need a thorough change of base. They were instituted as side issues—recreations, “to keep the child busy,” all in the interests of an individualistic psychology. That was all very well, but natural science and the arts can serve a far higher purpose than amus-

ing the child or teaching him a trade. The opposition to the increase of these subjects comes from short-sighted taxpayers, or from those who fear the loss of the humanistic ideal. Such persons have never had a vision of what a wonderful opportunity for humanizing is offered by precisely these despised "practical" studies.

Professor Dewey in his "School and Society" shows what the school, taken out of its medieval seclusion and put into vital connection with the outside world, may mean as a social organization—how it can utilize every faculty of body and mind and turn the child forth able to know and to do, with a sense of the wonder of life and the human earth. In this ideal school, "we are to conceive of work in wood and metal, of weaving, sewing, cooking, *as methods of life*, not as distinct studies.

"We must conceive of them in their social significance as types of the process by which society keeps itself going, as agencies for bringing home to the child some of the primal necessities of community life, and as ways in which these needs have been met by the growing insight and ingenuity of men—in short, as instrumentalities through which the school itself shall be made a genuine form of active community life, instead of a place set apart to learn lessons."

Society is made possible by coöperation. At present the school fosters a competitive spirit, for "the mere absorption of facts and truths is so exclusively an individual affair that it tends very naturally to pass into selfishness." The ideal school will develop the same sense of coöperation that is found in the workshop where men are working together at a common task, and the interest of one will be the interest of all. When children are together working out some problem of cooking or weaving, they will acquire facts and the spirit of producers at the same time.

In such a school, all the sciences will have geography, the study of the earth, as their common point of departure—the earth as being man's home and the source of all his experiences. Taken in this sense, geography opens up at every turn questions of history and social development, not to mention physics, chemistry and biology. Take cooking, for example. It is ordinarily taught with no reference to the outside world—it is a thing in itself, useful because all must eat. But let us see what a larger outlook will do for the study—what information

and culture may be involved. To quote Dewey, "All the materials that come into the kitchen have their origin in the country, they come from the soil, are nurtured through influences of light and water, and represent a great variety of local environments. Through this connection extending from the garden into the larger world, the child has his most natural introductions into the study of the sciences"—particularly botany and chemistry—not as formal abstractions, but as foundations of life. "The same relations with the outside world are found in the carpentry and textile shops. They connect with the country as the source of their materials, with physics as the science of applying energy, with commerce and distribution, with art in the development of architecture and decoration. They have also an intimate connection with the university on the side of its technicological and engineering schools, with the laboratory and its scientific methods and results." Here is the union of the school as a practical experience with the old function as an information bureau, the link between the present age and the generations of truth-seeking and finding that came before.

The library and laboratory shall organically connect theory and practice. To quote Dewey again, "The child shall not simply be doing things, but getting also the idea of what he does, getting from the start some intellectual conception that enters into his practice and enriches it, while every idea finds, directly or indirectly, some application in experience, and has some effect upon life. This fixes the position of the 'book' in education. Harmful as a substitute for experience, it is all-important in interpreting and expanding experience, . . . the chemical and physical problems arising in the kitchen and shop are taken to the laboratories to be worked out." Professor Dewey gives, as an example, the instance of children who were doing practical work in weaving which involved the actual reinvention of the various mechanical devices. "They worked out the diagrams of the direction of forces concerned in treadle and wheel, and the ratio of velocities between wheel and spindle." In the same way, the wool and cotton used in weaving are studied in all their aspects, growing on sheep or plant, gathered, cleaned, prepared for use—their physical properties being thoroughly investigated.

If the art idea be infused in all of this, it makes it truly culture, because in every branch of the work, interest may be

had in the doing—technical appreciation—and in nearly all, beautiful ideas may find expression. Take the textile work as illustration. Information comes at once in connection with the materials used—their origin, history, adaptation, and various principles of machinery used in their manufacture. Discipline comes from having a particular problem to work out, both practically and theoretically. Culture arises from seeing the things “reflected through the medium of their scientific and historic conditions and associations, whereby the child learns to appreciate them as technical achievements, as thoughts precipitated into action,” and from the fact that the child is expressing a beautiful thing concretely.

The school thus made a part of the larger social life, is not a dream—it is coming fast. Many elements are here already, some developed, some in embryo—and the needful spirit is growing so wonderfully that we cannot but have joy when we look into the future.

LOUISE FRANCES STEVENS.

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THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS

Strange looming shapes that passed in drifting fog,
 Mysterious hooded forms that substanceless
 Dissolved in shifting wind and vaporous breath,
 Low, sun-touched peaks that gleamed with opal lights
 And as I looked, melted in grey sea mist,
 Then sudden gusts that rent the curtaining white,
 And wondering I saw the distant hills
 Immutable, serene, forever light!

MARGARET HALLOCK STEEN.

BEATA

Adelbart worked on the statue day and night. It grew and grew in the block, so that though he was carving it directly in the marble, irrevocably, yet he never chipped away an inch too much anywhere, but whatever he chiselled away the Statue was still safe within it—at first far within it, then nearer and nearer till at last in places it came as near to the surface as a sheet of paper is thick. It was when it was as near as this, so that Adelbart could almost see it, though not, and could feel its power clamoring through the so-thin crust, that the Doge came to see how near the statue was to being finished. Adelbart respectfully unveiled it to him, and the Doge looked at it silently, for he could see nothing but the encrusted lump, and he could not feel the clamorous presence to which Adelbart throbbed furiously; but he knew that Adelbart, the foreigner, was the greatest sculptor in all Venice, and his silence was respectful.

"When will it be done?" he asked at last.

"To-morrow, Excellence," replied Adelbart, though he could scarcely speak, because the pulse was hammering so furiously in his throat.

"It is well," replied the Doge, graciously. "To-morrow, I make no doubt, we shall be as pleased with this as with the others."

Adelbart was glad to draw, with hot hands, the canvas over the clamoring figure till the Doge should go, and he be free to cut away the crust and let that clamoring, clamoring Being burst forth into majestic silence.

Toward two of the morning, it was done. With awed hand he struck away the last flake, and without daring yet to look upon the Being, hid his face for a while in his hands. Then, with a feeling of swelling music moving rhythmically outward through his bones, he dropped his hands, and stepped back, step by step; then raised his eyes.

The palace of the Doge was the most magnificent of all magnificent, opulent, color-breathing Venice. Paolo Veronese, him-

self, had done the walls with splendid full-fleshed beauties, jewels and silks and marble palaces and domes and magic Venetian skies and luscious doves and dove-tinted clouds. It was the niches that the Doge had summoned Adelbart to fill. He came from a far land, across the Alps; but his soul was a painter's soul though he sculptured marble, and it clave to beauty-breathing Venice. And, inside this, it clave to the Lady of lovely Venice, the Doge's wife.

The statues that he did surpassed all the statues that ever he had done in his own country—the country of his birth, as they say; but never the country of the birth of his soul, which latter was Venice, and, to narrow it, the Doge's palace, and, to narrow it closer yet, the glance of the Doge's wife. But, as I say, those former statues were wonderful, some of them, but these were Heaven-born. Never was marble so rosy as that which Adelbart chose for his statues; never was rosy marble so informed with young and spring-time life as these fair, stately statues that he freed now. Adelbart's heart sang within him as he worked; he listened and he could hear the first faint quiver of response within the rosy block's heart; and he chiselled it away unerring stroke by stroke till the song and the soul of the block burst forth together to eye and ear.

It was natural that the Doge's lady saw that her glance was the homeland of Adelbart's soul; or perhaps he said something of this to her one day. It was also natural, perhaps, that the Lady, being more virtuous than many of Venice (else had Adelbart's soul found no nativity there), commanded him to say no more of such things to her, in a tone, or perhaps with a look, which showed Adelbart that she misunderstood many things. Also, she exiled his soul; for she turned her eyes no more upon him, but kept them for the Doge, who was a courteous and unimaginative nobleman, and, we may judge, left that soul-homeland tenantless.

To Adelbart it was a blow—that she misunderstood. He endeavored to keep this out of sight, however, for he was not at liberty to go till he had made one more statue—the statue for the niche in the great staircase of the palace. This was, moreover, the most important of them all.

There was no marble block in all Venice great enough to contain the statue that must fill this niche; moreover, the niche was of curious proportions and it seemed impossible to imagine

that there should be any block of which a great deal must not be wasted. They found it, however, in Florence, and with great expense and delay it was brought to Venice. Meanwhile my Lady's misunderstanding and his own unmerited exile were rankling in Adelbart's soul. The block was exactly of those proportions which the niche needed. It seemed unimaginable, however, what sort of figure stood therein inscrutably.

Adelbart himself, for his own part, felt a mingled dread and fascination the moment he saw the block. Also, he knew that a power had touched him greater than had ever emanated from a block before. He tried to shake it off. He said, "Now I will carve the loveliest of all, a figure of my Lady herself, typifying Venice." But he knew in his heart of hearts that the Figure standing there in the marble would be carved, nor would submit itself to feeble wilfulness. So he set to work, and the fascination grew till it was frenzy.

And this was it! Adelbart gazed and gazed, and retreated and retreated, and first he felt that he must throw himself flat on his face before the ill-boding majesty of it; and then, when he reached the wall, his knees shook beneath him and he spread out his arms to the sides with the palms turned back flat against the wall. And still the spell and terror of it grew upon him. For this was a Figure such as had never been seen in Venice or in the poet's soul—for Adelbart was a poet. But it was a strange and terrible Figure.

So they stood through the rest of the night, the Figure stern and fearful, Adelbart backed against the wall.

In the morning the Doge's commissioners came. When they saw Adelbart they started, but when they looked upon the Figure their joints quaked.

"Ah, it is superb—superb!" they cried, falsetto-voiced "There is none like it in all Venice, my lord, my lord."

Adelbart withdrew his eyes with difficulty, and looked out at them.

"Come again at noon," he said.

At noon the Doge came, uneasiness written large upon his courteous features. "It is indeed—superb!" he said. "There is none like it in Venice. When shall I send for it?"

"To-night," said Adelbart.

He knew what it would do to the palace—this Figure—and to

the people that waked and slept and dreamed therein, and to all that entered the spacious portal and came face to face with the dominating Presence of the palace. He knew what it would do to the lovely marbles that stood so rosily now in the smaller niches of the great halls. And he knew that in this as yet fair and hopeful palace dwelt joyously and virtuously (though she had misunderstood) the Lady of Venice.

The time was short. Adelbart went through the mammoth workshop that the Doge's generosity and desire to have his palace unsurpassed had stocked with blocks of all shapes and sizes, and he found one which he thought would do. It was not high enough, nor yet flawless; it was too broad; and he knew it, when he looked upon it, to be soulless. Yet he hurriedly chiselled, with much waste and error, an imitation beautiful-woman. It was faulty and unbeautiful. What could Adelbart do? There was nothing in that block of marble.

Yet the Doge and many of those who entered the palace would never see the difference; and many who felt the difference would simply ignore that statue; it would not injure the whole general effect of the palace. The niche would be passably filled; if not strikingly, at least unobtrusively and unobnoxiously. But the few! The poets and the painters and the music-makers! Adelbart groaned a groan that wracked his frame. Then he dropped face down upon his pallet and wept, terrible tears dragged up with hoarse agony.

The Doge stood outside the door, and Adelbart called to him from where he lay on his pallet within.

"The statue is done. I have made you another. The first—ah! There is none like it in Venice; no, nor in the world. There would be no name ever like Adelbart's. And they—they—all my kin—the poets—and the painters—and the music-makers—" His voice labored. "But it will not do for thy palace, nor for Venice. Take the other."

He unbolted the door and the Doge entered, with his men, who had brought ropes and pulleys and all the gear for moving the statue.

When they looked at the new statue, a gust of mingled relief and disappointment blew up.

"It is very poor," said Adelbart humbly.

The Doge waved a courteous, dissenting hand. "It is at least *comfortable*," he murmured. "And there are many sculptors in Venice who could not do so well."

So they moved the new faulty statue out into the moonlight beside the canal where the raft was waiting that should convey it to its destination.

Adelbart stood beside them and looked off toward the glistening streaks in the canal that meant lights in the Doge's palace. "This for you—for you," he murmured, "mother of my soul!"

"What did you say?" inquired the Doge.

"Nothing," replied Adelbart. "But, Excellency, come again for the statue in the morning. I would not have it go yet."

The Doge bowed, puzzled but courteous, and took his men and their ropes and pulleys back the way they had come.

Adelbart gazed long toward the Doge's palace, long after they had vanished therein, and the streaks of light in the canal were fewer by half.

"For you—for you," he breathed, "mother—and wife—of my soul."

He crossed his arms on his breast as they cross them on the breast of a dead person; his face, too, looked peaceful. He turned and entered his workshop, and gazed long, but peacefully now, on the Figure. Then he took his trowel and stone and bricks and mortar, and he closed the heavy doors of the great cell wherein the Figure stood, and he sealed them up so that they should never again be opened.

That done, he entered into the moonlight again, and dropping at the foot of the faulty statue, he slept. He dreamed, also. A soul stirred in the marble, and called to him. So he woke, or perhaps still slept, and took his chisel, and striking off a flake here and there, and here and there a great block, lo, there stood revealed, lovelier than the moonlight, a Mother of Sorrows, in whose face there yet shone a blessedness greater than the blessedness of happiness.

This statue was set in the great niche of the Doge's palace, and Adelbart's soul did not die, but lived.

GRACE KELLOGG.

VALKYRIE SONG

Great our joy, for he has won ;
Conquered o'er the waiting foe,
Swiftly let our praises run,
Let the fires of welcome glow !
Great our joy, for he has won.

Daughters of Valhalla, we,
Watchful till the battle's done,
Now Death's kiss has set him free !
Great our joy, for he has won.

We have watched him from afar,
From earth's lowest, farthest rim,
Watched him scan the smoke of war—
Oh, our hearts then feared for him !

He stretched his arms out to a star !

Then our hearts were glad within.
Our joy echoed cliff and scar—
'Mid the smoke and blood and din
He stretched his arms out to a star !

Ah, the fear of watching then
As he stumbled o'er the slain,
As the clutch of wounded men
Wound about him in their pain—
Ah, the fear of watching then !

But the eyes that down he turned
Were filled full with the star beam,
And the dying eyes upturned
Caught the glory of its gleam.

Ah, the joy of watching then !

But Earth's jewels wreathed his head
As he struggled on his way,
And our hearts beat fast with dread ;
Would they bear him down to clay ?
But his footsteps did not stay.

Gardens opened as he came,
Maidens whispered as he passed—
Ay, he felt the scorch of flame,
Felt the sword of the North's blast,

Heard sweet sounds that lure to sleep,
Smelt strange odors made to numb,
Tasted of strange draughts that leap
Through the veins and make men dumb
As the beasts that fawn and creep,
Fit to murmur broken words
That sound strangely to the soul,
Useless as are shattered swords—
Ah, would his be bright and whole?

Swiftly grew the plant of shame,
Swift as sail on towering mast,
Ay, he felt the scorch of shame,
Felt the sword of the North's blast
When to the garden's gate he came,
But he passed.

Keen the blasts that whipped him then,
Tore his mantle from his breast,
But across the frozen fen
Straight against the wind he pressed.
Mounted then the rocks that lie
Wall-like at the mountain's base,
Leapt like bridge in Northern sky
O'er the torrents where they race.

Came he to the hilltops then,
Where the world-heart sings its song,
And he listened in amaze
That he'd missed its note so long,
And he tuned his heart to sing
Answer to the world-heart's song.

Sang he then, upon the height,
And the hilltops listenéd,
And Death, poisoning in the night,
Closed his wings and pressed him close—
He is dead.

Great our joy, for he has won,
Conquered o'er the waiting foe,
Swiftly let our praises run,
Let the fires of welcome glow!
Great our joy for he has won.

Daughters of Valhalla, we,
Watchful till the battle's done,
Now Death's kiss has set him free!
Great our joy, for he has won.

LUCY EVELYN ONGLEY.

ABOUT SUTPHEN

Alliston and I were playing cribbage when Sutphen came in. We had not seen him for several weeks. He had been hunting in the South, whereas we had been working as if our lives depended on it—and they did to some extent. Cribbage had been almost our only recreation. But we did not object to Sutphen's respite; he needed it if any man ever did. As we greeted him, his tired eyes lighted with genuine pleasure.

"Oh, yes, I'm all right," he said, in reply to our inquiries. "Well, we had fair luck, though the weather was rather against us. Sorry, but I can't stop now. See you at dinner. You'll both dine with me, I hope?"

He went into the writing-room, our eyes unconsciously following the erect, square-shouldered figure; then we returned to the game, and, after it was finished, sat back and chatted in a desultory way, and drank something cool.

"After all," Alliston observed, "a typical Fifth Avenue crowd has its elements of interest. For instance, there is Mrs. Kentish. Do you know her? See, the woman getting into that cab down there—dressed in gray, with violets."

I, too, looked out of the wide window. Yes, I saw her, and my first impression was that she was commonplace. I said so.

"That's because you don't know her. Sutphen must have thought her interesting or nice or something, for they were engaged a few years ago." He turned to see what the effect of these words would be on me. I certainly didn't believe it at first.

"But they *were*," he insisted. "Your incredulity is not flattering!"

"Sutphen engaged—to that woman?"

"Quite so. I knew about the affair from the beginning. It surprised *me*, too. But she really is attractive."

"Undoubtedly. I didn't think Sutphen cared about—about attractiveness and things like that. He always seemed to me a detached and indifferent sort of fellow."

"Then you don't know him," Alliston returned with conviction. And he added with an odd seriousness, "He is a devoted friend, just as he was a devoted lover. But in one instance he had to choose between the two, according to his way of thinking. If a man *must* have such a scrupulous conscience! Oh, I may as well finish the story. You see, he and Cheslyn—remember him? a tall chap with big, wistful eyes—thought about as much of each other as men ever can. That means a good deal, too. The very soul of each fairly belonged to the other,—I can't express it well, but you catch the idea? The year Sutphen's invention was brought out it happened that Cheslyn was particularly unfortunate. I believe that the firm he was with was declared bankrupt, and on top of that his health broke down—nervous prostration, I think it was. Of course, Sutphen did everything possible for him and, the next summer, took him abroad. It was in Lucerne where they met Mrs. Kentish—she was Madeline Treve then. Sutphen and she were thrown together from the start, for they had mutual friends, common interests and all that. Besides, they naturally liked each other tremendously, and the result was that they became engaged. The point is, it was to be kept a secret for a while. Miserable things, secrets! Well, Cheslyn, instead of bracing up as he should have done in that splendid air, grew more nervous and melancholy until finally that chump of a specialist confidentially informed Sutphen that his friend could never get well, lacking as he did a 'vital interest,' and apparently not caring whether he lived or died. But Sutphen cared! So, while he was searching around for this 'vital interest' that was to do such wonders for Cheslyn, it suddenly appeared upon the scene quite by itself. For—enter Miss Treve upon Cheslyn's horizon. She hadn't impressed him at all at first, but she was as nice as possible to him on Sutphen's account. Then, out of a clear sky, Cheslyn fell head over heels in love with her! And what do you think happened?"

"He proposed to her, of course?"

"Exactly. But first he had to go and inform Sutphen of his intention! And *he*, like the simple-hearted fool he was, didn't hesitate but went straight to her and told her their engagement

would have to be broken—never even bothered to invent an excuse. She was—well—indignant and hurt, to say the least, and when Cheslyn proposed, actually accepted him.”

“She didn’t suspect, then?”

“No. And her attitude towards Sutphen was uncompromising in the extreme. He left Lucerne at once. I think the whole thing was undeservedly hard for him.”

“If he really loved the girl, it was infernally hard,” I answered slowly.

“Loved her? Well, rather. Why, he worshipped her. He worships her now! You could tell if you knew him as I do. The tragedy of it is that he lost, not only Madeline Treve, but Cheslyn. The poor chap died after all, while they were on their wedding tour.”

We were silent for several minutes. “Not a pretty tale,” I managed to remark at last. “She married again?”

“In a year, yes. A man named Kentish—English he was, and fought in the Boer war. Behaved rather well, but was killed before he had been at the front a month.”

“She certainly has had an eventful career,” I said. “So, after all, Sutphen has another chance.”

“Yes, he has another chance. To my mind he would be a fool not to take it. But somehow—I wonder!”

RUTH FORBES ELIOT.

IN HONOR OF THE VETERANS

The sound of some one coming up the walk roused me from the magazine over which I was dozing, and I looked up just in time to catch a resigned expression in my sister-in-law’s eyes. I had seen that look before, and I recognized it now.

“What do you suppose Mrs. Terry wants us to do now?” I asked, as Rose moved slowly toward the door.

“It’s entirely too hot—” began Rose firmly, then stopped as our eyes met. We had both tried firmness before with Mrs. Terry and had failed signally; and now, as she came briskly into the room, I knew our morning of comfort was at an end. Mrs. Terry fairly diffused energy from her bright black eyes to her crisp, white lawn dress, and I suddenly remembered that

I had a backbone, while even the nasturtiums which were drooping limply over the side of their bowl, seemed to rouse themselves a little.

"Well, girls," Mrs. Terry began immediately—she never beat about the bush—"I've come to take you off with me. I suppose you haven't heard yet, but you're both to assist me to-day. I'm giving a luncheon out at the Country Club, you know."

We stared at her in amazement. Mrs. Terry usually had some plan on hand, but hitherto we had always had some warning. She went on:

"You know the Spanish war veterans of Indiana are having their reunion here to-day, and as some of their wives always come with them, I thought it would be a charming idea for me, as the Major's wife, to invite all the ladies out to the Country Club for luncheon,—and you two, of course, as the wife and the sister of a veteran, are the very ones to assist me." She finished with a rush and beamed on us confidently.

I sank back upon the davenport. The name "veteran" attached to my brother, who had marched jauntily off with his friends and had accidentally found himself in a war instead of in the club which Battery A had become, was particularly startling. To be sure, it had become a family tradition to refer to Roy as having "fought, bled and died for his country," but the sword of great-grandfather, who had fought in the Revolutionary War, the epaulets of grandfather, who was in the Mexican War, and the memory of our father, who had fought from beginning to end in the Civil War, had rather caused my brother's brief two months' experience to be thought of as a joke by all the family, himself included.

I looked meaningly at Rose. She avoided my eyes and began rather feebly, "But—" She was not allowed to continue.

"No 'buts,'" said Mrs. Terry gaily. "That's why I didn't tell you about it before—so you couldn't make any other arrangements, and besides I know there is nothing else going on to-day."

It was only too true.

I looked out of the window. Even the sturdy phlox was fading and drooping in the terrible heat. The pup had crawled under the hedge and was lying on the sweet alyssum bed, panting heavily.

"It's very hot," I proffered.

"Oh, it's a fine day." Mrs. Terry beamed. "Now run and get your hats on, for we must start right away. Your husband would like to carry you out in the machine, I'm sure, so you can take some of the ladies with you."

"Roy would love to come home from the office to drive us out, I'm sure," I said maliciously. I knew his views on that point, and, as he was the cause of our discomfort by being a veteran, I could pay him back. That he felt deeply on the subject I could tell by the soothing tone in Rose's voice as she explained things to him over the 'phone. He had managed to wipe out the traces of any feeling whatsoever, though, by the time he brought the machine to the door, and, as I clambered into the seat beside him, he presented a stoical profile which even my most insinuating remarks concerning veterans, murmured into his ear, failed to move.

The court house where the veterans and their wives were holding forth was surrounded by automobiles. Mrs. Terry had, as usual, carried the thing out systematically, and no one in town with a machine had escaped. She whisked us inside the court house now, where we were to greet the lady veterans. Out of the mass of women who were moving about the floor, a delegation led by a stout lady in a pale blue picture-hat bore down upon us. In their hands were some bright yellow badges about twelve inches long, the counterparts of which adorned their breasts. The stout lady marked me for her own, and proceeded to affix the badge to me. I drew back in some trepidation.

"Are you sure there are enough to go around?" I faltered. "I'd hate to deprive somebody else of her badge." The stout lady saw through me at a glance.

"Young woman," she said scathingly, "I hope you are proud enough of your husband and your country to wear this emblem."

After that I meekly stood while she fastened on the garish emblem which announced in bold black letters that I was a delegate of the Indiana Volunteers of the Spanish War Veterans. A side glance showed Rose and Mrs. Terry similarly decorated, and that calmed me a little. Mrs. Terry, with her usual dispatch, soon had the delegates under way to the Club.

I had supposed that few of the veterans' wives would accompany them on a day like this, but they were present a hundred strong, all adorned with yellow badges, and completely filling

the dining-room of our little club house. Even Mrs. Terry's adroitness was somewhat at a loss to get us all seated, but I finally found myself ensconced between a lugubrious-looking lady whose dejection seemed carried out even to the dispirited droop of her hat over her eyes, and an elderly lady with seeming apoplectic tendencies, who during the first of the meal devoted herself to the luncheon with unceasing ardor. The mournful lady seemed reluctant to express her views on the weather, the reunion, or the town, except in monosyllables. I turned to my other neighbor. The menu was occupying her entire attention; and, whereas I received at least monosyllables from my dejected friend, my other neighbor vouchsafed me nothing but nods. I felt disheartened and looked about me. Conversation was not at all in evidence. All the veteranesses, with one notable exception, were conscientiously devoting themselves to their meal. Farther down the table I could see and hear my stout friend of the blue picture-hat holding forth, with many gesticulations, to my sister-in-law on the subject of woman's suffrage. Rose was looking meek and chastened.

There is always consolation for me when uncomfortable in seeing some one else uncomfortable, too, and I turned back to my lugubrious friend with renewed zeal, determined to hit upon something of interest to her. This met with drawbacks, but still I persisted. There is a certain story which always cheers me up on such occasions, of a woman who, placed beside a man at dinner, did her best to get him to talk. When she had, as she supposed, exhausted every subject of the world of thought or of extension, he turned to her with a smile and said, "Try me on leather." Some such unlooked-for success was mine, for finally my neighbor asked me something about golf, adding a little shyly, "I used to play croquet."

I hadn't since the age of twelve, but I snatched at croquet as if it were the one mad passion of my life—and was rewarded by seeing quite a gleam of interest in her eyes. She grew almost excited about it, and when I remembered there were croquet-grounds back of the club house, and proposed a game with her after luncheon, she became so enthusiastic that even the thoughts of that blistering plot of ground absolutely unrelieved by trees, and of the thermometer steadily rising toward the hundred mark, could not take away my feeling of triumph.

But here my attention was called to my neighbor on the left. She had finished with the luncheon, and now seemed anxious for conversation, which she took into her own hands by asking me what regiment my husband was in. Her hearty disapproval when I had to disclaim any right to a veteran husband, made me quick to proffer my brother as a substitute. She demanded the name of his regiment. I glibly responded, "Battery A," but this, it seemed, was not sufficient. What was his regiment—the command? And, when I was distinctly stumped, she glared at me in disgust and proceeded to give me a lecture on patriotism, in which "boys in blue," "laying down their lives," and "suffering untold tortures," figured prominently. Indeed, she grew quite lachrymose as she went on, depicting the bravery of our Spanish veterans and the woes they had endured. At length I managed to inquire whether it was her son or her husband who had thus suffered. She seemed a little nonplussed and said it was neither, but she had known a great many of the brave boys who had gone forth to do or die—and was beginning to warm up to their praises again when a movement down the table arrested her.

The stout lady with the blue hat had risen and was proposing a vote of thanks to Mrs. Terry. I leaned forward to get a glimpse of the recipient of the vote,—did I imagine it, or did I see Mrs. Terry for the first time in her life a little discomfited? But it was so far to her end of the table that I couldn't be sure.

As we left the room, Rose managed to move out beside me.

"Do you know who the stout lady is?" she whispered.

I shook my head.

"The cook down at the Davis Hotel," she responded.

"But how—" I began as I felt myself being dragged off by my dejected neighbor.

Rose smiled wearily. "Her husband was a veteran, too."

Perhaps during luncheon I hadn't fully anticipated the exact conditions of croquet as played at two o'clock in the broiling sun, but during the next hour I realized fully all it meant. The dejected lady had found two others with equal desires for croquet, and the four of us knocked balls about, none of us being able to make a good play. They grew quite exuberant during the game, and my sad friend remarked that she was renewing her youth; but at last their ardor cooled, and we went back to the porch where the other ladies were all solemnly

sitting about. Mrs. Terry had proposed cards, but the elderly lady who had been my neighbor at luncheon had expressed her opinion of cards in such a decided way as to cast a damper over all the party.

So we sat, making desultory attempts at conversation, until the stout lady in the blue hat brought forward a motion to adjourn, whereupon the others arose in a body, and, shaking hands with us, took their departure. As they piled down the steps, they turned and called, "We'll see you at the reunion in Franklin next year!"

Rose sank limply back into her seat. Mrs. Terry said nothing, but there were two lines around her mouth that I am sure were not there that morning, and her eyes looked weary.

When Roy and Major Terry came out for us in the machine, I noticed that the Major looked troubled, too. He had political aspirations, and I had already conjectured that Mrs. Terry's luncheon was a skillful move in his campaign.

"What's the matter with the Major?" I asked Roy as we were speeding home. Roy grinned.

"Tried to have a meeting of the soldiers in the court house so he could address 'em," he said, "but they've been celebrating so hilariously only a few were able to get there, and they were so badly needed to take care of their friends that the meeting had to adjourn."

We were silent for a while; then I said, "It's queer, Roy, that your battery should never have been to the front like the other regiments. Why was it?" I knew that Roy had been in Porto Rico, but that he had never seen any actual fighting.

But poor Roy turned upon me at last. "The others!" he growled. "Don't you know that our battery was the only Indiana volunteer troop that was outside the United States during the whole of the war?"

I said nothing. I was trying to unpin my yellow badge.

GLENN ALDA PATTEN.

SKETCHES

A TOAST

The world may sip to ready wit,
But here's a toast to simple grit ;

To the man who ends a game that's lost
With only a smile for the strength it cost,

Who faces defeat as an honest man,
But tries it again as soon as he can.

To the one who fights as he sees the right—
He is the man we toast to-night!

BESSIE ELLA CARY.

The Colonel was at seven o'clock dinner in the handsome high-raftered dining-room of the Hotel St. Clair. A small dark

The Adventures of a Knight Errant in the Market

bottle served in lieu of a companion. At the other tables were pleasant family groups of three or four, and at the desirable side-tables sat the happy, self-sufficient couples one always sees in a company of diners-out. But permanent guests were in the majority at the hotel that winter ; and when Miss Lawson, a recent arrival, swept in to her table at the farther end of the room, the men looked interest and admiration, and the women exchanged significant glances which promised further consideration of an interesting topic in the ladies' corridor later in the evening. The Colonel felt the stir of excitement and looked up to see a woman of excellent proportions and perfect carriage, the outline of her figure accentuated by a closely fitting dark gown, the train of which narrowed into sinuous folds and curves, as the lady moved forward. Her face was not handsome, but heavy brows, and hair, jet black and

gathered into a sinister shining coil at her neck, had a certain fascination, and the Colonel was non-resisting; he was even child-like in his simplicity, and in spite of his advancing years, he liked "the ladies."

The next morning found him up betimes. Leaning against the newspaper-stand, he was chatting easily with the hotel proprietor when Miss Lawson came up for a morning paper.

"The 'Gazette' is your best news sheet, I understand, Mr. Bertram?" she said.

"Yes, Miss Lawson. We think we have a pretty good paper, too, for a Western city. Let me show you to the the piazza conservatory, you'll enjoy reading there. Miss Lawson, may I introduce Colonel Clive?"

She did not go to the inviting piazza reading-room, with its comfortable lounging-chairs, gay window-boxes, palms and singing-birds. The hotel ladies, whose leisure hours began very early in the day, found this a favorite sitting-room. But Miss Lawson in her trim, light cloth "trotteur," well gloved, well booted, was ready for an active day, and leaving the two men in the lobby, she took a down-town car and was soon at her attorney's office.

The Colonel turned to his postponed breakfast. "An intelligent, smart appearing woman," he mused. "I think Mr. and Mrs. Bertram, the lady and I would make an agreeable foursome at dinner to-night; why not? I am not the man to miss a good speculation by dilly-dallying," and he wiped his snowy moustache complacently.

Picking up the paper he ran his eye over the real estate column. "The South Bay properties are beginning to show up a little. Just as I thought—just as I thought," and he sipped his coffee with deliberation. "By spring I'll take up that Jansen tract."

Then, folding up the paper with the air of a man who is very well satisfied with his own decisions, the little fat colonel toddled out of the dining-room.

"Mr. Jansen will be in for the execution of the papers at eleven, you say?" As Miss Lawson spoke, the door of the office opened and the gentleman in question entered.

"Good morning, Jansen. You're just the man we're waiting for."

"Yes, we can dispose of our business immediately if you will,

gentlemen. The option on the South Bay property, Sections Two, Three and Four—ten thousand dollars for a period of sixty days? You have the papers there, Mr. Lanier?" and in a moment the deal was closed to the satisfaction of both parties,—Mr. Jansen being obviously well pleased, for he was land-poor, and assessments and taxes on property had increased heavily that year.

Miss Lawson, with an imperturbable air, baffling in its adroit impersonality, turned the conversation to other channels.

That evening the Colonel's little party was, to all appearances, a most happy one,—the little Colonel himself beaming.

"One seldom finds a charming woman so appreciative of business problems as you, Miss Lawson," he piped in almost childish tones; for the men had suddenly discovered that they had been monopolizing the conversation with a discussion of their South Bay property and its development.

As the Colonel went on with his fulsome flatteries his bright eyes twinkled satisfaction; he was pink with pleasure now, and his breathy, quavering voice ran up to a still higher, more ridiculous falsetto. "It certainly is very pleasant when the ladies take a little interest in our plans and methods of work."

Miss Lawson was wholly amiable and gracious, with now a tentative question, now a radiant glance of appreciation.

So it was during the next three weeks. The Colonel found in her a most agreeable companion. On several automobile trips to his suburban tracts, her alertness and keen observation were really an inspiration to him; and at night, an occasional tidy little dinner for two, with black-red carnations waving between them, was all that was needed to open the heart. He confided his pet business schemes to her,—about a certain steel plant he intended to place in South Bay, where ore, fuel, and timber could be easily assembled.

One night, some time later, the Colonel was extraordinarily animated, and could scarcely wait till they were seated before the good news burst from him. He leaned forward and rubbed his hands together with exuberant satisfaction and whispered:

"I've just come from the assay office, and we've got the tin—the tin, too, mind you!"

Elated by assured success in his venture, the Colonel cast discretion to the winds and was ready to embrace the whole world. He had already spent several little fortunes only too easily. This one he would not spend alone.

"My dear Miss Lawson, will you let me—"

But they had lingered so long discussing business that the waiters were growing impatient and lights were officiously clicked on and off in various parts of the room. The absorbing tête-a-tête being broken by this crude circumstance, Miss Lawson excused herself to make ready for another engagement.

It was noon the next day when Colonel Clive rang for his paper to be sent up to his room. A glance at the head-lines, and his sleep-relaxed face began to quiver with a sudden and painful consciousness.

"Elliott to have great Steel Plant! South Bay another Cornwall! Feminine finance to the fore. A smart woman takes the trick. Option held by Miss C. M. Lawson has been taken up for \$50,000 by a British-American Steel Trust."

The black-red carnations alone decorated the little table in the hotel dining-room that night. Miss Lawson in unruffled pursuance of her business had left on the noon train. The Colonel, in a remote corner of a small down-town grill, was dining modestly—minus the accessories.

MARJORIE SQUIRE.

SHOWERS

Drip, drip, drip, drip,—

A sound that's neither soft nor loud;
Wet grass, wet leaves, and muddy ground,
All covered by a misty cloud.

Drip, drip, drip, drip,—

Slowly, softly, light steals forth,
The mist falls back, the scene breaks through
Upon the glittering emerald earth.

Drip, drip, drip, drip,—

The essence of a mournful sound;
Wet eyes, wet cheeks, disordered hair,
And gloom and darkness all around.

Drip, drip, drip, drip,—

A mother's touch and sweetest kiss—
A smile starts on the quivering lips,
The upturned face is filled with bliss.

ETHEL EULALIE STROUT.

The afternoon sunshine shimmered in little dancing brilliances on the dull red carpet. Now and then a breeze sent the morning's programs in lazy white flutters

The Flush of Dawn about the pews. For the rest, there was a warm, reminiscent hush over the church.

A creak, and one of the big doors was pushed slowly open. A boy came in and walked thoughtfully down the aisle. It had been splendid in the morning—the band, the procession with the jolly alumni, the long black line of seniors, the professors with their many-colored hoods won at the foreign universities. And the honorary degree they had conferred upon the great general! The boy tingled again with the exaltation of the applause which had followed its bestowal. He stopped and glanced eagerly around. There at the left of the platform had sat the chancellor of the university, very stiff and severe in his lonely dignity. And there—the boy's face glowed—was the wide oak armchair in which the president had sat, the president with his deep, convincing voice and his fine Latin salutation. It seemed to the boy that to stand there before that assemblage as the president had stood, must be to have "the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them" at one's feet.

The boy shook himself with determination and set to work. For several minutes he arranged hymn books and picked up programs with machine-like energy. Suddenly he paused. It was in this pew that the very great general had sat. On the floor lay the program which he must have used—a very ordinary-looking program, carelessly fallen in a diploma-like roll. The boy examined it attentively. It would have been so much more interesting had the great general followed the example of the valedictorian and folded his program in sixteen sharp little squares with his name neatly inscribed on each one. The boy sighed. Then he went rapidly on collecting programs and arranging hymn books, arranging hymn books and collecting programs.

Finally he ascended the platform and straightened the chancellor's chair rigidly against the wall. It was quite still in the church. The boy looked about searchingly. It was only the sound of the outside door slowly swinging in the wind that he had heard. With an almost reverential dignity he went over to the president's chair and sat down. With a solemn exalta-

tion in his eyes he rose and, swinging off his cap, began the Latin salutation.

The door at the back was pushed rudely open. Two boys burst in whistling. They stopped short.

"Aw, will yer get on to the perfessor?" said one.

But the boy on the platform did not hear them. He was delivering the president's Latin oration. At his feet were "the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them."

It was Commencement Day at the university twenty years later. In the church the big audience was assembled, the band, the alumni, the black rows of seniors, the yellow and blue and scarlet array of professors. The chancellor sat against the wall, very stiff and straight. In the gallery the admiring mothers and aunts fluttered and rustled. It was very warm.

The president moved a little irritably in his chair and unostentatiously wiped his brow. How he hated all this folderol! He heartily wished himself out of it and on board his steamer bound for a summer of peace across the water. Somewhere near the front gleamed the bald head of the bishop on whom he was to confer an honorary degree. Well, good fellow the bishop, even though he did speak to such an unconscionable length after dinner. The president smothered a yawn and devoutly hoped that to-day at least he would mercifully curb post-graduate eloquence.

As for the nervous valedictorian, would he ever cease his eternal twitching and talking about the glorious future of the American drama? Who cared for that boy's absurd prophetic dreams, anyhow? It was infernally hot. Most of the alumni had already gone outside for a breath of air and a smoke. Applause. That boy had actually finished, then! The seniors came straggling back to their places. Wearily the president rose and began his Latin salutation.

EUNICE FULLER.

THE FOUNTAIN

The fountain on a rainy day
Looks queer and grey and small,
In so much rain you'd hardly know
That it is there at all.

MARY PRESCOTT PARSONS.

It was a source of perpetual disappointment to Genevieve that the stories she read never occurred in real life. In books

thoughtless mothers went away and
A Would-be Heroine locked children in houses which promptly took fire, so that the heroine, with wonderful presence of mind, could escape from the third-story window, bearing with her the family jewels and saving her hysterical brothers and sisters. At this critical moment her distracted family, having lost the key, always put in an appearance. Things happened so conveniently in stories.

Genevieve had everything planned in case of that fire, though there had been difficulties in the way. In the first place there was only one brother whom she could save, Jamie, a year younger, for Cyrus, five years her senior, was obviously too old. Only one brother to be saved and no sisters distinctly marred the effect. Then she had never heard the family jewels mentioned or where they were kept, and she felt a trifle afraid to inquire about them, for fear such unexpected curiosity would betray her plans. At length she fixed on Cyrus's stamp album as a fit substitute, its value in her eyes being great since she was never allowed to touch it. The method of her escape was also difficult to arrange, as the dress rehearsal was interrupted by an unappreciative mother; and the sheet, torn and knotted into a rope, brought upon her self-sacrificing head the penalty of the green chair for one whole sunny afternoon, without a book or anyone near to talk to.

Her only consolation lay in bringing up vivid mental pictures of a dozen scenes of danger in which she as heroine should save her beloved friends and family. Sometimes she would be killed in the attempt, and then, when her weeping friends surrounded the dying form of their benefactress, the scene became so pathetic that tears of pity filled her eyes. Once at such a climax her mother came in, and, seeing the tears, asked:

"Is my little girl sorry now that she was naughty? Will she try not to do so again if I let her run out and play?"

Genevieve was truly sorry that it was naughty for her to practice her sensational exit from the third floor, and readily promised not to do so again, trusting that inspiration would come with the fire. To be sure, that welcome moment seemed far in the future, for her mother seldom went away, and never since she could remember had the house been on fire. It was just as well to be ready, however.

A week or two later Genevieve's mother planned to break the busy routine of home life and make a short visit.

"It hardly seems worth while, my trying to go at all," she said to her sister, who was to take her place while she was away, "for I never yet have planned to go anywhere that one of the children hasn't been hurt so that I couldn't go. Last winter when I tried, Genevieve was coasting and ran into the stone wall, and we were afraid for ever so long that she was seriously injured. Then Jamie was almost drowned in the pond, and a year ago last summer, when I went to Boston, they both had chicken-pox, and when Cyrus was younger, he went barefoot and cut his foot so that I had to give up my Chicago trip. It has always been that way, so I hate even to plan to leave."

Her fears were overruled by the urgency of the invitation and her own need of rest; and, as the day approached and nothing went wrong, her confidence grew.

It was now the day before she was to leave.

"Children," she said, "please do be careful this last day not to hurt yourselves. Don't play near the brook and don't go barefoot and do keep away from those Curtis children. There may be measles in town."

Genevieve and Jamie promised, but the day was beautiful and hot, and yesterday they had started digging canals from the brook to irrigate their garden planted by its side. It really didn't need irrigation; but the task was a fascinating one, wet and dirty, and all day they were eager to be at it by the cool brookside.

"I'm afraid our seeds will all dry up," said Jamie. "Couldn't we go down and plant them deeper? That wouldn't be playing in the brook."

"No," said Genevieve, who felt that her mother's visit might give her her longed-for opportunity.

"Let's go," pleaded Jamie. "I'll take the blame."

"No," replied his sister, remembering the results of similar experiences in the past. "You always say you'll take it, but I always get it. Come on up in the maple tree and make up excuses. We've used up all our good ones, and we're sure to get into trouble soon."

"Excuses are no fun," pouted Jamie. "And anyway we can use the old ones while mamma's away."

"Well, then, let's get some flowers and decorate the cemetery. We haven't decorated since that last mouse was buried, and only once since all those chickens died."

"It's too hot," and Jamie hung back.

"Oh, no. Come on. Wait a minute, though," as a sudden thought struck her. "I'll tell you what to do. Let's try parachutes. You know that's the way they get out from fifth-story windows when there's a fire, and come down from balloons, and all sorts of things. You just take an umbrella and jump, and it feels like flying. Cyrus told me all about it."

"Doesn't it hurt?" Jamie was interested at once.

"Not a bit. It's fun,—Cyrus said so. You run in and get two umbrellas, and we'll try it. First let's jump off the grape arbor to get used to it, then the top of the house, and then the wind-mill. You get the umbrellas. I asked for sugar last time."

Jamie hurried away and in a few minutes reappeared with two silver-handled umbrellas, one of red silk, the other of black.

"Mamma has callers," he reported, "so I just took these and came away. What do you suppose she will say?"

"I never saw the red one before. We won't hurt them, anyway. You hold the umbrellas while I climb up the grape arbor, and I'll hold them while you get up. Then we can jump together."

"Are you sure it won't hurt?" asked Jamie timidly as they stood side by side upon the ridge.

"Yes, Cyrus said so; and anyway it's all grass underneath. Now then — 'One, two, three, the bumble-bee; the rooster crows and away she goes.'" At the word, away went the two lightly onto the grass below, with a swish and a mighty tug from the umbrellas.

"That's great," observed the enthusiastic Genevieve, "but you have to hold on hard. Now let's try the house."

"Let's try the piazza first," suggested Jamie. "The top of the house is so high, besides, the piazza will make one more place to jump from."

The latter argument carried the day, and they finally managed to throw the umbrellas upon the roof of the piazza and then swing themselves there from the limb of an old tree. The piazza roof was high, and, moreover, underneath was a stone step. Even Genevieve quailed for a moment with natural fear,

but was quickly reassured by the thought of her future escape from an even greater height.

"Quick, there's mamma calling us," she said. "Jump!"

The callers in the parlor had started to leave, but they were unable to find their parasols, which had been left in the hall.

"It's very strange," said Genevieve's mother. "I don't see where they could have gone. If you'll sit down and wait just a minute, I'll ask the children."

As she stepped out on the side piazza in her search, there was a swish and rush as of something falling from above, a dull thud on the stone, and a shrill cry of fear. There before her astonished eyes lay Genevieve weeping in evident pain, a red parasol turned wrong side out in her hand, while by her side lay Jamie, gasping, the other missing parasol eclipsing his face.

Genevieve's mother started on her trip to Buffalo a few days late, and Jamie felt that he had not made the most of his experience when Genevieve confided to him, "They never spanked *me* a bit. It was all the parasol's fault, anyway; it shut up the wrong way. I don't believe many girls my age have broken their arms. I let mamma go to Buffalo and didn't cry, so I guess I'm a heroine after all."

MARGARET CLARK RANKIN.

HOUSES OF SAND

A gay, gingham dress crumpled up on the sands,
A round, sun-burnt face in two chubby brown hands;
The sun and the wind as they play with her hair
Make it dazzle and burn like the sea over there.

Beside her a castle is crumbling away,
The happiest toil of a long yesterday,
The ramparts and moats are returning to sand,
But can *one* carry out what *two* children have planned?

MARY BYERS SMITH.

Chester Wild was big and good-looking and quiet—at least some people thought him quiet. Also, it was rumored that he was a woman-hater. These attributes

A Matter of Opinion combined, made him one of the attractive points of interest at the hotel.

Marion Mason, the prettiest girl there and the acknowledged belle, was very nice to him. Twice she gave up a moonlight sail to sit with him on the porch. He was very entertaining both times. But that was all—he never advanced the friendship.

“Don’t believe he knows a good thing when he sees it,” announced Tommy Elliot. And that came to be the conclusion of everybody—they were indignant that Marion Mason should be so treated.

The buckboard stopped, and all turned to enjoy the view. Up the winding road in front of them cantered a big black horse bearing cross-saddle on his back a girl in a khaki suit. She wore a derby hat pushed quite far over her forehead. Her face was far from pretty, and she had freckles. The hat was horribly unbecoming. She sat her horse well, however, and rode easily, with a sort of masculine grace.

“Who in the world is she?” Marion Mason asked curiously.

“Minnie Sawyer,” said Mary Todd. “She lives here. Her father is a professor at Columbia. She’s a queer one.”

“And ugly as a mud fence,” Tommy added indifferently.

Chester Wild had turned to look after the girl. “She is ugly, fascinatingly so,” he said.

Marian looked surprised, then smiled wisely at Jim Stockton, who sat next her.

That night in the hotel office, when the mail was being sorted, Chester saw her again. She came in alone, and stood by the desk, watching the merry crowd of people. Jove, she *was* ugly! Chester, pipe in hand, looked at her closely, then strolled up to Mary Todd.

“You said you knew that girl, didn’t you?”

“Who—when—what do you mean?”

“The one with red hair standing over there by the desk.”

Mary looked. “Oh, Minnie Sawyer. Yes, I’ve known her for ages, though she’s never been a bosom friend of mine. Isn’t she funny looking?” Mary laughed as though she understood his curiosity about her.

"I'd like to meet her. Wonder if you would be good enough to introduce me?"

Mary's mouth opened—the woman-hater asking to meet Minnie Sawyer!

Minnie blushed scarlet when she was introduced. But her handshake was good, and her smile brightened up her face and made it sweet.

"You ride a great deal, don't you?" Chester said.

"Yes, every day."

"All the roads around here are like old friends?"

The girl smiled and her eyes were bright. "Yes, they are. I know them all and love them." Then the mail was distributed. She nodded to them and departed.

The next time that Chester met Minnie Sawyer he was riding, when suddenly he heard shouts of laughter and barking of dogs. He looked around, and across a field of low stubble he saw a long driveway down which raced four horses, followed by dogs and several small boys. Three of the riders were boys. Then he recognized Minnie Sawyer on the black horse which shot out ahead of them all and took the gate at the end of the driveway with ease. The others followed quickly and there was much laughing and talking and turning of horses on the further side. Chester waved his hat and cheered. Minnie looked over, smiled and waved her hand.

"What a race!" he said as he approached. "And these—your brothers?" Minnie laughed as she quieted her excited horse.

"Oh, don't you love to race! Yes, these are my brothers and cousins—the terms are one here." Chester bowed to them all.

"Brothers and cousins," he said, "the honor is mine."

"Gee, that's a corkin' horse you've got," and one of the youngsters rode up to get a closer scrutiny. They all had light red hair, Chester noticed. "But it can't beat mine!" the boy challenged daringly.

"We'll see. Get ready, start, go!" They were off, over the gate, up the drive, around the house and to the stable. Chester won by a little. Minnie followed laughing.

"Good for your racing blood!" she said. "Come in to tea."

"The reward of the swift?" he laughed. Then he and Minnie dismounted and went in. The house was big and rather bare, the furniture handsome but old.

Minnie pulled off the derby. She looked better without it. She became a bit embarrassed as they stood in the parlor.

"Sit down," she said, "and I will get the tea." The boys came in, banging the door after them.

"Say, Sis, get some for us, too," they called.

"All right, laddies," he heard her answer. Then they fidgeted around in the hall. Two of them came into the parlor where Chester was.

Minnie returned and deposited the tray on a table one of the boys had cleared for her. In spite of riding skirt and rather mussed waist, she served the tea with a certain refined grace all her own. Chester could see she was mother to those boys,—and how easily she managed them!

"Might I have the pleasure of riding with you sometime soon?" he asked as he was departing.

"I would be glad to ride with you." The girl became awkward and embarrassed again.

"Would to-morrow afternoon be too soon? Thanks a lot."

The next day as they rode, he watched her closely. The big black horse was powerful, but the girl on his back knew how to manage him. Color came into her cheeks after a dashing canter with the mountain wind blowing against her.

"Look," she panted, and they drew in their horses and gazed at the vast extent of mountains before them.

"Who hath desired the Sea?—the immense and contemptuous surges?"

The girl looked pleased.

"Yes, and

"The shudder, the stumble, the swerve, as the star-stabbing bowsprit emerges?"

Their horses' manes blew in the wind. Chester's dark eyes studied the girl. Her face was fresh, her eyes keen, and her voice sweet and clear.

It was a rainy Sunday afternoon. Chester found her on the floor, among the boys, running cars on tracks which wound in and out and under every available piece of furniture. She looked glad when he entered, and the boys hailed him with delight.

"Hello there, you rascals." He tumbled them aside. "How are you?" and he shook hands with her. "Hi—what do you think you're doing? Great Scott, they've got my candy!" He

sat down on the floor alongside of Minnie. "I want you for a while to-day," he said. The boys were busy with the candy. "Won't you come?"

So they went into the library and sat down before the fire with a book. But the book was soon forgotten.

Minnie sat on the dark steps of the hotel piazza, waiting for the mail. Some people were talking near her, and she heard Chester Wild's name.

"He left last week," they were saying. "An interesting man, but a man with a past. For my part, I'd rather have nothing to do with him. Not a man to trust."

Minnie went quietly away into the darkness. She smiled to herself.

"Not trust him! Has had a past! Well, I think I like men who have had a past."

Late in October, Chester Wild came back. He found the ugly girl was more than fascinating—she was lovable and big and fine. He could not live without her.

As they sat on the steps of her house in the chill autumn night, he leaned toward her and turned her face toward his.

"Dear," he said, "I want to tell you something. I once loved another girl—"

Minnie smiled softly. "Yes, Chester, I once heard you had a past, and I supposed it was something of that kind. But, dear, I believe in you."

Minnie visited in the city that winter. Some of the old summer people called on her to congratulate her, and the final verdict was that perhaps Chester Wild did know a good thing when he saw it, after all.

KATHARINE DUBLE HINMAN.

FORGOTTEN MEMORIES

There, shadow-like, I see you go
In the dusk, across the snow
I hear your voices soft and low;
But who you are I do not know.
I only know
I hear your voices soft and low
And, shadow-like, I see you go
In the dusk across the snow.

MIRIAM ALMA MYERS.

In Memoriam

Ethel Burroughs of the senior class was suddenly killed on Monday evening, May 18, in a runaway accident near Goshen. It is not strange that the announcement of this tragedy fell upon the students with bewildering effect.

It is peculiarly difficult to characterize a life like hers where the movement is calm and gentle—not expressing itself in terms which are impressive to the senses, nor claiming attention by self-assertion.

But the life, though unobtrusive, was always showing its true quality. It was one of those lives of which you feel that it matters little whether they are continually winning conspicuous prizes, for they are learning the lesson that faith need not hurry. They are the spirits which can rest while they work.

Faithfulness and gentleness are the two words which especially come to mind if we must try to put into formal words the qualities which predominated in her character. It was part of her nature unostentatiously to try to do what was right. She excelled in her faithfulness to this law of duty as she felt its claim. She was faithful in her work and studies, faithful to her friends, faithful to herself and her ideals. The fear did not enter the minds of those who depended upon her that she would fail them through carelessness or neglect. She pursued her course with such quietness, with so much of gentleness, that she won for herself a circle of friends such as is one of the richest possessions which a human soul can have.

The tragic mystery of such a story as hers is that she was cut off from so much of promise, at a time when the promise was so rich. It is one of those lives which make us turn to our faith and accept its answer to our questionings. We say human life is so uncertain and so short. But then we add—in its significance and, as we also believe, in its reality, it is so continuous, so beautiful, so grand.

HENRY M. TYLER.

EDITORIAL

The glow of enthusiasm felt at commencement time for the institution which has been the scene of one's joys and sorrows for the greater part of four years, soon fades away ; and only a kindly feeling of interest, perhaps not unmixed with a certain sense of graduate superiority, remains. In some cases this first glow disappears only to give place to a new and more efficacious interest in the college ; in other cases it diminishes so gradually that it is scarcely perceived until some day one awakes, with a start, to the fact that the untended fire of enthusiasm has burned out.

Perhaps it is only natural that the individual having completed her course of study, and in a greater or lesser degree profited by the many opportunities given her here in college, no longer feels the need of her alma mater and is glad of the freedom which permits her to enter into the larger, fuller life of the world outside ; but even if this sense of dependence upon the institution is wholly gone, it is merely selfishness which causes the lack of recognition of the dependence of the institution upon the individual and upon the *alumnæ* body as a whole.

At a meeting of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association held in Boston last month, it was with a certain feeling of satisfaction, not to say pride, that the editor noticed the surprise on the faces of those present and listened to the comments of congratulation when the *alumnæ* support of the MONTHLY was mentioned. Nothing equal to it was to be found in connection with any other college publication. The question was naturally asked, "How do you do it?" And just here the representatives of the MONTHLY were at a loss to explain the practical causes of so evident a result. What accounts for the large number of *alumnæ* enrolled on the subscription list of this paper? Possibly the fact that there is no *alumnæ* publication got out by the college exactly to meet the demands of the

graduate body and so detract from the success of the MONTHLY as an organ for alumnae news, perhaps the fact that the MONTHLY is acknowledged by other college publications to turn out high grade work, accounts for the general interest shown in it by the alumnae. But the editor feels that the real reason is much less practical and at the same time more vital than that. Smith College develops a loyalty and a devotion in its students which is carried over into graduate years. The alumnae are heartily and actively interested in all the work of the college, and support its interests and show a loyalty to all its causes seldom surpassed if equalled by that body elsewhere. It is not merely because they wish news or care to read the college publication (better reading for the same expenditure is easily procured), but they support the paper because they feel a warm and hearty interest in all the college activities.

This in general—but in particular, there are many to whom college is a thing of the past, a pleasant memory directly the last class meeting is over and final good-byes have been said. They go out from college gladly and hopefully; they wish its interests and activities well, and they feel no fear about placing the conduct of affairs in the hands of the younger generation. "College has always prospered," they say, "it must of course continue to do so in the future." The younger generation is in all probability quite capable of managing its own and the college's affairs, but certainly it would be a great help if the undergraduates could have the experience of older and wiser heads to profit by. The college ought not to be at a stand-still, as it must needs be if all has to be learned over and over again by each succeeding class. If the alumnae would continue to hold close relations with the college instead of showing merely a kindly but passive interest in it, the college itself would be just so much stronger and more capable of progress each year.

An alert interest in college activities seems at first an easy thing to maintain, for college ties bind pretty closely for a year or two after graduation; but it will seem more and more difficult as time goes on, for the college interests decrease as one no longer knows the people concerned with them and as one's own outside interests become larger and more absorbing. The only way of keeping an interest strong is by a constant and active display of it; and, to go a step further, a general interest is not an effective thing. It must be narrowed and concentrated in

order to be of any practical value. It is all very nice to say, "Anything which touches the college interests me, and I would lend it any assistance in my power,"—but we can't lend our assistance everywhere for we haven't the ability to do it. We can be helpful only along those lines we have followed as active members of the college—but it is just here that we *can* be of the greatest assistance. It would be a source of untold strength to the college if all the members of the graduating class continued to display an interest in those things which most keenly held their attention when they were undergraduates. Undoubtedly a large majority of *alumnæ* do follow out just such a policy of coöperation and interest. But it is well before the first flush of commencement enthusiasm has died away to determine on some such policy not only as a class but as individuals; and the college relies upon the class of 1908 to set forth this policy and as individuals to make their strength continue to be felt in all departments of college activity.

EDITOR'S TABLE

“‘Signs of the Zodiac?’ said the Tenor.

“‘No, signs of the times,’ said the Boy.”

The war that is waging in some of our current publications as to whether or not women have injured literature since they began to write seems rather absurd; for what possible damaging impression could the small number of women writers make in the broad and stable province of letters? The petty bone of contention, however, suggests a broader issue—the past and present significance of women in literature.

Investigation reveals two important facts: first, women have written very little poetry, and secondly, the poetry which they have written bears a distinctly feminine stamp. We need only mention such names as Jane Austin, George Eliot and Mrs. Ward to show that women, by writing splendid novels, have greatly enriched literature. Why, then, have their poetical achievements been so few? Lack of classical education has been suggested as a reason, but this would not seem to hold, as many men of small education have written a great deal of good poetry. The real reason seems to lie within the feminine nature itself, and conditions in the past have not aided women to overcome their limitations. When A. C. Benson said, “Man *does*, woman *is*,” he gave us the whole thing in a nutshell; or, as a writer in *The Living Age* has it, women cannot produce poetry because they form its objectivity—that is, they inspire it. Poetry requires a sense of initiative, and good verse results only from an original and creative mind. Herein has woman been lacking in the past. Until recently her training has not enabled her to break the bonds of the personal; all her actions and decisions have been made in the light of their effect upon her own immediate circle. Consequently her verse has lacked universality and thereby has lost one of the great claims to literary life. Mrs. Browning and Christina Rossetti are the only two women who have written a large amount of poetry.

And all their work, in spite of Mrs. Browning's masculine grasp of detail, is essentially feminine. No man could have written the love sonnets or the *Monna Innominata*.

It is a curious fact that some women have left only one splendid poem as a memorial of their work. Undoubtedly none of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's verse can touch her "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Emily Brontë, whom Maeterlinck calls the greatest genius among women of the early nineteenth century, wrote only two inspiring poems. There are some fine ballads still extant written by Scotch ladies of quality, long since dead. Joanna Baillie and Jean Ingelow have each written only one or two things of real merit. From these facts, it seems credible that much of our most beautiful anonymous poetry has been written by women. That genius is essentially feminine which is content to lie quiet after a single sudden flight.

Under the broadening influence of education, feminine reserve is gradually giving way. Women are becoming more objective, and in time many others may claim place with the two who stand out from the past. The poems of Mary Coleridge, an English woman, are beginning to attract attention, and they reveal the most important of all requisites for endurance, creative genius and an original mind. Their writer treads dauntlessly in unexplored regions, and what may be said of her may also be said of many other women who write for our magazines—their poems might have been written by a man! Unlike their illustrious predecessors, the modern women who write verse do not voice the eternal feminine. They are breaking through their barrier of subjectivity, and in the future talented women are not apt to rest content with the production of a single poem. They will gain persistence and enthusiasm as time goes on, and we have good reason to hope that before long the list of our women novelists will be balanced by the names of women who have been successful in the field of poetry.

At the Academy of Music, May 16, Mme. Alla Nazimova in "Comtesse Coquette."

This was a very pleasing comedy, and made a splendid foil to Mme. Nazimova's former appearances in tragedy. The contrast showed the great versatility of the actress.

The May Day concert given in the Academy of Music by the Dartmouth musical clubs proved an entertainment well worthy of attendance. In addition to the usual musical numbers the concert afforded a novel feature by presenting a clever reader who was enthusiastically received.

The exchanges for May far surpass those of last month. *The University of Virginia Magazine* has not departed from its high standard in its last number, but we regret to say that it arrived too late for special mention. *The Harvard Literary Monthly* and *The Columbia Monthly* lead in articles of good sound quality. The former has a splendid translation of "Dante in Santa Croce of the Raven" from the Italian of Arturo Graf; we are also pleased with the very complimentary review of Gerald Stanley Lee's book, *The Voice of the Machines*. This issue of *The Columbia Monthly* is a Walt Whitman number, containing three articles about the famous poet. "The Idealism of the Real: Claude Monet and Walt Whitman," is one of the best essays we have seen for some time.

We quote the following verse :

BALLAD OF THE MERCENARIES

Captains mighty together, gallant children of kings,
We are apart from your joyance, share not your ponderings;
Know not the sweet of your triumph, nor the bitter of your defeat,
Yet desire your height of desire, and entreat what you would entreat.
Brown arms of the world-wide conqueror, swift hands of the stars control,
Lifted aloft in your service, yoked to draw at your pole;
We are unkinged before you, yet bitter well we know
The sorrow of the Cæsars and the Palæologian woe.
Do we wot of the horror of failure, of the province fallen astray,
Lying allies that leave us, cities that die and decay;
Redemption of death and dishonor wrenched from a feeble foe;
Bought victories, poisonous treaties, deadly, eating, and slow.
Fear in the phalanx forsaken, betrayed and slaughtered for gold;
Defense of disastrous cities men never were meant to hold.
Ah God, the horrible frontier! The shaken terror that burns
The face the color of ashes! Ah, strength that never returns!
No trust in ourselves forever, deep scorn of the loathsome shame
That stamps us cowards or heroes, marshals of evil fame.
Slaves of an alien power, bought in the sale of the swords,
Bound to down-wheeling fortunes with bonds that are keener than cords.
Our wounds do they wrinkle and fester, do the throats of our suffering strain,
And vomit the blood of our sorrow, we must plough in the field again.

Doth the Boukellarion murmur, Nicæa shake and rebel,
 We must control and cajole them, and betray, and destroy, and expel.
 The Caliph conceiveth a battle, the Slovack passeth the bound,
 We must divide and defeat, and suborn, and subdue, and surround.
 Do we come back with triumph, you know us for what we are,
 Your daughters withdraw them from us, your sons denounce and debar,
 Our captains despise and revile us, our servants complain of our pride;
 Our cowardice gaineth no champion, our courage is doubted, denied.
 No nation to own or bewail us, no woman to love or embrace,
 No man to befriend or support us, we stand in an evil place.
 Oh whips of the street smite harshly! chariots hard on the rein!
 Prætorian Varangs together, out to the wars of your pain;
 Fail! Fail fiercely in battle, the fear hath fallen afar.
 Shout! Keen sons of disaster, the War, the Wolves of the War.

—Leonard Bacon, in the *Yale Literary Magazine*.

TO WALT WHITMAN

I stand upon a mountain-summit, high
 Above a broad expanse of level plain
 Inlaid, gem-like, with tiny fields of grain,
 Toy-villages, and rivers winding by,
 Beyond, the city, where the toilers ply
 The ceaseless spindles of the Gods of Gain;
 And while I seem to hear their cries of pain,
 Above I feel the vastness of the sky.

The bright-hued carpets of the world unroll'd
 Dazzle me with the beauty that they hold;
 But lonely grows the mountain, and again
 I feel the call of human blood and yearn
 To clasp the friendly hand; I must return
 To mingle with the common ways of men.

—G. W. C., in the *Columbia Monthly*.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

ON THE MOORLANDS

The timid, huddled, black-faced sheep
In groups of two or three,
A sturdy wind that briskly blows
For you and me.
The red-brown heather under foot,
And overhead the sky,
And 'cross the Scottish moorlands go
Just you and I.

We're strangers here and far from home,
But ah, dear, what care we?
For anywhere the wind's a friend
To you and me.
I'll join you in your happy song,
And, climb you e'er so high,
I'll follow you. We're here alone,
Just you and I.

OLIVE CHAPIN HIGGINS PROUTY '04.

THE SONG OF THE ROAD

The song of the wind is the song of the road,
The broad white road that leads away
Up the hills where the shadows play—
Up and up and over the brim,
Over the edge where the white clouds skim—
And down again.

—But no one can see
What the valley will show, what the end will be.
The wind sings things I can only guess;
But it makes me forget my weariness,
For who can mind a bit of a load,
When the song of the wind is the song of the road?

KATHERINE ESTELLE COLLINS '07.

The eleventh annual meeting of the Naples Table Association for Promoting Laboratory Research by Women was held in Providence, April 24 and 25, 1908. By invitation of Dean King, meet-

The Naples Table Association ings were held in Pembroke Hall, the Academic Building of the Women's College in Brown University. Nine members of the committee were present: Bryn Mawr College, President Thomas; Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Mrs. Ellen H. Richards; Mount Holyoke College, President Woolley; Smith College, Mrs. Samuel F. Clarke; Women's College in Brown University, Dean King; The Woman's Advisory Committee of the Johns Hopkins Medical School, Miss Mary E. Garrett; Miss Sarah E. Doyle and Mrs. Alice Upton Pearmain of Boston, representing private subscriptions, and Mrs. Ada Wing Mead, the secretary. The representatives of the eight other colleges in the Association, and the representative of the A. C. A. and the three other private subscribers were unable to be present.

The meeting of the executive committee was held on Friday afternoon and the meeting of the general committee on Saturday morning. On Friday evening Dean King gave a dinner for the representatives, at which President Faunce, Dean Meiklejohn and other members of the Brown University faculty were guests. Both Friday and Saturday noons, pleasant luncheons were given the members by Mrs. Allinson and Mrs. Mead.

The Association has now completed ten years of existence. During these years there have been sixteen different holders of the table at Naples, and two holders of a table at Woods Holl. The research prize has been twice awarded and once withheld, as no essay offered in competition seemed, in the opinion of the judges, to meet fully the high standard set by the Association. In the ten years the Association has thus given five thousand dollars for the support of the table, two thousand dollars in research prizes, three hundred dollars as grants to fellows, two hundred dollars for partial equipment of the table, one hundred dollars for the table at Woods Holl, while the running expenses of the Association average but fifty dollars a year.

A fourth prize of one thousand dollars is offered for the best thesis written by a woman, on a scientific subject, embodying new observations and new conclusions, based on an independent laboratory research in biological, chemical or physical science. The theses offered in competition must be in the hands of the chairman of the prize committee, Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, Massachusetts, before February 25, 1909. The prize will be awarded at the annual meeting in April, 1909. Each thesis must be submitted under a pseudonym and must be accompanied by a sealed envelope, enclosing the author's name and address, and superscribed with a title corresponding to one borne by the manuscript. The papers presented will be judged by a regularly appointed Board of Examiners, or by such specialists as they may choose. The examiners for the prize for 1909 are Dr. William H. Howell, of the Johns Hopkins Medical School, for the biological sciences; Dr. Theodore W. Richards, of Harvard University, for the chemical sciences; and Dr. Albert A. Michelson, of the University of Chicago, for the physical sciences.

The first prize was awarded in April, 1903, to Florence Sabin, B. S., Smith

'93; M. D., Johns Hopkins University '00, for a thesis on the Origin of the Lymphatic System. The second prize was awarded to Nettie M. Stevens, B. A., M. A., Leland Stanford Jr. University '99, '00; Ph. D., Bryn Mawr '03, for a thesis on a Study of the Germ Cells of *Aphis rosea* and of *Aphis cenotheæ*. As stated above, the third prize was not awarded.

Of the sixteen holders of the table, two have been Smith alumnae, Anne Barrows Seelye being the occupant of the table from January 6 to July 1, 1903, and Grace B. Watkinson from March 1 to May 1, 1906, and again from March 1 to June 1, 1907. Miss Watkinson's work was histological investigations of Cephalopods, and she expects to take her Ph. D. from Zurich in May, 1908. The table this spring is held by Miss Hogue, B. A., of the Woman's College of Baltimore '05, and an assistant at Bryn Mawr 1906-7. The table is awarded for three months of the spring of 1909 to Miss Nettie M. Stevens, who has occupied the table before and who won the second research prize mentioned above, and to Miss Alice Boring, B. A., Bryn Mawr '04, M. A. '05. Miss Boring was graduate assistant in biology at Bryn Mawr 1904-5, and instructor in zoölogy at Vassar 1907-8.

Through a special gift made by Mrs. Mary Thaw Thompson of Vassar, the Association has this spring been able to purchase a microscope and lenses, and a dissecting microscope will soon be added, so that the American scholar occupying the table will not have to carry her own apparatus abroad.

The next annual meeting of the Association will be held in April, 1909, and on the invitation of President Hazard will be at Wellesley. The officers elected for the year 1908-9 were: Dean King of Brown University, President; Mrs. Mead, Secretary; Mrs. Clarke, Treasurer.

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE '83.

There have been six meetings of the Smith Club during the last year, all, with the exception of the annual luncheon, having been held at the Women's University Club. The first, a

The Smith College Club of New York business meeting followed by a reception to new members, was held on October 25. Reports of the meeting of the Alumnae Council and of the Trustees' meeting held in Northampton the previous June, were given by the delegate to the Council and by the trustee, Mrs. Baldwin. The reception was successful and well-attended.

On December 6 the Club voted on the report of the electors for Alumnae Trustee, and then listened to an address by the Hon. Robert Watchorn, Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island. The meeting was well-attended and great interest was shown.

The Club had a musical meeting on January 25, at which Professor Story and Miss Holmes were guests of honor. There was a large attendance and the delightful program of piano and violin music was greatly enjoyed.

The committee on college and alumnae affairs had charge of the next meeting, March 2, to which Professor Wood was invited. He was warmly welcomed by the Club and gave an interesting account of present conditions at college.

The annual luncheon was held at Delmonico's on April 4. There were two hundred and twenty-five present, including the eight guests. President Seelye, the guest of honor, spoke, also Norman Hapgood, Mrs. Leroy Scott, and Mr. Franz Arens.

The annual meeting of the Club was held on the morning of May 2. After the business meeting, Miss Patrick of Constantinople gave a talk, illustrated by stereopticon views, of educational work in Turkey and Armenia.

There has been one change in the Constitution during the year, a slight addition to the section on membership.

Contrary to its usual custom, the Club has given no entertainment this past year for the purpose of raising money. It remains for the Club to complete the pledge of twenty-five hundred dollars for the library fund so nearly met by the presentation of "Hamlet" a year ago. This it hopes to do by the middle of June.

ELEANOR H. JOHNSON '94, Recording Secretary.

On arrival at Northampton, present your certificate and twenty-five cents for required registration fee at Room 1, Seelye Hall. The room will be open Friday afternoon 2 to 5; Saturday and Monday 9 to 1 and 2 to 5; and Tuesday 12 to 1 and 2 to 3 only. Registration *must* be made at earliest possible moment, for until the full number of certificates is received *no* reduction can be granted to anyone.

The annual meeting of the Alumnæ Association will be held on Tuesday, June 16, at 2.00 P. M., in Chemistry Hall.

The annual meeting of the Smith Students' Aid Society (Incorporated) will be held on Monday, June 15, at 12.00 o'clock, in Room 5, Seelye Hall.

The committee on the Alumnæ Procession at Commencement will hold office hours in 16 Seelye Hall on Saturday, June 13, from 3.00 to 5.30, and may be consulted there by those wishing information about the procession.

Each alumna is urged to register as soon after arrival as possible in Seelye Hall, Room 1, instead of in the Registrar's Office, as usual. Collation tickets will be given *only to those* who have registered. The room will be open for registration at 9.00 o'clock on Friday, June 12.

The following addresses of alumnæ have proved to be unreliable. It is earnestly requested that anyone possessing information about the present addresses of these alumnæ will kindly send it to the General Secretary of the Alumnæ Association at 184 Elm Street, Northampton, Mass.

Mrs. Edward M. Brown (Mary Adkins '79), Auburn Hotel, Cincinnati, O.

Mrs. H. B. Roberts (Lillian Tuckerman *ex*'80), Winsted, Station A, Ct.

Mary E. Alden '82, 139 Spring St., Springfield, Mass.

Elizabeth Chapman '94, Henderson, Me.

Caroline A. Jenkins '96, 4 Tompkins Ave., Staten Island, N. Y.
 Anna M. Goodnow '98, Windsor Hall, Waban, Mass.
 Mary Elizabeth Hoy '98, 461 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
 Mrs. G. A. Kingsley (Lucy Sinclair '99), 638 Summit Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Edith M. Elwell '00, 106 High St., Springfield, Mass.
 Mrs. W. A. Logan (Edith D. Jenkins '00), Rio Vista, Grand Ave., Keokuk, Ia.
 Emma J. Winchester '00, Westfield, Mass.
 Mrs. E. C. Hayes (Grace T. Osborne '02), 5426 N. Lawrence St., Olney, Philadelphia, Penn.
 Hazel Margaret Cook '06, 307 West 98th St., New York City.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'06.	Alice Lyon Hildebrand,	.	.	.	April	30
'06.	Alice Ring Smythe,	.	.	.	"	30
'05.	Katherine Forest,	.	.	.	May	1
'06.	Helen Putnam,	.	.	.	"	1
ex-'06.	Eloise G. Beers,	.	.	.	"	1
'98.	Grace E. Blanchard,	.	.	.	"	1-3
'03.	Elizabeth A. Irwin,	.	.	.	"	5
'07.	Lucille Rosenberg,	.	.	.	"	5-9
'07.	Eleanor Johnson Little,	.	.	.	"	7
'02.	Ruth B. Canedy,	.	.	.	"	8
'07.	Margareth A. Pitman,	.	.	.	"	9-11
ex-'09.	Florence Lyman,	.	.	.	"	13
'05.	Kate K. Fairchild,	.	.	.	"	13-14
'05.	Helen Clarissa Gross,	.	.	.	"	13-14
'94.	Olivia Howard Dunbar,	.	.	.	"	14
'97.	Bertha A. Worden,	.	.	.	"	15-18
'07.	Ruth Sikes,	.	.	.	"	18-28
'07.	Marion E. Edmands,	.	.	.	"	19-25
'96.	Elizabeth Cutter Morrow,	.	.	.	"	21-24
'06.	Marguerite Dixon,	.	.	.	"	22-25
'07.	Laura Casey Geddes,	.	.	.	"	23-27
'07.	Mary Louise Rathvon,	.	.	.	"	24-27
'04.	Una Winchester Warnock,	.	.	.	"	27

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Helen Spear, Lawrence House, Northampton.

'01. Caroline Rumbold received the degree Doctor *Œconomiae Publicæ* from the K. Ludwig-Maximilians University, Munich, on November 25, 1907. Her address for the present is 3321 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Missouri.

- '03. Carolyn M. Fuller is to be married on June 18, to Mr. Louis A. Wheeler of Bradford, Vermont.
- '05. Grace M. Beattie has announced her engagement to Charles Edward Hardies of Amsterdam, New York.
- Helen Louise Colby has announced her engagement to Edmund Pratt of Middleborough, Massachusetts.
- '07. Gail Tritch is going to Naples, June 2. Her address until August 15 will be, American Express Co., Paris, France.

MARRIAGES

- '00. Sarah Watson Sanderson to William Dunham Vanderbilt of New York City, October 8.
- Bertha I. Smith to Clement Fessenden Merrill. Address, Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania.
- '02. Ruth Barbara Canedy to Phillip Bardwell Hadley, May 16, at Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts.
- '04. Annie May Wright to James Albert Munroe, June 2, at Rockland, Massachusetts. Address, 97 University Road, Brookline, Massachusetts.
- '06. Mary Frances Holmes to Lieutenant Clyde Leslie Eastman, June 2, at Brookline, Massachusetts.
- '07. Margaret Duryee Coe to Clinton H. Blake, Jr., June 10, at Englewood, New Jersey.

BIRTHS

- '92. Mrs. Henry Cole (Christine T. Mansfield), a son, Preston Mansfield, born February 26.
- '95. Mrs. William French Collins (Alice Derfla Howes), a son, William French Collins, Jr., born April 27.
- '98. Mrs. John W. Lumbard (Elizabeth D. Tarbox), a daughter, Katherine Russell, born May 5.
- '00. Mrs. D. A. Murray (Annie L. A. Foster), a daughter, Margaret Elizabeth, born October 31.
- '02. Mrs. Arthur Pierce Robinson (Mary Louise Wallace), a daughter, Ellen Emmeline, born May 11, at Tuscaloosa, Alabama.
- '03. Mrs. Francis William Tully (Susan Kennedy), a son, Francis William Tully, Jr., born May 3.

DEATHS

- '00. Mrs. Karl Max Vogel (Winifred Claxton Leeming), in New York City, on May 14.
- '06. Alice Chapman Loud, May 11.

ABOUT COLLEGE

A NOVELTY IN SPRING BATS

'Tis ten o'clock. The college maid
Is on her way to bed,
A tennis racquet in her hand,
A bath towel 'round her head.

"What means this garb?" inquire her friends
Who in the hall are chatting.
"It means my windows have no screens ;
Good night ; I'm going batting."

LEOLA BAIRD LEONARD '09.

Examination week certainly has its humorous side as well as its serious, if one only cares to look at it in that way. During this interesting period, as

you go along one of the long corridors, on each door
Examination Week will be a sign. Some are large and some small, but all bear the same theme to the point of monotony :

"Busy!" "Keep out!" "Shoo, little girl!" and many others. If you are just through "cramming" for your hardest examination, you feel in need of relaxation, and so march boldly up to the door with the largest and most ferocious sign. A knock! No answer. You turn the knob of the door, but to no purpose. It is locked. Deeply hurt, you go to the door with the next largest sign. It is unlocked and you walk ruthlessly in. The girl inside looks at you piteously, but you seat yourself in the most comfortable chair and prepare to make a long visit.

Another side to the same picture. Only an hour in which to learn twenty-eight propositions in geometry. You discover that you have lost the key to your door, but with an inward prayer for forgiveness you put up a large sign, "Asleep!" and hope for the best. Half an hour flies by and exactly half the work is done. You breathe a sigh of relief, and think that, after all, you will finish in time. But, in the vernacular of the times, "nothing like that." A loud and uproarious knocking sounds on the door. "Don't you see I'm asleep?" you shout angrily. But in comes the girl from across the hall, who wants to tell you all the gruesome details of her last year's math. exam.

Then there is the alarm-clock, that busy, important little piece of mechanism. Perhaps your clock is like that infernal machine belonging to the girl across the hall. This, regardless of the time for which it is set, invariably goes off at twenty minutes past twelve. At the beginning of the year, before

its idiosyncrasies were as well known as they grew to be later, various trusting freshmen asked the owner of the clock to waken them in the early dawn, about five-thirty. Hardly, did it seem, had they closed their eyes when they were summoned to get up. Slowly and painfully they arose and started to study, only to find after an hour or two that it was the middle of the night, instead of nearly breakfast time. Pardon the digression. After all, there are some well-trained clocks. But no clock which was ever constructed is so well-behaved and considerate that it can waken me without startling me considerably first. Is there anything worse than to be waked out of a sound sleep by that exasperating ringing?

Last but not least comes the Food Question. Such peculiar mixtures as the barrowed damsel swallows in exam. week! Time is too precious to waste in going down-stairs to meals. "You naughty child, haven't you been down-stairs to-day?" exclaims the wise senior in horror. The naughty child is looking frantically through her note-book for an important paper, and mumbles something about half a bottle of olives and an orange. From another room comes a peculiar odor, and on investigation you find it full of smoke, one girl, half out of the window for air, reading history, and another standing by a chafing-dish, occasionally prodding the bacon with a pen-knife, while with the other hand she holds a Greek grammar.

Such are the ways of examination week, and who shall presume to criticise them? "Whatever is, is right," I have read somewhere, and the girls who complain most of their hardships at exam. time would be the last to be willing to change to another method.

MARJORIE TALBOT '10.

COLLEGE WEATHER-SIGNS

The Slicker-Worm

Whene'er it rains the toads hop out,
And angleworms crawl all about,
But on our campus when it's wet
Appears another reptile yet.
It's long and lean and shiny black,
And sheds the water off its back.
It has a round and bulgy head,
Encircling which its gills are spread.
Its tail is often out of sight,
But when it's there it's always white.
These creatures, as they walk the ground,
Emit a stiff and scaly sound.
They swarm within the college gate,
To Rubber Row they penetrate.
But chiefly what they love to do
Is march from chapel two by two!

The Toadstool-Top

Our chapel's like a garden fair,
 It blooms with many colors rare.
 But sunny days reveal a sight,—
 A mushroom crop grown in the night!
 In twos and threes, and by the score,
 In rows from transepts to the door,
 Gay toadstools in their pride are spread,
 And quite conceal each wearer's head!

ELEANOR STUART UPTON '09.

A LESSON IN "APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY"

When you struggle your muscles to coördinate,
 Just you watch, baby dear, with what languor innate,
 With what salient composure and calmness it is
 That the capable camel coördinates his.

And so, baby dear, it may happen that you
 May coördinate yours with a calm languor, too.
 And when you are grown to a lady, my dear,
 With how pliant and perfect a poise you'll appear!

HELEN MAHLON SPEAR '09.

In spite of the unlucky choice of dates, May 13, "Prom. Day" was voted a great success by the juniors.

In the afternoon there was the usual fête in the
 The Junior Promenade orchard, and every junior donned a new gown
 and hat, either bought or borrowed for the occa-
 sion, and wandered beneath the apple-blossoms to eat ice cream, be stared at
 and "kodaked." This afforded an opportunity for the men to meet their
 partners for the evening and to hear the musical clubs, which performed
 unusually well.

The promenade itself began at eight o'clock at the Students' Building, Miss
 Rosamond Underwood and Miss Clara Hepburn leading. Owing to the fact
 that each dance was divided, the girls whose names begin with the letters of
 the first half of the alphabet dancing the first half, and the rest the encore,
 the hall was not at all crowded; and that everyone had a good time is guaran-
 teed by the proud boast of the juniors that never once were they obliged to
 confine their conversation to the floor, the music or the decorations—which
 means all the more when we consider that these have never been better.
 The junior class extends most sincere thanks to Miss Helen Bigelow and the
 sophomore decorating committee for the altogether competent and successful
 way in which the rooms were decorated.

Though the weather was unfavorable on Thursday, still every junior
 seemed to have had "the time of her life," and, judging from the enthusi-
 astic letters, every man shares her sentiments.

LOUISE DAY PUTNAM '09.

The most enthusiastic reception of the year was given to Mr. George Hamlin in the last concert in Assembly Hall, Tuesday, May 5. Mr. Hamlin's remarkable combination of tenor range and baritone richness of voice won the immediate approval of his audience. His versatility in repertoire was noticeable in the contrasting numbers of the program. The conception and rendering of a very difficult recitative and aria from Handel's "Acis and Galatea" was no less sympathetic or finished than that of the light and pleasing, "Oh, I'm not myself at all."

With Mr. Edwin B. Story as his able and sympathetic accompanist, Mr. Hamlin left in Northampton a most favorable impression of the American tenor.

MARGARET HATFIELD '09.

HOT-DOG DAYS

The merry hot-dog days are come,
 The gladdest of the year:
 Some flee to Kingsley's for an ice;
 But still you'll find me here,
 My eye upon the serving-man,
 Who hands me, with a wink,
 The nicest for-a-nickel thing
 In all the town, I think.

VIRGINIA C. CRAVEN '10.

SPRING THOUGHTS

When I go out, why, on the road
 I'm sure to step upon a toad;
 For, though I'd much prefer to stop,
 I never see them till they hop.
 If I stay in, to my despair
 The June-bugs buzz about my hair;
 Or, if I close the window tight—
 Though this does serve to calm my fright—
 The room's so hot I can't stay there,—
 I have to seek the outer air.
 So then upon the porch I sit,
 But, gracious, what's the use of it?
 The air is filled with threatening hum
 As myriads of mosquitoes come.
 And so once more I take the road.
 I've grown to love the little toad
 That hops before me, for at least
 He's a retiring little beast.

MIRIAM ALMA MYERS '08.

For the uninitiated let me explain;—fire drills are for protection against fire. It is not always evident, but was truth ever so? Early in the fall, whether old and sophisticated—a senior—or young

Fighting the Flames and unsophisticated—a freshman—the campus portion of us hie to the "Gym." and, under the eagle eye of the chief of the fire department and according to our various temperaments, slide down the ropes which serve for escapes. Those who enjoy rapid transit find it here. The slow and steady descend with dignity; the timid, with halts and hitches; but sometimes the unexpected happens, and she who would creep, flies. It is an ordeal, and this is but the beginning,—there are drills!

Deep in the thoughts of Plato, enraptured by the fascination of an algebra equation, we are rudely interrupted by the fire gong. Study hours are not sacred where it is concerned. When no one else dares whisper, it clangs forth. There is a rush. Some one is flying down the hall. Ah, the tub, safe refuge in time of fire drills! We are too late, it has been seized.

The stern voice of the captain rises:

"Are you all in line? Doors shut, lights out, towels! Hold them over your noses or the smoke will choke you. Hurry, now."

Down the stairs goes the line of girls, protesting, complaining, clamoring to stand by the house and burn. The voice of an aide sounds from the top floor:

"There is a freshman up here who won't come down."

Up goes the fire captain. Life must be saved at all costs. Have you ever seen a chicken shooed to cover? Such is the appearance of the freshman and the captain.

"I won't go down."

"You can't burn."

"I can, too."

"Well, I won't let you." The captain gasps at the impudence of the freshman.

"I am not dressed."

"You'll burn that way as well as dressed. Hurry."

Saved! She has them all in the hall. No, the faculty! With the courage of her conviction the captain knocks at the faculty's door and requests that she save herself.

It has been rumored that there are houses where the faculty are left to burn. Awful thought! Is even a fire a respecter of faculty?

Thus are we secured, and thus do we harden our hearts to save ourselves and leave to the devouring flames all that is dear among our treasures. Perhaps the practice of "fixing for sweeps" will aid us here, and we will hustle our possessions into couch covers, and bear them forth with us. But this is trusting to inspiration, a rare thing in time of peril. Why not practice this, too, and in addition to a wet towel let each girl grasp her belongings wrapped in her couch cover? The trouble? What is that compared to saving yourself *with* your possessions in case of fire?

ALICE MARJORIE PIERCE '09.

A PETITION

*I hereby enter this petition :
No duplicates on exhibition !*

Wilde-Smith's Exhibit came to town—
I went and bought a gingham gown.
I did not have to think awhile,
I knew at once it was my style,—
A check in black and white, with tie
Of silk—right pleasing to my eye.
I laid this gingham gown away
Against the first warm spring-like day.
It came. I donned my gown to go
And sit with pride in Rubber Row.
I knew I looked my very best,
I felt remarkably well dressed.
When lo ! a blow to my conceit ;
The Freshman saving me a seat
Was dressed in gingham check with tie
Of silk—right pleasing to her eye.
“ You are the fifth one I've espied
With dress like mine,” the Freshman cried.
I looked about. Her words were true,
And as I looked the number grew.
The Senior leading out that day
Was dressed in gingham-checked array.
The girl who led the chapel choir
Was garbed in similar attire,
While scattered here and scattered there,
With light and dark and auburn hair,
Both short and stout, and tall and thin,
Were girls who'd been to Plymouth Inn.
Not all in black and white, 'tis true—
Some checks were red and some were blue ;
But even such variety
Did not avail to comfort me.
And everywhere I turned that day
Some pal of mine would stop to say,
“ Ha ! Ha ! You got it at Wilde-Smith,”
And grin a knowing grin therewith.
And every Faculty seemed drawn
To call on gingham checks that morn.
A proverb old it is and true,
Too much of one thing palls on you.
That night I sadly sat me down
And packed my brand new gingham gown,
The check in black and white with tie
Of silk—once pleasing to my eye ;

And sent it to the missionaries
 For converts' wear in the Canaries.
 But still the plague runs riot here,
 With each new day new checks appear.
 Unless some measure be enforced
 Identity will soon be lost ;
 And so I enter this petition—
 No duplicates on exhibition.

EDITH L. JARVIS '09.

The regular work of the Gymnasium and Field Association was carried on as usual, the basket-ball games on Rally Day and the Big Game taking place in the customary way.

Annual Report of the G. and F. A. But the annual gymnastic drill was different this year in that it was competitive, a flag being presented by the Association to the class which was best in floor work, marching, and running. Also a cup was presented by Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke, Smith '83, to the one of the three upper classes which did the best work in gymnastics and apparatus work. The emphasis in the judging was put upon the precision and force of the work of each class as a whole, rather than upon that of individuals. The banner was won by the class of 1911 and the cup by the class of 1910. The purpose in offering this cup again, which has not been offered since 1903, was to arouse greater interest in the good performance of gymnastic work.

An event which was an entirely new departure this year was the Field Day, which occurred at the Allen Field Wednesday afternoon, May 27. This was given to arouse more interest in all the sports at the field, and not only to arouse the interest of the girls who are fond of athletics, but that of every college girl. A cup was offered by the Association to the class which won the most points. The finals in the matches were played off according to the following schedule :

Game.	Points.	Players.	Winner.
Hockey,	{ 5 for winner	1908-1909	1908
	{ 3 for loser		
Basket-Ball,	{ 5 for winner	1908-1909	1908
	{ 3 for loser		
Archery,	{ 3 for winner	1910-1911	1910
	{ 2 for loser		
Cricket,	{ 4 for winner	1910-1911	1911
	{ 2 for loser		
Croquet,	{ 2 for winner	1908-1911	1911
	{ 1 for loser		

Tennis,	{ 5 for winner	1908-1911	1911
	{ 3 for loser		
Volley Ball,	{ 3 for winner	1910-1911	1911
	{ 2 for loser		
Clock Golf,	{ 2 for winner	1909-1911	1909
	{ 1 for loser		

The cup was won by the class of 1911 by a total of 16 points, while the other classes were as follows : 1908, 14 points ; 1909, 8 points ; 1910, 8 points.

ELIZABETH HAYS '09.

Library Notes

GARDEN BOOKS.—With the coming of summer this list of gardening books, annotated by Mr. E. J. Canning, the Head Gardener, is of special interest. The books are in the Horticultural Laboratory, Lyman Plant House, and are mostly recent additions.

Repton—Art of Landscape Gardening. 1907.

This is a new edition of the works of Repton, who, although he died in 1818, has yet no superiors as an authority in landscape gardening.

Eliot—Charles Eliot, Landscape Architect. 1903.

An account of his life and work by his father, President Eliot of Harvard. This is conceded to be one of the most valuable contributions to American landscape gardening literature.

Milner—Art and Practice of Landscape Gardening. 1890.

Contains plans of grounds and is full of practical information.

Downing—Rural Essays. 1857.

Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening Adapted to North America. 1859. Although long out of print, Downing's works are still considered among the best books on American landscape gardening.

Lowell—American Gardens. 1902.

Made up mostly of illustrations of some of the best American gardens.

Van Rensselaer—Art out of Doors ; Hints on Good Taste in Gardening. 1903.

Devoted almost entirely to the artistic side of landscape gardening, and is everything the title claims.

Jönsson-Rose—Lawns and Gardens.

Full of practical suggestions for laying out and planting grounds.

Parsons—Landscape Gardening. 1895.

Treats more of the incidentals, such as water, rocks, embankments etc. It also gives much space to garden material,

Waugh—Landscape Gardening, 1905.

GARDENING IN OTHER COUNTRIES

Triggs—Formal Gardens in England and Scotland. 1902.

Three volumes, made up mostly of beautiful plates of some of the finest examples of formal gardens in England and Scotland.

Gardens Old and New ; the Country House and Its Garden Environment, 2 vol.

A re-issue in book form of the homes and gardens which have been so vividly portrayed in the English magazine, *Country Life*.

Wharton—Italian Villas and Their Gardens, illustrated by Maxfield Parrish. 1907.

André—Parcs et jardins. 1879.

Conder—Landscape Gardening in Japan. 1893.

Describes and pictures some of the most famous Japanese gardens.

That amateur does not always mean amateurish was convincingly proved by the presentation, on May 23, of Clyde Fitch's charming comedy, "Her Great Match," by the Alpha and Phi Kappa

The Alpha-Phi Kappa Play Psi Societies. Miss Maxine Elliott formerly starred in the play, which is the story of an

American girl for whom the Crown Prince of a small German kingdom gives up his throne. A professional tone was sustained throughout the play. The production showed earnest, serious work, an element which in our house plays is so often lacking that the advisability of dramatic production is constantly being questioned. When such a high and worthy standard of excellence is maintained as was evident in "Her Great Match," a very vital and significant interest is added to the important element of dramatics.

The interpretations of the parts, whether of major or of minor significance, were assigned to girls of recognized dramatic ability, and thus both in the broad conception of the piece and in the attention to details, the production was of an unusually high order. Rarely, except in senior dramatics, do we get such a remarkable attention to stage "business," which adds to a play the realistic touch of ultimate value to an artistic production.

Gertrude Gerrans '09, as Jo Sheldon, the heroine, gave to her interpretation a charm of personality and a grace of manner most bewitching. The vivid and realistic work of Clara Meier '08, as Prince Adolph, the hero, won deserved applause from the appreciative and enthusiastic audience. The trick of speaking English with a German accent was skillfully manipulated, and the graceful and dignified bearing of the noble young German eminently well portrayed. Miss Meier's beautifully modulated voice would have pleased even our most acrimonious of English critics. Another exceedingly satisfactory interpretation was that of Margaret Mills '08, in her portrayal of the garrulous Grand Duchess von Hohenhetstein. Miss Mills's dramatic technique was very artistic and of a finished character. Edith Sinclair's interpretation of the "character" part of Mrs. Sheldon offered a wider field for clever acting than was awarded it. Lena Curtis '08, as the frivolous Countess, was excellent, as was Myra Thornburg '09, as Mr. Botes.

The element of love-making in the production, which usually presents a phase of extreme difficulty in a presentation by college girls, was far superior to the usual plane. This part of a college production usually approaches the grotesque, and thereby the production as a whole loses much of its force and conviction. The presentation of the element of the romantic in "Her Great Match" transcended the sphere of the ludicrous and the grotesque, and in this phase, too, claimed an almost professional skill.

The interpretations given to the minor characters individually added a very appreciable quota to the perfection of the whole. In the portrayal of these minor characters, the girls seemed to "live" the part, rather than "act" it, a distinction which characterized the entire performance.

The scenery was most satisfactorily planned by Dorothy Woodruff '09 and Marguerite Hume '09, and the costuming, under the direction of Elizabeth Alsop '09 and Elizabeth Hays '09, showed a high order of artistic ability. Ruth O'Donnell '08 and Elizabeth Gates '08 are to be especially commended for their skillful work as directors of the play. The executive managers were Sarah Hackett '09 and Edith McBurnie '09, and Clara Ford '08 had charge of the music. The Glee Club, under the leadership of Florence Grey '08, furnished the entr' acte music.

The persons of the cast :

Prince Adolf,.....	Clara Meier '08
Mr. Botes,.....	Myra Thornburg '09
Cyril Botes,.....	Katherine Dauchy '08
Mr. Wilton,.....	Margery Carr '09
Hallen,.....	Elizabeth Wilds '10
Weeks,.....	Elizabeth Chapman '09
Days, ..	May Kissock '08
Jo Sheldon,.....	Gertrude Gerrans '09
Mrs. Sheldon,.....	Edith Sinclair '08
Grand Duchess von Hohenhetstein,.....	Margaret Mills '08
Victoria Botes,.....	Dorothy Norton '09
Countess Cassavetti,.....	Lena Curtis '08

HELEN UFFORD '08.

One aim of the Board this year has been to increase the efficiency of the Bureau of Information as a sub-committee of the Board. Last year the work of the Bureau was necessarily much limited,

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as there were only four members of the Board who were also members of the Bureau,—the chairman of the Bureau, the secretary of the Senior Dramatics and the two sophomore members of the Board. The only reports that we could secure regularly for filing were notices about senior dramatics and records of the elections in the department clubs. There was a general feeling that this did not give a correct representation of Smith College. This feeling extended even to the newspapers. In the fall, Elizabeth Bliss 1908, the president, made each member of the Board directly responsible for a certain phase of

college activity. In this way a wider range of news was secured and the efficiency of the Bureau increased. In coöperation with the Bureau, bulletins of college news are sent to Alumnæ Associations. These bulletins may be secured by any secretary on applying to the president, Jean MacDuffie 1909.

From time to time we have consulted members of the faculty in regard to various questions which came up in the work. In April, the Board decided to have an advisory committee of three members, following the plan used by the S. C. A. C. W. Miss Jordan, Miss Josephine Clark and Mr. Kimball consented to serve on this committee.

Unfortunately, the Board is not self-supporting. Each year there are certain necessary expenses, such as stamps, stationery and type-writing the alumnæ bulletins. A subscription to a reliable news-clipping agency is contemplated. This year the Board received twenty-five dollars from the Smith College Council and five dollars from the Lend a Hand Dramatics Club of Boston. In view of our unavoidable expenses, a subscription to a news-clipping agency was impossible. It is absolutely necessary that we see all the news printed about the college. The work of the regular correspondents is watched by members of the Board. This method is inadequate as, in this way, we do not see all the news which appears about the college.

The Press Board is very anxious to handle all sorts of college news. It will place reports, notices and advertising matter in any paper. No commission is charged and we are extremely glad to do anything in our power. During the past year the Board has received a great deal of help from friends of the college—pamphlets, books, catalogues and statistics, as well as money. The Board takes this opportunity of acknowledging these gifts and of thanking all those who have helped in the work.

JEAN MACDUFFIE '09.

At an open meeting of the Philosophical Society on May 4 there was a very interesting lecture by Professor Charles H. Judd, professor of psychology at Yale University, on "The Effect of Special Training on General Intelligence."

The lecture opened by a discussion of the results of Professor E. L. Thorndike's investigations, that the habits which are formed in one branch of knowledge are not carried over to another branch of knowledge. Professor Judd then spoke of the results of some experiments carried on under his observation in the Yale laboratory. These experiments on the estimation of the directions of lines showed that certain kinds of habits have positive, certain kinds negative values. If you form habits with the knowledge of a definite end in view, Mr. Judd showed that it has a positive value and tends to reënforce the effects of knowledge; not the mere habit, but the ideal of the work and its method, is carried from one type of response to another. After habits have been formed there are certain ones that thwart types of response along one line and thus have a negative effect on the general intelligence.

Mr. Judd also showed the value of the combination of theory and practice; that the greatest progress in general intelligence is not where people have theoretical knowledge only, but where they have an opportunity to put this theoretical knowledge into practice.

In these days of specialized work, it is the idea of purpose in all work that makes it of positive value to the individual in the development of his general intelligence.

A reception followed the lecture, when the members of the Society and their friends had an opportunity to meet Professor Judd.

EDITH M. JAMES '08.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS

MATHEMATICS CLUB

Vice-President, Grace Eleonora Johnson 1909
Secretary, Eunice Denison Remington 1909
Treasurer, Florence Eva Paine 1909

COLLOQUIUM CLUB

Secretary, Marguerite Hume 1909
Treasurer, Eleanor Stuart Upton 1909

PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

President, Marguerite Hume 1909
Vice-President, Grace Eleonora Johnson 1909
Secretary, Alice Marjorie Pierce 1909
Treasurer, Elizabeth Stearns Tyler 1909

BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY

President, Clara Elizabeth Hepburn 1909
Vice-President, Elizabeth Shand Allison 1909
Secretary, Evelyn Isabel Canning 1910
Treasurer, Mary Disbrow Bergen 1910
Senior Executive, Marcia Reed 1909
Junior Executive, Edith Upham Gill 1910

CALENDAR

- June 12. Commencement Recital, Friday, 4 P. M.
- “ 13. Senior Dramatics, Saturday, 7.30 P. M.
- “ 14. Baccalaureate Sermon, Sunday, 4 P. M.
- “ 14. Organ Vespers, Sunday, 7.30 P. M.
- “ 15. Ivy Exercises, Monday, 10 A. M.
- “ 15. Art Exhibition, Monday, 4-6 P. M.
- “ 15. Glee Club Promenade, Monday, 7 P. M.
- “ 15. Reception, Monday, 8-10 P. M.
- “ 16. Commencement Exercises, Tuesday, 10 A. M.,
Rev. Hugh Black, D. D., Orator.





